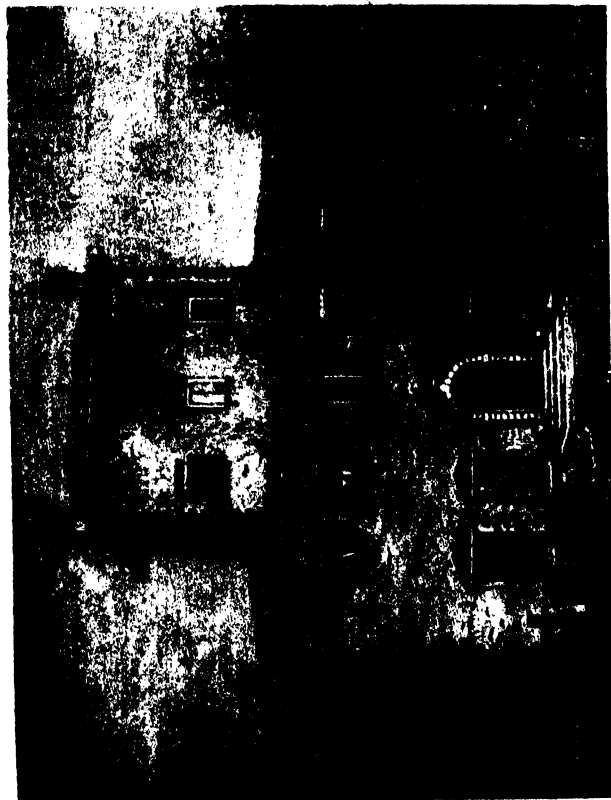
THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

VOLUME III

This Edition of The Complete Works of Walter Savage Landor is limited to 525 sets, of which 500 are for sale in England and America.

LANDOR'S VILLA AT FIESOLE

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

EDITED BY

T. EARLE WELBY

VOLUME III

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL LTD.
11 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C. 2
MCMXXVII

CONTENTS

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

ITALIAN (*continued*)

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

ITALIAN—(*continued*)

IX. MACHIAVELLI AND MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI

(*Wks.*, ii., 1846; *Wks.*, iv., 1876.)

MICHEL-ANGELO. And how do you like my fortification,[1] Messer Niccolo?

MACHIAVELLI. It will easily be taken, Messer Michel-Angelo, because there are other points, Bello-squardo for instance, and the Poggio above Boboli, whence every street and edifice may be cannonaded.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Surely you do not argue with your wonted precision, my good friend. Because the enemy may occupy those positions and cannonade the city, is that a reason why our fort of Samminiato should so easily be surrendered?

MACHIAVELLI. There was indeed a time when such an argument would have been futile: but that time was when Florence was ruled by only her own citizens, and when the two factions that devoured her, started up with equal alacrity from their prey, and fastened on the invader. But it being known to Charles that we have neglected to lay in provisions, more than sufficient for one year, he will allow our courageous citizens to pelt and scratch and bite his men occasionally, for that short time; after which they must surrender. This policy will leave to him the houses and furniture in good condition; and whatsoever fines and taxes may be imposed, will be paid the more easily; while the Florentines will be able to boast of their

[1] Though Michel-Angelo had been commissioned to execute the fortifications, and though Machiavelli had been responsible to the Mèdici for the defensive works, the artist had not carried out the task, and revolt against the Medici had left the statesman without employment, at the supposed date of this impossible Conversation.

courage and perseverance, the French of their patience and clemency. It will be a good example for other people to follow: and many historians will praise both parties; all will praise one.

I have given my answer to your question; and I now approve and applaud the skill and solidity with which you construct the works, regretting only that we have neither time to erect the others that are necessary, nor to enroll the countrymen who are equally so for their defence. Charles is a prudent and a patient conqueror, and he knows the temper and the power of each adversary. He will not demolish nor greatly hurt the city. What he can not effect by terror he will effect by time; that miner whom none can countermine. We have brave men among our citizens; men sensible of shame and ignominy in enduring the dictation of a stranger, or the domination of an equal: but we have not many of these, nor have they any weight in our counsels. The rest are far different, and altogether dissimilar to their ancestors. They, whatever was their faction, contended for liberty, for domestic ties, for personal honour, for public approbation; we for pictures, for statues, bronze tripods, and tessellated tables: these, and the transient smiles of dukes and cardinals, are deemed of higher value than our heirloom, worm-eaten, creaking, crazy freedom.

MICHEL-ANGELO. I never thought them so: and yet somewhat of parental love may be supposed to influence me in favour of the fairer, solider, and sounder portion of the things you set before me.

MACHIAVELLI. It is a misfortune to possess what can be retained by servility alone; and the more precious the possession, the greater is the misfortune.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Dukes and cardinals, popes and emperors, can not take away from me the mind and spirit that God has placed immeasurably high above them. If men are become so vile and heartless as to sit down quietly and see pincers and pulleys tear the sinews of their best benefactors, they are not worth the stones and sand we have been piling up for their protection.

MACHIAVELLI. To rail is indecorous; to reason is idle and troublesome. When you seriously intend to lead people back again to their senses, do not call any man wiser or better than the rabble; for this affronts all, and the bad and strong the most; but tell them calmly that the chief difference between the government of a republic and a dukedom is this: in a republic there are more deaths by day than by

night; in a dukedom the contrary: that perhaps we see as many taken to prison in a republic; certainly we see more come out.

MICHEL-ANGELO. If any man of reflection needs to be shown the futility and mischief of hereditary power, we Florentines surely may show it to him in the freshest and most striking of examples. Lorenzo de' Medici united a greater number of high and amiable qualities than any other man among his contemporaries; and yet Lorenzo lived in an age which must ever be reckoned most fertile in men of genius and energy. His heart was open to the poor and afflicted: his house, his library, his very baths and bed-rooms, to the philosopher and the poet. What days of my youth have I spent in his society! Even after he was at the head of the commonwealth he had society; for even then he had fellow-citizens. What lessons has he himself given me in everything relating to my studies! in mythology, in architecture, in sculpture, in painting, in every branch and ramification of eloquence! Can I ever forget the hour when he led me by the arm, in the heat of the day, to the eastern door of our baptistery, and said, "Michel-Angelo! this is the only wonder of the world: it rose, like the world itself, out of nothing: its great maker was without an archetype; he drew from the inherent beauty of his soul: venerate here its image." It was then I said, "It is worthy to be the gate of Paradise": and he replied, "The garden is walled up; let us open a space for the portal." He did it, as far as human ability could do it: and if afterward he took a station which belonged not of right to him, he took it lest it should be occupied by worse and weaker men. His son succeeded to him: what a son! The father thought and told me that no materials were durable enough for my works: perhaps he erred: but how did Piero correct the error? He employed me in making statues of snow in the gardens of Boboli; statues the emblems at once of his genius and his authority.

MACHIAVELLI. How little foresight have the very wisest of those who invade the liberties of their country! how little true love for their children! how little foresight for their descendants, in whose interest they believe they labour. There neither is nor ought to be any safety for those who clap upon our shoulders their heavy pampered children, and make us carry them whether we will or not. Lorenzo was well versed in history: could he forget, or could he overlook, the dreadful punishments that are the certain inheritance

of whoever reaps the harvest of such misdeeds? How many sanguinary deaths by the avenging arm of violated law! how many assassinations from the people! how many poisonings and stabbings from domestics! from guards! from kindred! fratricides, parricides; and that horrible crime for which no language has formed a name, the bloodshed of the son by the parental hand. A citizen may perhaps be happier, for the moment, by so bold and vast a seizure as a principality; but his successor, born to the possession of supremacy, can enjoy nothing of this satisfaction. For him there is neither the charm of novelty nor the excitement of action, nor is there the glory of achievement: no mazes of perplexing difficulty gone safely through, no summit of hope attained. But there is perpetually the same fear of losing the acquisition, the same suspicion of friends, the same certainty of enemies, the same number of virtues shut out, and of vices shut in, by his condition. This is the end obtained, which is usually thought better than the means. And what are the means, than which this end is better! They are such as, we might imagine, no man who had ever spent a happy hour with his equals would employ, even if his family were as sure of advantage by employing them as we have shown that it is sure of detriment. In order that a citizen may become a prince, the weaker are seduced, and the wiser are corrupted: for wisdom on this earth is earthly, and stands not above the elements of corruption. His successor, finding less tractability, works with harder and sharper instruments. The revels are over; the dream is broken; men rise, bestir themselves, and are tied down. Their confessors and wives console them, saying, "You would not have been tied down had you been quiet." The son is warned not to run into the error of his father, by this clear demonstration: "Yonder villa was his, with the farms about it: he sold it and them to pay the fine."

MICHEL-ANGELO. And are these the doctrines our children must be taught? I will have none then. I will avoid the marriage-bed as I would the bed of Procrustes. O that by any exertion of my art I could turn the eyes of my countrymen toward Greece! I wish to excell in painting or in sculpture, partly for my glory, partly for my sustenance, being poor, but greatly more to arouse in their breasts the recollection of what was higher. Then come the questions, whence was it? how was it? Surely, too surely, not by Austrians, French, and Spaniards; all equally barbarous; though

the Spaniards were in contiguity with the Moors, and one sword polished the other.

MACHIAVELLI. The only choice left us was the choice of our enslaver: we have now lost even that. Our wealthier citizens make up their old shopkeeping silks into marquis-caps, and tranquilly fall asleep under so soft a coverture. Represent to them what their grandfathers were, and they shake the head with this furred foolery upon it, telling us it is time for the world to go to rest. They preach to us from their new cushions on the sorrowful state of effervescence in our former popular government, and the repose and security to be enjoyed under hereditary princes, chosen from among themselves.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Chosen by whom? and from what? *ourselves?* Well might one of such creatures cry, as Atys did, if like Atys he could recover his senses under a worse and more shameful eviration,

> Ego non quod habuerim;
> Ego Mænas; ego mei pars; ego vir sterilis ero.
> Jam, jam dolet quod egi!

Yes indeed there was all this effervescence. Men spoke loud: men would have their own, although they might have blows with it. And is it a matter of joyance to those wise and sober personages, that the government which reared and nurtured them to all their wisdom and sobriety, and much other more erect and substantial, should be now extinct? Rivers run on and pass away: pools and morasses are at rest for ever. But shall I build my house upon the pool or the morass because it lies so still? or shall I abstain from my recreation by the river-side because the stream runs on? Whatever you have objected to republicanism, may, in its substance a little modified, be objected to royalty, great and small, principalities, and dukedoms. In republics, high and tranquil minds are liable to neglect, and, what is worse, to molestation: but those who molest them are usually grave men or acute ones, and act openly, with fair formalities and professed respect. On the contrary, in such governments as ours was recently, a young commissary of police orders you to appear before him; asks you first whether you know why he called you; and then, turning over his papers at his leisure, puts to you as many other idle questions as come into his head; remands you; calls you back at the door; gives you a long admonition, partly by order (he tells you) of his superiors, partly his own; bids you to

be more circumspect in future, and to await the further discretion of his Excellency the President of the *Buon Governo*. O Messer Niccolo! surely the rack you suffered is more tolerable, not merely than the experience, but even than the possibility, of such arrogance and insult.

MACHIAVELLI. Cæsar's head was placed on the neck of the world, and was large enough for it: but our necks, Messer Michel-Angelo, are grasped, wrung, and contracted, for the heads of geese to surmount them. It was not the kick, it was the ass, that made the sick lion roar and die. Either the state of things which you have been describing is very near its termination, or people are growing low enough to accommodate themselves to their abject fortunes. Some fishes, once of the ocean, lost irretrievably, by following up a contracted and tortuous channel, their pristine form and nature, and became of a size and quality for dead or shallow waters, which narrow and weedy and slimy banks confine. There are stages in the manners of principalities, as there are in human life. Princes at first are kind and affable: their successors are condescending and reserved: the next, indifferent and distant: the last, repulsive, insolent, and ferocious, or, what is equally fatal to arbitrary power, voluptuous and slothful. The cruel have many sympathisers; the selfish, few. These wretches bear heavily on the lower classes, and usually fall as they are signing an edict of famine, or protecting a favourite who enforces it. By one or other of these diseases dies arbitrary power: and much and various purification is necessary, to render the chamber where it has lain salubrious. Democracies may be longer-lived, although they have enemies in most of the rich, in more of the timorous, and nearly in all the wise. The former will pamper them to feed upon them; the latter will kiss them to betray them; the intermediate will slink off and wish them well. Those governments alone can be stable, or are worthy of being so, in which property and intellect keep the machine in right order and regular operation; each being conscious that it is the natural ally and reciprocal protector of the other; that nothing ought to be above them; and that what is below them ought to be as little below as possible; otherwise it never can consistently, steadily, and effectually, support them. None of these considerations seem to have been ever entertained by men who, with more circumspection and prudence, might have effected the regeneration of Italy. The changes

they wished to bring about were entirely for their own personal aggrandisement. Cæsar Borgia and Julius the Second would have expelled all strangers from interference in our concerns. But the former, although intelligent and acute, having a mind less capacious than his ambition; and the latter more ambition than any mind, without more instruments, could manage; and neither of them the wish or the thought of employing the only means suitable to the end, their vast loose projects crumbled under them.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Your opinion of Borgia is somewhat high: and I fancied you did not despise Pope Julius.

MACHIAVELLI. Some of you artists ought to regard him with gratitude; but you yourself must despise the frivolous dotard, who, while he should have been meditating and accomplishing the deliverance of Italy, which *he* could have done, and *he* only, was running after you, and breathing at one time caresses, at another time menaces, to bring you back into the Vatican, after your affront and flight. Instead of this grand work of liberation (at least from barbarians) what was he planning? His whole anxiety was about his mausoleum! Now certainly, Messer Michel-Angelo, the more costly a man's monument is, the more manifest, if he himself orders the erection, must be his consciousness that there is much in him which he would wish to be covered over by it, and much which never was his, and which he is desirous of appropriating. But no monument is a bed capacious enough for his froward and restless imbecilities; and any that is magnificent, only shows one the more of them.

MICHEL-ANGELO. He who deserves a mausoleum is not desirous even of a grave-stone. He knows his mother earth; he frets for no fine cradle, but lies tranquilly and composed at her feet. The pen will rise above the pyramid; but those who would build the pyramid would depress the pen. Julius had as little love of true glory as of civil liberty, which never ruler more pertinaciously suppressed. His only passion, if we may call it one, was vanity. Cæsar Borgia had penetration and singleness of aim; the great constituents of a great man. His birth, which raised him many favourers in his ascent to power, raised him more enemies in his highest elevation. He had a greater number of friends than he could create of fortunes: and bees, when no hive is vacant, carry their honey elsewhere.

MACHIAVELLI. Borgia was cruel, both by necessity and by nature:

now, no cruel prince can be quite cruel enough: when he is tired of striking, he falls. He who is desirous of becoming a prince should calculate first how many estates can be confiscated. Pompey learned and wrote fairly out this lesson of arithmetic: but Julius Cæsar tore the copybook from his hand and threw it among those behind him, who repeated it in his ear until he gave them the reward of their application.

MICHEL-ANGELO. He alone was able and willing to reform the state. It is well for mankind that human institutions want revisal and repair. Our bodies and likewise our minds require both refreshment and motion: and, unless we attend to the necessities of both, imbecility and dissolution soon ensue. It was as easy, in the middle ages, for the towns of Italy to form themselves into republics, which many did, as it was for the villages of Switzerland; and not more difficult to retain their immunities. We are surely as populous; we are as well armed, we are as strong and active, we are as docile to discipline, we are as rich and flourishing: we want only their moral courage, their resolute perseverance, their public and private virtue, their self-respect and mutual confidence. These are indeed great and many wants, and have always been ill-supplied since the extinction of the Gracchi. The channel that has been dry so many centuries can only be replenished by a great convulsion. Even now, if ever we rise again to the dignity of men and citizens, it must be from under the shield and behind the broadsword of the Switzers.

MACHIAVELLI. Thirty thousand of them, whenever France resumes her arms against the emperor, might be induced to establish our independence and secure their own, by engaging them to oblige the state of Lombardy first, and successively Rome and Naples, to contribute a subsidy, for a certain number of years, on the overthrow of their infirm and cumbrous governments. The beggars, the idle and indigent of those nations, might, beneficially to themselves, be made provisional serfs to our defenders, who on their part would have duties as imperative to perform. In the Neapolitan and papal territories, there is an immensity of land ill cultivated, or not cultivated at all, claimed and occupied as the property of the government: enough for all the paupers of Italy to till and all her defenders to possess. Men must use their hands rightly before they can rightly use their reason: those usually think well who work well. Beside, I would take especial care that they never were in want of religion to

instruct and comfort them: they should enjoy a sprinkling of priests and friars, with breviaries and mattocks in the midst of them, and the labourer in good earnest should be worthy of his hire. The feudal system, which fools cry out against, was supremely wise. The truckle bed of Valour and Freedom is not wadded with flosh-silk: there are gnarls without and knots within; and hard is the bolster of these younger Dioscuri. Genoa, on receiving the dominion of Piedmont, would cede to Tuscany the little she possesses on the south of the Trebbia: Venice would retain what she holds: Bologna would be the capital of all the country to the eastward of the Apennines, from the Po to the Ofanto: Rome from the sources of the Nar to the mouth of the Tiber (which still should be a Tuscan river, excepting what is within the walls) and southward as far as the Vulturnus: Naples would be mistress of the rest. These seven republics should send each five deputies yearly, for the first twenty days of March, enjoying the means of living splendidly in the apartments of the Vatican. For without a high degree of splendour no magistrate is at all respected in our country, and slightly anywhere else. The consul, invested with the executive power, should be elected out of the body of legates on the third day of each annual session: he should proceed daily to the hall of deliberation, at the Capitol, in state: the trumpet should sound as he mounts his carriage, drawn by eight horses, and again as he alights: no troops should accompany him, excepting twelve of the civic guard on each side, twelve before and twelve behind, on white chargers richly caparisoned, and appertaining to the consular establishment.

MICHEL-ANGELO. I approve of this; and I should approve as heartily of any means whatsoever by which it might be effected. But it appears to me, Messer Niccolo, that the territories of Rome and Bologna, although the Bolognese would continue to the whole extent of the Apennines, would be less populous than the others.

MACHIAVELLI. Where is the harm of that? A city may be angry and discontented if she can not tear away somewhat from her neighbours. But, in the system I propose, all enjoy equal laws; and as it can not be of the slightest advantage to any town or hamlet to form a portion of a larger state rather than of a smaller, so neither can the smaller state be liable to a disadvantage by any town or hamlet lying out of it. Rome has always been well contented to repose on her ancient glory. She loses nothing by the chain being

snapped that held others to her; for it requires no stretch of thought (if it did I would not ask it of her) to recollect that it held *her* as well as *them*. Bologna's territory would begin with Ferrara on the north, and terminate with the Mediterranean on the south; still, excepting the Roman, it would be the least. Her position will not allow her more, and well is it that it will not. For the priesthood has too long made its holes there, running underground from Rome; and you know, Messer Michel-Angelo, the dairy will smell disagreeably where the rats have burrowed lately.

MICHEL-ANGELO. True enough. Let me now make another remark. Apparently you would allow no greater number of legates from the larger states than from the smaller.

MACHIAVELLI. A small community has need for even more to protect its interests than a larger. He who has a strong body has less occasion for a loud voice, and fewer occasions to cry for assistance. Five legates from each republic are sufficient in number, if they are sufficient in energy and information. If they are not, the fault lies with their constituents. The more debaters there are the less business will be done, and the fewer inquiries brought to an issue. In federal states, all having the same obligations and essentially the same form of government, hardly is it possible for any two to quarrel: and the interest of the remainder would require, and compell if necessary, a prompt and a firm reconciliation. No state in Europe, desirous of maintaining a character for probity, will refuse to another the surrender of a criminal or debtor who has escaped to avoid that other's laws. If churches and palaces ought not to be sanctuaries for the protection of crime, surely whole kingdoms ought not. Our republics, by avoiding this iniquity, would obviate the most ordinary and most urgent cause of discord. Mortgaging no little of what is called the property of the church (subtracted partly by fraud from ignorance and credulity, and partly torn by violence from debility and dissension), I would raise the money requisite to obtain the co-operation of Switzerland and the alliance of Savoy, but taking care that our own forces much outnumber the allies, and, in case of war, keeping all the artillery in our hands.

MICHEL-ANGELO. But what would you do with the pope?

MACHIAVELLI. A very important consideration. I would establish him in Venice, where he would enjoy many advantages which Rome herself does not afford him. First, he would be successor to

Saint Mark as well as to Saint Peter ; secondly, he would enjoy the exercise of his highest authority more frequently, by crowning a prince every year in the person of the Doge (for that title, and every other borne by the chief magistrate of each city, should continue) and a princess in the person of the Adriatic, and moreover of solemnising the ceremony of their nuptials ; thirdly, and what is more glorious, he would be within call of the Bosniacs, who, hearing his paternal voice, would surely renounce their errors, abandon their vices, and come over and embrace the faith. The Bull of Indulgences might be a little modified in their favour. Germans had no objection to the bill of fare, but stamped and sweated to see the price of the dishes, which more elegant men in France and Italy, having tasted them all, thought reasonable enough. But in Bosnia they must be reduced a trifle lower ; else they will be a stumbling-block to the Neophyte, whose infirmer knees yet totter in mounting the *Santa Scala*.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Do not joke so gravely, Messer Niccolo, for it vexes and saddens me.

MACHIAVELLI. If you dislike my reasons, take some others very different. The nobility and people of Venice have less veneration for the Holy Father than have the rest of us Catholics, and longer opposed his authority. Beside, as they prefer Saint Mark to Saint Peter, there would always be a salutary irritation kept up in the body of Italy, and all the blood would not run into the head.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Its coagulation there has paralysed her.

MACHIAVELLI. Furthermore, the Venetians would take measures that Saint Mark should have fair play, and that his part of the pugilistic ring should be as open and wide as the opposite. And now, in order to obtain your pardon for joking so infelicitously, let me acknowledge it among my many infirmities, that I can not laugh heartily. I experience the same sad constriction as those who can not bring out a sneeze, or anything else that would fain have its way. You however have marvellously well performed the operation ; and now the ripples on lip and cheek, on beard and whisker, have subsided, let me tell you, Messer Michel-Angelo, we form our wisest thoughts and projects on the depth and density of men's ignorance ; our strength rises from the vast arena of their weaknesses. I know not when my scheme will be practicable : but it has been ; and it may be again.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Finally, what is to become of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica?

MACHIAVELLI. I would place these islands at the emperor's disposal, to conciliate him.

MICHEL-ANGELO. It would exasperate France.

MACHIAVELLI. Let him look to that: it would be worth his while. Exasperated or not, France never can rest quiet. Her activity is only in her pugnacity: trade, commerce, agriculture, are equally neglected.* Indifferent to the harvests on the earth before her, she springs on the palm-tree for its scanty fruit.

MICHEL-ANGELO. She would not be pleased at your allusion.

MACHIAVELLI. I wish she would render it inapplicable. Italy, in despite of her, would become once more the richest and most powerful of nations, the least liable to attacks, and the least interested in disturbing her neighbours. Were she one great kingdom,[1] as some men and all boys desire, she would be perpetually at variance with Hungary, Germany, France, and Spain. The confederacies and alliances of republics are always conducive to freedom, and never are hurtful to independence: those of princes are usually injurious to the liberty of the subject, and often the origin of wars. Federal republics give sureties for the maintenance of peace, in their formation and their position: even those states with which any of them is confederated, are as much interested in impeding it from conquests as from subjection. In kingdoms the case is widely different. Many pestilences grow weaker by length of time and extent of action; but the pestilence of kingly power increases in virulence at every stride and seizure, and expires in the midst of its victims by the lethargy of repletion. At no period of my life have I neglected to warn my fellow-citizens of the fate impending over them. Only a few drops of the sultry and suffocating storm have yet fallen: we stop on the road, instead of pushing on: and whenever we raise our heads it will be in the midst of the inundation.

* The population of France, at this time, amounted to scarcely fourteen millions; Franche-comte, Lorraine, Alsace, and several cities on the borders of the Netherlands, not being yet annexed. Her incessant wars, of late generally disastrous, had depopulated her provinces, and there was less industry than in any other great nation round about her, not excepting the Spanish. Italy was supreme in civilisation, commerce, and the fine arts, and was at least as populous as at present.—W. S. L.

[1] As Crump remarks, such an opinion would not have been held by Machiavelli.

MICHEL-ANGELO. I do believe that Lorenzo would have covered the shame of his parent state, rather than have wantoned with its inebriety.

MACHIAVELLI. He might, by his example and authority, have corrected her abuses ; and by his wealth, united to ours, have given work to the poor and idle, in the construction of roads, and the excavation of canals through the Maremma.

MICHEL-ANGELO. It was easier to kill Antæus than to lift him from the ground. Lorenzo was unable to raise or keep up Tuscany : he therefore sought the less glorious triumph of leading her captive, laden with all his jewels, and escorted by men of genius in the garb of sycophants and songsters.

MACHIAVELLI. In fact, Messer Michel-Angelo, we had borne too long and too patiently the petulance and caprices of a brawling and impudent democracy. We received instructions from those to whom we should have given them, and we gave power to those from whom we should have received it. Republican as I have lived, and shall die, I would rather any other state of social life, than naked and rude democracy ; because I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful, and more ferocious ; above all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance, and corruption. Let Democracy live among the mountains, and regulate her village, and enjoy her châlet ; let her live peacefully and contentedly amid her flocks and herds ; never lay her rough hand on the balustrade of the council-chamber ; never raise her boisterous voice among the images of liberators and legislators, of philosophers and poets.

MICHEL-ANGELO. In the course of human things you can not hinder her. All governments run ultimately into the great gulf of despotism, widen or contract them, straighten or divert them, as you will. From this gulf, the Providence that rules all nature liberates them. Again they return, to be again absorbed, at periods not foreseen or calculable. Every form of government is urged onward by another, and a different one. The great receptacle in which so many have perished, casts up the fragments, and indefatigable man refits them.

MACHIAVELLI. Other forms may take the same direction as

democracy, but along roads less miry, and infested with fewer thieves.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Messer Niccolo, you have spoken like a secretary and a patrician; I am only a mere mason, as you see, and (by your appointment) an engineer. You indeed have great reason to condemn the levity, the stupidity, and the ingratitude of the people. But if they prefer worse men to better, the fault carries the punishment with it, or draws it after; and the graver the fault, the severer the punishment. Neither the populace nor the prince ever chooses the most worthy of all, who indeed, if there were any danger of their choosing him, would avoid the nomination: for it is only in such days as these that men really great come spontaneously forward, and move with the multitude from the front, stilling the voice of the cryer, and scattering the plumes of the impostor. In ordinary times less men are quite sufficient, and are always ready. In a democracy the bad may govern when better are less required; but if they govern injudiciously, the illusion under which they were elected vanishes, the harm they do is brief, and attended by more peril to themselves than to their country. Totally the reverse with hereditary princes. Being farther from the mass of the community, they know and care little about us; they do not want our votes; they would be angry if we talked of our esteem for them; and, if ever they treat us well, their security, not their sympathy, is the motive. I agree with you, Messer Niccolo, that never were there viler slaves than our populace, except our nobles, and those mongrels and curs intermediate, who lean indolently on such sapless trunks, and deem it magnificent to stand one palm higher than the prostrate.

MACHIAVELLI. A fine picture have you been drawing! another *Last Judgment!*

MICHEL-ANGELO. Your nobility, founded in great measure on yourself, is such, that you would accept from me no apology for my remarks on that indiscriminately lavished by our enslavers, among later families. None in Tuscany, few in Europe, can contend in dignity with yours, which has given to our republic thirteen chief magistrates. The descendants of a hunter from an Alpine keep in Switzerland can offer no pretence to anything resembling it. Yet these are they who bind and bruise us! these are they who impose on us as governors men whom we expunge as citizens.

MACHIAVELLI. In erecting your fortification, you oppose but a

temporary obstacle to the insult. My proposal, many years ago, was the institution of national guards, from which service no condition whatever, no age, from adolescence to decrepitude, should be exempt. But Italy must always be in danger of utter servitude, unless her free states, which are still rich and powerful, enter into a cordial and strict alliance against all arbitrary rule, instead of undermining or beating down each other's prosperity. While one great city holds another great city in subjection, as Venice does with Padua and Verona, as Florence with Siena and Pisa, the subdued will always rejoice in the calamities of the subduer, and empty her cup of bitterness into them when she can, although without the prospect or hope of recovering her independence. For there are more who are sensible to affronts than there are who are sensible to freedom; and vindictiveness, in many breasts the last cherished relic of justice, is in some the only sign of it.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Small confederate republics are the most free, the most happy, the most productive of emulation, of learning, of genius, of glory, in every form and aspect. They also, for the reason you have given, are stronger and more durable than if united under one principality. This is proved, too, in the history of ancient Tuscany, which, under her Lucumons, resisted for many centuries the violent and vast irruptions of the Gauls, and the systematic encroachments of the wilier Romans. But the governors of no country possess so much wisdom as shall teach them to renounce a portion of immediate authority, for the future benefit of those they govern; much less for any advantage to those who lie beyond their jurisdiction.

MACHIAVELLI. Italy, and Europe in general, would avoid the most frequent and the worst calamities by manifold and just federation, to the exclusion of all princes, ecclesiastical and secular. Spain, in the multitude of her municipalities, is divided into republics, but jealous and incoherent. Wiser Germany possesses in many parts the same advantages, and uses them better; but the dragon's teeth, not sown by herself, shoot up between her cities. Switzerland rears among her snows little fresh and stout republics. Italy in particular is formed for them; many of her cities being free; all bearing within them the memory, most the desire, of freedom. No pontiff, no despot, can ever be friendly to science; least of all to that best of sciences, which teaches us that liberty and peace are the highest of human

blessings. And I wonder that the ministers of religion (at least all of them who believe in it) do not strenuously insist on this truth; essentially divine, since the founder of Christianity came on earth on purpose to establish peace; and peace can not exist, and ought not, without liberty. But this blessing is neither the produce nor the necessity of one soil only. How different is the condition of the free cities in Germany from that of territories under the sceptre of princes. If seven or eight are thus flourishing, with such obstacles on every side, why might not the rest without any? What would they all be when hindrances were removed, when mutual intercourse, mutual instruction, mutual advantages of every kind, were unrestricted? Why should not all be as free and happy as the few? They will be, when learning has made way for wisdom; when those for whom others have thought begin to think for themselves. The intelligent and the courageous should form associations everywhere; and little trust should be reposed on the goodwill of even good men accustomed to authority and dictation. I venerate the arts almost to the same degree as you do; for ignorance is nowhere an obstacle to veneration; but I venerate them because, above them, I see the light separating from the darkness.

MICHEL-ANGELO. The Arts can not long exist without the advent of Freedom. From every new excavation whence a statue rises, there rises simultaneously a bright vision of the age that produced it; a strong desire to bring it back again; a throbbing love, an inflaming regret, a resolute despair, beautiful as Hope herself: and Hope comes too behind.

Men are not our fellow-creatures because hands and articulate voices belong to them in common with us: they are then, and then only, when they precede us, or accompany us, or follow us, contemplating one grand luminary, periodically obscured, but eternally existent in the highest heaven of the soul, without which all lesser lights would lose their brightness, their station, their existence.

If these things should ever come to pass, how bold shall be the step, how exalted the head, of Genius. Clothed in glorified bodies of living marble, instructors shall rise out of the earth, deriders of Barbarism, conquerors of Time, heirs and coequals of Eternity. Led on by these, again shall man mount the ladder that touches heaven; again shall he wrestle with the angels.

MACHIAVELLI. You want examples of the arts in their perfection:

few models are extant. Apollo, Venus, and three or four beside, are the only objects of your veneration; and although I do not doubt of its sincerity, I much doubt of its enthusiasm, and the more the oftener I behold them. Perhaps the earth holds others in her bosom more beautiful than the *Mother of Love*, more elevated than the *God of Day*. Nothing is existing of Phidias, nothing of Praxiteles, nothing of Scopas. Their works, collected by Nero, and deposited by him in his Golden Palace, were broken by the populace, and their fragments cast into the Tiber.

MICHEL-ANGELO. All? surely not all?

MACHIAVELLI. Every one, too certainly. For such was the wealth, such the liberality, of this prince, and so solicitous were all ranks, and especially the higher, to obtain his favour, I entertain no doubt that every work of these consummate masters was among the thousands in his vast apartments. Defaced and fragmentary as they are, they still exist under the waters of the Tiber.

MICHEL-ANGELO. The nose is the part most liable to injury. I have restored it in many heads, always of marble. But it occurs to me, at this instant, for the first time, that wax would serve better, both in leaving no perceptible line, and in similarity of colour. The Tiber, I sadly fear, will not give up its dead until the last day; but do you think the luxurious cities of Sibaris and Croton hide no treasures of art under their ruins? And there are others in Southern Italy of Greek origin, and rich (no doubt) in similar divine creations. Sculpture awaits but the dawn of Freedom to rise up before new worshippers in the fulness of her glory. Meanwhile I must work incessantly at our fortress here, to protect my poor clay models from the Germans.

MACHIAVELLI. And from the Italians; although the least ferocious, in either army, would rather destroy a thousand men than the graven image of one.

X. VITTORIA COLONNA AND MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI

(*Heath's Bk. of Beauty*, 1843 ; *Wks.*, ii., 1846 ; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

VITTORIA. What has detained you so long, Michel-Angelo? Were we not to have read together, early in the forenoon, the little book of poetry which is lying there on the table?

MICHEL-ANGELO. Excuse me, Madonna. The fault, if mine at all, is mine only in part.

VITTORIA. I will pardon it the rather, because, whatever it was, it has removed the traces of care and of study from your brow, and supplanted them with an unwonted smile. Pray now what provokes this hilarity?

MICHEL-ANGELO. Not the delay, I assure you, which never has any such effect when I am coming to the Palazzo Pescara, but merely the mention of poetry.

VITTORIA. Why so? I perceive there is mischief in your countenance; let me also have a hand in it, if I find it is such as I like.

MICHEL-ANGELO. When I was walking hither, a middle-aged gentleman, tall, round-shouldered, somewhat grizzly, of a complexion rather cindery than pale, with a look half leering and half imploring, and in a voice half querulous and half passionate, accosted me. He offered many apologies for never having heard of me until this morning, although my fame (he protested) had filled the universe. Whatever he said at one instant he unsaid the next, in like manner.

"But you shall forgive me; you shall soon forgive me," cried he, thrusting into my hand a large volume, from its more opportune station under the coat-flap. I felt it damp, having lain perhaps in the middle of a thousand, two entire winters; and I apprehended cold and rheumatism as much almost at the cover as at the contents. While I held it, uncertain how to reply, he suddenly snatched it back, and cut open the leaves with a very sharp penknife, injuring few of them by the operation, for he was cautious and tender in the extreme.

"I would not delay you in the reading," said he, returning it, "for your praise will richly crown my labours."

VITTORIA. What was it? and where is it?

MICHEL-ANGELO. Madonna, let me be an example of patience to you. Wait a little, and you shall hear the whole.

VITTORIA. No, no, no!

MICHEL-ANGELO. I do not mean the whole of the poem, I mean only the whole of the occurrence. I saw on the title-page that it was a poem in twenty-four cantos, each containing a hundred stanzas, entitled *The Strangulation of Cethegus*. Between the moments of my surprise and my dismay—

"You will find," exclaimed the author, "how wrongfully I have been accused by the malevolent and invidious (and there are few others in the world) of copying our most celebrated writers, and of being destitute of originality myself. If occasionally I resemble them in some sort, it is only to show them how they might have written, with a little more care, judgment, and—we will not say—genius!"

VITTORIA. On such emergencies, a spice of ridicule is our speediest and most palatable remedy for disgust.

MICHEL-ANGELO. When I inquired of him to what gentleman I was indebted for so valuable a present, he stood in amaze at first; then he repeated his family name, then his baptismal, then a poetical intermediate one of his own invention. These, he told me, I must frequently have heard. I now recognised the peculiar object of ebullient jocularity among my juvenile scholars, one of whom said, "He has cracked a biscuit which was baked for a long voyage, and, pouring a profusion of tepid water on it, he has quadrupled its bulk and heaviness!"

VITTORIA. Poor man! his vanity must often be wounded.

MICHEL-ANGELO. He has none.

VITTORIA. None?

MICHEL-ANGELO. He told me so himself.

"I have been called vain," said he; "but only by those who never knew me. Proud! yes, proud I am! Vanity, in my opinion, (and I am certain that you and all sensible men must think with me,) belongs only to weak minds; pride to the strongest and most sublime. Poets, we hear, are often vain; ay, but *what* poets?"

His eyes, which before were only on a level with the cheek-bones

and the frontal, now expanded beyond, and assumed the full majesty of the orbicular.

VITTORIA. Well, in what manner has he treated his subject?

MICHEL-ANGELO. He could not resist the pleasure of telling me:

"I believe, Signor Buonarroti, you are, among other things, a painter. Proportions! ay, proportions! The pyramidal, ay! We look to that, don't we? See here then. Cæsar is a stripling, just old enough to fall in love. In Pagan Rome they fell early. The man of genius will seize on the most trifling objects in nature, and raise up a new creation from them. Did you never see an apple or a strawberry which had another more diminutive growing to it? Well, now from this double strawberry or apple I have made out a double Cæsar, such as never was seen before; one the stern resolute senator; the other the gentle sentimental young lover."

On which I submissively asked, whether the stripling who had been received so favourably by the lady, would on the same afternoon be sure of the same facility at his entrance into the senate; and whether it was not requisite to have attained his fortieth year? He smiled at me, and said,

"Surely no, when a poet of the first order gives him a ticket of admission. Does not Horace say we poets have the privilege of daring anything?"

I was afraid to answer, "Yes: but, unhappily, we readers have not the power of *bearing* anything." He continued,

"Cicero is an old gentleman."

Here I ventured to interrupt him, asking if there were in reality more than five or six years between their ages, and by remarking, that although in obscure men and matters, introduced into works of invention, facts might be represented not quite accordant with exact chronology, yet that the two most remarkable characters in the Roman Commonwealth, known by every schoolboy to have entered into public life at the same time, could not[1] safely be pushed so far asunder.

"No matter, sir!" replied he sharply; "there they are, the poet's own creation. Observe, if you please, I have placed Cethegus between them; a well-grown personage, in his meridian. Behold my pyramid!"

I was silent.

[1] The reading of 1843. Forster and Crump follow the text of 1846.

"No originality, I suppose?"

"Very great indeed!" answered I.

"Here is one man," cried he, seizing my hand, "one man in the world, willing to the uttermost of his power to do me justice. Strangers give me praise; friends give me only advice; and such advice, Signor Buonarroti, as would impoverish the realms of literature, if taken."

I stared at him even more wildly than before.

"Perhaps you do not recognise me?" said he. "Many have taken me for Ariosto; but I hope I am loftier and graver, and more innocent. Wherever he has gone I have followed him, in order to abolish the impression of wantonness, and to purify (I repeat the words of our mutual admirers) the too warm air of his enchantments."

"I hope you have not forgotten," said I, "that in lustral water salt is always an ingredient."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, misunderstanding me; at which action I could not but smile. He perceived it; and, after a pause, "Ha! ha! ha!" replied he, in measured laughter, "you are a wit too, Messer Michel-Angelo! Who would have thought it of so considerable a man? Well now, I never venture on it, even among friends. We may be easy and familiar in writing or conversing, without letting ourselves down; we may countenance wit; we may even suggest it; I am not rigorous on that head, as some other great writers are. You see I have helped you to a trifle of it; a mere trifle. Now you must confess you caught the spark from me," added he, coaxingly. "I will never claim it in public; I will not indeed! I scarcely consider it in the light of a plagiarism. I have forborne greater things very long, and have only been compelled at last to declare, in a preface, that I wrote the better part of *Orlando Furioso* many years before it was conceived by Messer Ludovico. I heard his injurious claims, and told nobody the fact."

"How does your poem end, sir?" said I, with all the rapidity of impatience.

He mistook my motive, and cried, "Really I am flattered and charmed at the interest you take in it. You have devoured it in your mind already, and would have the very shell. In compliance with your earnestness I will answer the question, although it might be hurtful, I fear, to the effect the whole composition, grasped at once, would produce on you."

I declared the contrary, with many protestations. He raised up his head from its slanting position of distrust and doubt. Again I assured him of my resolution to despatch it at a sitting.

VITTORIA. I never thought you capable of such duplicity.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Of what may I not be capable, if you absolve me with so gracious a smile?

"I will then tell you how it ends," continued he, "if you never have read the history. Cethegus was, I am sorry to say, a person of bad character, although of birth. With perfect fidelity I have translated the speeches of Sallust; but Sallust had no notion (and history could do nothing for him) of placing the culprit bound between two Turkish mutes, with a friar in the rear, while the great bell tolled from Santa Maria Maggiore."

I started.

"That is the place, the real place; he was strangled just below."

"*Bell!*" I soliloquized, rather too audibly.

"If you never have felt the effect of a bell at executions, and particularly on the stage; if you never have felt the effect of a bell, Signor Buonarroti, through your brain and heart," said he, breathing hard, and allowing his watery diagonal eyes only half their width, "then do I most sincerely pity you, Signor Buonarroti, and wish you a very good morning."

I bowed, and fancied my deliverance was accomplished. But he instantly turned round again, and added,

"If you object to a bell, you may object to a clock. Now, it was precisely as the clock struck midnight that justice was done by me upon the execrable Cethegus, as a warning to all future generations."

"Nobody can be more firmly convinced," said I, "how execrable is this violation of all laws, moral, social, political, and," I was about to add inwardly, poetical, when he seized my hand, and said, with firm deliberation,

"There are two men in degenerate Rome who abhor the vicious in conduct and embrace the pure in poetry. When you have bestowed as much time as I have on the contemplation and composition of it, your surprise (but not your admiration, I humbly trust) will be considerably diminished, on the repeated perusal of my few edited volumes. I am as sure of eternal fame as if I had it in my pocket. Fame, Signor Michel-Angelo, has a snail's growth; true,

real, genuine fame has, and you may know it by that. But, I promise you, in another century or two you shall see mine a very giant. I have sometimes thought I have a host of enemies: I now begin to think I can have only one: I have him in my eye. He is capable of putting on all manner of faces. I myself have seen him looking like an elderly man; some of my friends have seen him looking quite young; and others have seen him what they thought was middle-aged. He manages his voice equally well. If you go into twenty streets, only mention me, and you will find him at the same moment in all of them. Happily, he always hits in the wrong place. He says I am restless for celebrity! he says I want vigour and originality!"

He ended with three little titters; and these at least were in good metre, and showed care in the composition.

VITTORIA. Happy man! for vanity is rarely attended by vexation of spirit, and nobody is oppressed by a sense of emptiness. I must now undertake his defence.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Properly then have you exclaimed *happy man!*

VITTORIA. The clock and bell indeed are stumbling-blocks; but there are some instances in which even so inopportune an introduction of them is less censurable than in others. Suppose for example a dramatic poet in an age when the greater part of his audience was rude and ignorant. After he had supplied the more learned and intellectual with the requisites of his art, I would not quarrel with him for indulging the market-folk with a hearty peal of bells, or perhaps a discharge of artillery, while they are following the triumphal car of Cæsar, or shouting round the conflagration of Persepolis! But if another, in offering his tragedy for the perusal of our times, should neglect to sweep away the remnants of an old largess given to the multitude, it can only be from the conviction that they are his proper company; that he is about to be tried by his own order; that his services are mostly due to the majority; and that the world's population in simpletons is by no means on the wane. Consider now, my dear Michel-Angelo, if consistencies, absurdities, anachronisms, are to be found only in one department of the arts. I appeal to you, the president, prince, dictator of them all, whether it is as ridiculous to represent an angel playing on a violin, for which your master Ghirlandaio and some other more ancient painters have been reprehended, as it is to represent, what we find on many recent monu-

ments, a poet or a musician with a lyre in his hand. For, if angels play on any instrument at all, they may as well play on such as men invented late as early; since, at whatever time men invented them, angels may have invented them before.

MICHEL-ANGELO. A lyre in the hand of poet or musician born in our times, is a contradiction to ages, a defiance to chronology, and might mislead in regard to usages a remote posterity. So indeed might our silly inscriptions about the *manes* and *ashes* of our uncles and aunts, who would have been horrified at the idea of being burnt like Pagans, bottled up in urns, and standing bolt-upright, where milk and honey are lapped and sucked before their faces, by an ugly brood of devils unamenable to priest or purgatory. But while emperors and kings are hoisted upon columns a hundred palms above the earth, where only a pigeon would feel secure, and while saints and martyrs, instead of receiving us at the door or on the steps, are perched on the slope of a balustrade, we need not look on the ground for a fresh crop of absurdities. The ancient Romans, quite barbarous enough in violating the pure architecture of Greece, abstained from such as these, and went no farther (nor truly was there any occasion) than to narrow the street, instead of enlarging it, for the march of armies through triumphal arches. The idea, so abused, was taken from the boughs and branches hung on poles, which shaded their forefathers at their return from plunder, while wine was poured out to them in the dusty path by wives and daughters. The songs alone continued just the same as they were at first, coarse, ribald, in the trochaic measure, which appears to be the commonest and earliest in most nations.

VITTORIA. The difference between poetry and all other arts, all other kinds of composition, is this: in them utility comes before delight; in this, delight comes before utility.

MICHEL-ANGELO. In some pleasing poems there is nothing whatsoever of the useful.

VITTORIA. My friend, I think you are mistaken. An obvious moral is indeed a heavy protuberance, which injures the gracefulness of a poem; but there is wisdom of one kind or other in every sentence of a really good composition, and it produces its effect in various ways. You employ gold in your pictures; not always of the same consistency or the same preparation, but several of your colours, even the most different, are in part composed of it. This is a matter

of which those in general who are gratified with the piece are unsuspicious. The beautiful in itself is useful by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action. A well-ordered mind touches no branch of intellectual pleasure so brittle and incompliant as never to be turned to profit.

MICHEL-ANGELO. The gift that was just now forced into my hand, I sadly suspect would have produced but little.

VITTORIA. Have you brought your treasure with you? Where is it?

MICHEL-ANGELO. Knowing your antipathy to bad smells and bad poems, knowing also that Father Tiber is accustomed to both of them, I devoutly made my offering to him as I crossed the bridge.

VITTORIA. Indeed I am not over-curious about a specimen; and few things that are hopeless ever gave anyone less concern.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Such resignation merits all possible reward; and all that lies in me you shall receive. As the last page fluttered on the battlement, I caught two verses, without the intermediate:

Signor Cetego! la preghiera é vana.
Spicciti! senti! suona la campana.

and these two in sequence, which are the conclusion:

Cetego casca in terra come un bove,
E l'anima gli scappa—chi sà dove!

VITTORIA. If I could suppress my smile, perhaps I should reprove you; but at last I will be grave. Men like yourself, men of reputation and authority, should not only be lenient and indulgent, but even grateful, to the vain and imbecile who attempt to please us. If we are amused at an ebullition of frowardness in children, at their little contortions, stamps, and menaces, are not the same things at least inoffensive to us, when children of the same character are grey, wrinkled, and toothless? From those of three feet we only see ourselves in a convex mirror; we see what we were at the same age; but from others of six feet we gather stores for pleasantry, for imagination, and for thought. Against their blank wall is inserted the standard by which we may measure our friends and ourselves. As we look up at it, Comedy often lays her playful hand on our shoulder; and, as we turn our faces back, we observe Philosophy close behind

her. If men in general were much nearer to perfection than they are, the noblest of human works would be farther from it. From the fall of Adam to the slaughter of Hector, how vastly has genius been elevated by our imperfections! What history, what romance, what poem, interests us by unmixed good or by unwavering consistency? We require in you strong motives, pertinacious resolves, inflexible wills, and ardent passions; you require in us all our weaknesses. From your shore start forth abrupt and lofty precipices; on ours, diametrically opposite, lie sequestered bays and deep recesses. We deride the man who is, or would be, like us in anything, the vain one in particular. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart; in men it always is: therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.

MICHEL-ANGELO. You prove to me, Donna Vittoria, that from base materials may rise clear and true reflections!

VITTORIA. I wonder that poets who have encountered what they call the injustice of the world, hold with such pertinacity to the objects of attack.

MICHEL-ANGELO. We are unwilling to drown our blind puppies, because they are blind; we are then unwilling to throw them into the pond, because they are just beginning to open their eyes; lastly, we refuse idle boys, who stand ready for the sport, the most misshapen one of the litter, he having been trodden on in the stable, and kicked about by the grooms for his lameness.

VITTORIA. Pretty tropes indeed! and before one who dabbles in poetry.

MICHEL-ANGELO. So the silver-footed Thetis dabbled in the sea, when she could descend at pleasure to its innermost depths.

VITTORIA. You must certainly think in good earnest that I lay high claims to poetry. Here is more than enough flattery for the vainest woman, who is not a poetess also. Speak, if you please, about others, particularising or generalising.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Then to generalise a little. In our days poetry is a vehicle which does not carry much within it, but is top-heavy with what is corded on. Children, in a hurry to raise plants, cover their allotment of border with all the seeds the pinafore will hold: so do small authors their poetry-plots. Hence what springs up in either quarter has nothing of stamen, but only sickly succulence for grubs to feed on.

VITTORIA COLONNA AND MICHEL-ANGELO

VITTORIA. Never say *in our days*, unless you include many other days in most ages. In those when poetry was very flourishing there were complaints against it, as we find by Horace and Aristophanes. I am afraid, Michel-Angelo, some idle boy has been putting a pebble into his sling and aiming at your architraves ; in other words, some poetaster or criticaster has been irreverent toward you. I do not mean about your poetry, which perhaps you undervalue, but about the greater things in which you are engaged.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Nothing more likely ; but as only the worst can be guilty of it, I shall let them fall into other offences, that heavier punishment than I ever take the trouble to inflict may befall them. It is only the few that have found the way into my heart, who can wound it !

VITTORIA. You are safe then.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Whoever is engaged in great and difficult works, as I am, must inevitably meet with rivals and enemies !

VITTORIA. Enemies ! yes ! Say that word only. What a pyramid of skulls from the insanely hostile does every predominant genius erect ! Leave those of your light assailants to whiten in their native deserts ; and march on. Indeed it is unnecessary to exhort you to magnanimity, for you appear unusually at ease and serene.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable, and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract. The children of Niobe fell by the arrows of Diana under a bright and cloudless sky.

VITTORIA. Alas ! the intellectual, the beautiful, and the happy, are always the nearest to danger.

MICHEL-ANGELO. I come to you at all times, my indulgent friend, to calm my anxieties whensoever they oppress me. You never fail ; you never falter. Sometimes a compassionate look, sometimes a cheerful one, alights on the earthly thought, and dries up all its noxiousness. Music, and a voice that is more and better, are its last resorts. The gentleness of your nature has led you to them when we both had paused. There are songs that attract and melt the heart more sweetly than the Siren's. Ah ! there is love too, even here below, more precious than immortality ; but it is not the love of a Circe or a Calypso.

VITTORIA. Nor were they happy themselves ; and yet perhaps they were not altogether undeserving of it, they who could select for

the object of their affections the courageous, the enduring, and the intelligent. There are few men at any time whom moral dignity and elevation of genius have made conspicuous above the mass of society; and fewer still are the women who can distinguish them from persons of ordinary capacity, endowed with qualities merely agreeable. But if it happens that a man of highest worth has been read attentively and thoroughly by those eyes which he has taught the art of divination, let another object intervene and occupy their attention, let the beloved be induced to think it a merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory is not an outcast nor an alien when the company of the day is gone, but says many things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

MICHEL-ANGELO. The morning comes, the fresh world opens, and the vestiges of one are trodden out by many: they were only on the dew, and with the dew they are departed.

VITTORIA. Although you are not alluding to yourself at the present time, nor liable to be interrupted in the secreter paths of life, yet I think you too susceptible in those you are pursuing, and I was anxious to discover if anything unpleasant had occurred. For, little minds in high places are the worst impediments to great. Chestnuts and esculent oaks permit the traveller to pass onward under them; briars and thorns and unthrifty grass entangle him.

MICHEL-ANGELO. You teach me also to talk figuratively; yet not remotely from one of the arts I profess. We may make a large hole in a brick wall and easily fill it up; but the slightest flaw in a ruby or a crysolite is irreparable. Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence and (as they call it) make it up again; the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering, but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all.

VITTORIA. Are you quite certain you are without any?

MICHEL-ANGELO. You and Saint Peter insure me. The immortal are invulnerable!

VITTORIA. Evader! but glad am I that you have spoken the word, although you set at nought thereby the authority of Homer. For you remind me that he, like Dante, often has a latent meaning by the side of an evident one, which indeed is peculiar to great poets. Unwise commanders call out all their forces to the field; the more prudent have their reserves posted where it is not everybody that can discover them.

VITTORIA COLONNA AND MICHEL-ANGELO

In the Iliad two immortals are wounded; Venus slightly, Mars severely. The deities of Love and War are the only ones exposed to violence. In the former, weakness is shown to be open to aggression; in the latter, violence to resistance and repulse; and both are subject to more pain than they can well endure. At the same time, Juno and Pallas, Mercury and Apollo and Neptune, do not stand aloof, but stand unassailable. Here we perceive that sometimes the greater Gods are subtilised and attenuated into allegories. Homer bestows on them more or less potency at his pleasure. One moment we see a bright and beautiful God stand manifest before us; presently his form and radiance are indistinct; at last, in the place where he was standing, there are only some scattered leaves, inscribed with irregular and uncouth characters; these invite our curiosity with strange similitudes; we look more attentively, and they seem brought closer together: the God has receded to deliver the oracle of his wisdom.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Homer left a highway, overshadowed with lofty trees and perennial leafage, between the regions of Allegory and Olympus. The gloom of Dante is deeper, and the boundaries even more indiscernible. We know the one is censured for it; perhaps the other was.

VITTORIA. To the glory of our Italy be it spoken, we are less detractive than our forefathers the Romans. Dante and Petrarca were estimated highly by those nearest them. Indeed, to confess the truth, Petrarca has received for his poetry what ought rather to have been awarded him for rarer and sublimer deserts. Dante has fared less sumptuously, and there are fewer who could entertain him. Petty Latin things called *classics*, as their betters are, smooth, round, light, hollow, regularly figured like pasteboard zodiacs, were long compared and even preferred to the triple world of Dante. I speak not of Grecian literature, because I know it not sufficiently; but I imagine Rome is to Greece what a bull-ring is to a palæstra, the games of the circus to the Olympic, fighting bondmen to the brothers of Helen, the starry twins of Jupiter and Leda.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Boccaccio first scattered the illusion by which the guide seemed loftier and grander than the guided. The spirit of the immortal master, our Tuscan, no longer led by the hand, nor submissively following, soared beyond Italy, and is seen at last, in his just proportions, right against the highest pinnacle of Greece.

Ariosto has not yet been countenanced by the Italian potentates, nor fostered in the genial fur of our Holy Fathers, with the same tenderness as some minute poets, who dirty their cold fingers with making little clay models after old colossal marbles. But Ariosto is too marked in his features to be fondled, and too broad in his shoulders for the chairs they occupy. He is to Ovid what Sicily is to Italy; divided by a narrow channel; the same warm climate, the same flowery glebe; less variety, less extent. Not only these, but perhaps all poets excepting Pindar and Æschylus, want compression and curtailment; yet the parings of some would be worth the pulp of others.

Vittoria. Those to whom, I will not say genius, but splendid talents have been given, are subject to weaknesses to which inferior men are less liable; as the children of the rich are to diseases from which those of the poorer generally are exempt.

Michel-Angelo. The reason, I conceive, is this. Modern times have produced no critic contemporary with an eminent poet. There is a pettishness and frowardness about some literary men, in which, at the mention of certain names, they indulge without moderation or shame. They are prompt and alert at showing their sore places, and strip for it up to the elbow. They feel only a comfortable warmth when they are reproved for their prejudices and antipathies, which often are no more to be traced to their origin than the diseases of the body, and come without contact, without even breathing the same air. No remedy being sought for them, they rapidly sink into the mental constitution, weakening its internal strength and disfiguring its external character. In some persons at first they are covered and concealed; but afterward, when they are seen and remarked, are exhibited in all their virulence with swaggering effrontery.

Vittoria. Geese and buffaloes are enraged at certain colours; there are certain colours also of the mind lively enough to excite choler at a distance in the silly and ferine. I have witnessed in authors the most vehement expression of hatred against those whose writings they never read, and whose persons they never approached: all these are professors of Christianity, and some of moral philosophy.

Michel-Angelo. Do not wonder then if I take my walk at a distance from the sibilant throat and short-flighted wing; at a distance from the miry hide and blindly directed horn. Such people as you describe to me may be men of talents; but talents lie below genius.

Occasionally we attribute to a want of benevolence what in reality is only a want of discernment. The bad sticks as closely as the good, and often more readily. If we would cover with gold a cornice or a statue, we require a preparation for it; smoke does its business in a moment.

VITTORIA. Sometimes we ourselves may have exercised our ingenuity, but without any consciousness of spleen or ill-humour, in detecting and discussing the peculiar faults of great poets. This has never been done, or done very clumsily, by our critics, who fancy that a measureless and shapeless phantom of enthusiasm leaves an impression of a powerful mind, and a quick apprehension of the beautiful.

"Who," they ask us, "who would look for small defects in such an admirable writer? who is not transported by his animation, and blinded by his brightness?"

To this interrogation my answer is,

"Very few indeed; only the deliberate, the instructed, and the wise. Only they who partake in some degree of his nature know exactly where to find his infirmities."

We perhaps on some occasions have spoken of Dante in such a manner as would make the unwary, if they heard us, believe that we estimate him no higher than Statius, Silius, Valerius, and the like. On the other hand, we have admired the versatility, facility, and invention of Ovid, to such a degree as would excite a suspicion that we prefer him even to Virgil. But in one we spoke of the worst parts, in the other of the best. Censure and praise can not leave the lips at the same breath: one is caught before the other comes: our verdict is distributed abroad when we have summed up only one column of the evidence.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Surely I have heard you declare that you could produce faults out of Virgil graver than any in Ovid.

VITTORIA. The faults of Ovid are those of a playful and unruly boy; the faults of Virgil are those of his master. I do not find in Ovid (as you may remember I then observed) the hypallage; such for instance as Virgil's, "*The odour brought the wind,*" instead of "*The wind brought the odour.*"[1] No child could refrain from laughter at such absurdity, no pedagogue from whipping him for laughing at such authority. This figure (so the grammarians are pleased to call it) far exceeds all other faults in language, for it

[1] *Georg.*, iii. 251.

reverses the thing it should represent. If I buy a mirror, I would rather buy one which has fifty small flaws in it, than one which places my feet where my head should be.

There are poems of Ovid which I have been counselled to cast aside, and my curiosity has never violated the interdict. But even in Homer himself nothing of the same extent is more spirited, or truly epic, than the contest of Ajax and Ulysses. You shall hear in this apartment, some day soon, what our Bembo thinks about it. No Roman, of any age, either has written more purely, or shown himself a more consummate judge both of style and matter.

MICHEL-ANGELO. I think so too; but some have considered him rather as correct and elegant than forcible and original.

VITTORIA. Because he *is* correct; of which alone they can form a notion, and of this imperfectly. Had he written in a negligent and disorderly manner, they would have admired his freedom and copiousness, ignorant that, in literature as in life, the rich and noble are as often frugal as the indigent and obscure. The cardinal never talks vaguely and superficially on any species of composition; no, not even with his friends. Where a thing is to be admired or censured, he explains in what it consists. He points to the star in the ascendant, and tells us accurately at what distance other stars are from it. In lighter mood, on lighter matters, he shakes the beetle out of the rose, and shows us what species of insect that is which he has thrown on its back at our feet, and in what part and to what extent the flower has been corroded by it. He is too noble in his nature to be habitually sarcastic, and too conscious of power to be declamatory or diffuse.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Nevertheless, in regard to sarcasm, I have known him to wither a fungus of vanity by a single beam of wit.

VITTORIA. He may indeed have chastised an evil-doer, but a glance of the eye or a motion of the hand is enough. Throughout the ample palace of his mind not an instrument of torture can be found.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Perhaps in the offices below, a scourge may be suspended for intrusive curs, or for thieves disguised in stolen liveries. I wish my friend of this morning had met the Cardinal instead of me. Possessing no sense of shame or decency, and fancying that wherever he has thrust a book he has conferred a distinction, he would have taken the same easy liberty with his Eminence.

VITTORIA. If he continues to be so prolific, we shall soon see

another island emerging from the Tiber. Our friend the Cardinal has indeed no time to squander on those who, like your waylayer, infest the public roads of literature, by singing old songs and screaming old complaints. But I wish his political occupations would allow him to pursue his pleasanter studies, and especially in exercising his acute judgment on our primary poets. For our country, both anciently and of late, has always wanted a philosophical critic on poetical works, and none are popular in the present day, but such as generalise or joke. Ariosto, in despite of them, is, however tardily and difficultly, coming into favour. There is quite enough in him for our admiration, although we never can compare him with some among the ancients. For the human heart is the world of poetry; the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and genii, and angels themselves, are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.

Michel-Angelo. You have been accustomed, O Madonna, to contemplate in person those illustrious men who themselves were the destinies of nations, and you are therefore less to be satisfied with the imaginative and illusory.

Vittoria. There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know; however, the most-part of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those also are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great, who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies, compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is indeed far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort, and guidance; to lead us in spirit from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

Michel-Angelo. By the wise indeed; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false lights.

Vittoria. It was beautifully and piously said in days of old, that, wherever a spring rises from the earth, an altar should be erected. Ought not we, my friend, to bear the same veneration to the genius

which springs from obscurity in the loneliness of lofty places, and which descends to irrigate the pastures of the mind with a perennial freshness and vivifying force? If great poets build their own temples, as indeed they do, let us at least offer up to them our praises and thanksgivings, and hope to render them acceptable by the purest incense of the heart.

MICHEL-ANGELO. First, we must find the priests, for ours are inconvertible from their crumbling altars. Too surely we are without an Aristoteles to precede and direct them.

VITTORIA. We want him not only for poetry, but philosophy. Much of the dusty perfumery, which thickened for a season the pure air of Attica, was dissipated by his breath. Calm reasoning, deep investigation, patient experiment, succeeded to contentious quibbles and trivial irony. The sun of Aristoteles dispersed the unwholesome vapour that arose from the garden of Academus. Instead of spectral demons, instead of the monstrous progeny of mystery and immodesty, there arose tangible images of perfect symmetry. Homer was recalled from banishment: Æschylus followed: the choruses bowed before him, divided, and took their stands. Symphonies were heard; what symphonies! So powerful as to lighten the chain that Jupiter had riveted on his rival. The conquerors of kings until then omnipotent, kings who had trampled on the towers of Babylon and had shaken the eternal sanctuaries of Thebes, the conquerors of these kings bowed their olive-crowned heads to the sceptre of Destiny, and their tears ran profusely over the immeasurable wilderness of human woes.

MICHEL-ANGELO. We have no poetry of this kind now, nor have we auditors who could estimate or know it if we had. Yet, as the fine arts have raised up their own judges, literature may, ere long, do the same. Instead of undervaluing and beating down, let us acknowledge and praise any resemblance we may trace to the lineaments of a past and stronger generation.

VITTORIA. But by the manners and habitudes of antiquity ours are little to be improved. Scholars who scorn the levity of Ariosto, and speak disdainfully of the middle ages, in the very centre of the enchantment thrown over them by the magician of Ferrara, never think how much we owe, not only to him, but also to those ages: never think by what energies, corporeal and mental, from the barbarous soldier rose the partially polished knight, and high above him,

by slower degrees, the accomplished and perfect gentleman, the summit of nobility.

MICHEL-ANGELO. O that Pescara were present! Pescara! whom your words seem to have embodied and recalled! Pescara! the lover of all glory, but mostly of yours, Madonna! he to whom your beauty was eloquence and your eloquence beauty, inseparable as the influences of deity.

VITTORIA. Present! and is he not? Where I am, there is he, for evermore. Earth may divide, Heaven never does. The beauty you speak of is the only thing departed from me, and that also is with him perhaps. He may, I hope he may, see me as he left me, only more pacified, more resigned. After I had known Pescara, even if I had never been his, I should have been espoused to him; espoused to him before the assembled testimonies of his innumerable virtues, before his genius, his fortitude, his respectful superiority, his manly gentleness. Yes, I should have been married to his glory; and, neither in his lifetime nor when he left the world, would I have endured, O Michel-Angelo, any other alliance. The very thought, the very words conveying it, are impiety. But friendship helps to support that heavy pall to which the devoted cling tenaciously for ever.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Oh! that at this moment——

VITTORIA. Hush! hush! Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in [1] the vale of tears. If there are griefs, which we know there are, so intense as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify, regulate, and adorn them. We sometimes spring above happiness, and fall on the other side. This hath happened to me: but strength enough is left me to raise myself up again, and to follow the guide who calls me.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Surely God hath shown that mortal what his own love is, for whom he hath harmonised a responsive bosom, warm in the last as in the first embraces. One look of sympathy, one regret at parting, is enough, is too much; it burdens the heart with over-payment. You can not gather up the blossoms which, by blast after blast, have been scattered and whirled behind you. Are they requisite? The fruit was formed within them ere they fell upon the walk; you have culled it in its season.

[1] Crump omits "in," placing a comma after "stronger."

VITTORIA. Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many?) the images of early love return with an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

Did we not begin to converse on another subject? Why have you not spoken to me this half-hour?

MICHEL-ANGELO. I see, O Donna Vittoria, I may close the volume we were to read and criticise.

VITTORIA. Then I hope you have something of your own for me instead.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Are you not tired of my verses? Your smile is too splendid a reward, but too indistinct an answer. Pray, pray tell me, Madonna! and yet I have hardly the courage to hear you tell me—have I not sometimes written to you?——

VITTORIA. My cabinet can answer for that. Lift up your sphinx if you desire to find it. Anything in particular?

MICHEL-ANGELO. I would say, written to you with——

VITTORIA. With what? a golden pen?

MICHEL-ANGELO. No, no.

VITTORIA. An adamantine one?

You child! you child! are you hiding it in my sleeve? An eagle's plume? a nightingale's? a dove's? I must have recourse to the living sphinx, if there is any, not to the porphyry. Have you other pens than these? I know the traces of them all, and am unwilling to give you credit for any fresh variety. But come, tell me, what is it?

MICHEL-ANGELO. I am apprehensive that I sometimes have written to you with an irrepressible gush of tenderness, which is but narrowed and deepened and precipitated by entering the channel of verse. This, falling upon vulgar ears, might be misinterpreted.

VITTORIA. If I have deserved a wise man's praise and a virtuous man's affection, I am not to be defrauded of them by stealthy whispers, nor deterred from them by intemperate clamour. She whom Pescara selected for his own, must excite the envy of too many; but the object of envy is not the sufferer by it: there are those who convert it even into recreation. One star hath ruled my

destiny and shaped my course. Perhaps—no, not perhaps, but surely, under that clear light I may enjoy unreproved the enthusiasm of his friend, the greatest man, the most ardent and universal genius, he has left behind him. Courage! courage! Lift up again the head which nothing on earth should lower. When death approaches me, be present, Michel-Angelo, and shed as pure tears on this hand as I did shed on the hand of Pescara.

MICHEL-ANGELO. Madonna! they are these; they are these! endure them now rather!

Merciful God! if there is piety in either, grant me to behold her at that hour, not in the palace of a hero, not in the chamber of a saint, but from thine everlasting mansions!

XI. TASSO AND CORNELIA

(*Blackwood*, 1843; *Wks.*, ii., 1846; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

TASSO. She is dead, Cornelia! she is dead!

CORNELIA. Torquato! my Torquato! after so many years of separation do I bend once more your beloved head to my embrace?

TASSO. She is dead!

CORNELIA. Tenderest of brothers! bravest and best and most unfortunate of men! What, in the name of heaven! so bewilders you?

TASSO. Sister! sister! sister! I could not save her.

CORNELIA. Certainly it was a sad event; and they who are out of spirits may be ready to take it for an evil omen. At this season of the year the vintagers are joyous and negligent.

TASSO. How! what is this?

CORNELIA. The little girl was crushed, they say, by a wheel of the car laden with grapes, as she held out a handful of vine-leaves to one of the oxen. And did you happen to be there just at the moment?

TASSO. So then the little too can suffer! the ignorant, the indigent, the unaspiring! Poor child! She was kind-hearted, else never would calamity have befallen her.

CORNELIA. I wish you had not seen the accident.

TASSO. I see it? I? I saw it not. No other is crushed where I am. The little girl died for her kindness! Natural death!

CORNELIA. Be calm, be composed, my brother!

TASSO. You would not require me to be composed or calm if you comprehended a thousandth part of my sufferings.

CORNELIA. Peace! peace! we know them all.

TASSO. Who has dared to name them? Imprisonment, derision, madness.

CORNELIA. Hush! sweet Torquato! If ever these existed, they are past.

TASSO. You do think they are sufferings? ay?

CORNELIA. Too surely.

TASSO. No, not too surely: I will not have that answer. They

would have been ; but Leonora was then living. Unmanly as I am ! did I complain of them ? and while she was left me ?

CORNELIA. My own Torquato ! is there no comfort in a sister's love ? Is there no happiness but under the passions ? Think, O my brother, how many courts there are in Italy : are the princes more fortunate than you ? Which among them all loves truly, deeply, and virtuously ? Among them all is there any one, for his genius, for his generosity, for his gentleness, ay, for his mere humanity, worthy to be beloved ?

TASSO. Princes ! talk to me of princes ! How much cross-grained wood a little gypsum covers ! a little carmine quite beautifies ! Wet your forefinger with your spittle ; stick a broken gold-leaf on the sinciput ; clip off a beggar's beard to make it tresses ; kiss it ; fall down before it ; worship it. Are you not irradiated by the light of its countenance ! Princes ! princes ! Italian princes ! Estes ! What matters that costly carrion ? Who thinks about it ? (*After a pause.*) She is dead ! She is dead !

CORNELIA. We have not heard it here.

TASSO. At Sorrento you hear nothing but the light surges of the sea, and the sweet sprinkles of the guitar.

CORNELIA. Suppose the worst to be true.

TASSO. Always, always.

CORNELIA. If she ceases, as then perhaps she must, to love and to lament you, think gratefully, contentedly, devoutly, that her arms had clasped your neck before they were crossed upon her bosom, in that long sleep which you have rendered placid, and from which your harmonious voice shall once more awaken her. Yes, Torquato ! her bosom had throbbed to yours, often and often, before the organ-peal shook the fringes round the catafalc. Is not this much, from one so high, so beautiful ?

TASSO. Much ? yes ; for abject me. But I did so love her ! so love her !

CORNELIA. Ah ! let the tears flow : she sends you that balm from heaven.

TASSO. So love her did poor Tasso ! Else, O Cornelia, it had indeed been much. I thought, in the simplicity of my heart, that God was as great as an emperor, and could bestow and had bestowed on me as much as the German had conferred or could confer on his vassal. No part of my insanity was ever held in such ridicule as

this. And yet the idea cleaves to me strangely, and is liable to stick to my shroud.

CORNELIA. Woe betide the woman who bids you to forget that woman who has loved you: she sins against her sex. Leonora was unblameable. Never think ill of her for what you have suffered.

TASSO. Think ill of her? I? I? I? No; those we love, we love for everything; even for the pain they have given us. But she gave me none: it was where she was not, that pain was.

CORNELIA. Surely, if love and sorrow are destined for companionship, there is no reason why the last comer of the two should supersede the first.

TASSO. Argue with me, and you drive me into darkness. I am easily persuaded and led on while no reasons are thrown before me. With these you have made my temples throb again. Just Heaven! dost thou grant us fairer fields, and wider, for the whirlwind to lay waste? Dost thou build us up habitations above the street, above the palace, above the citadel, for the Plague to enter and carouse in? Has not my youth paid its dues, paid its penalties? Can not our griefs come first, while we have strength to bear them? The fool! the fool! who thinks it a misfortune that his love is unrequited. Happier young man! look at the violets until thou drop asleep on them. Ah! but thou must wake!

CORNELIA. O heavens! what must you have suffered! for a man's heart is sensitive in proportion to its greatness.

TASSO. And a woman's?

CORNELIA. Alas! I know not; but I think it can be no other. Comfort thee, comfort thee, dear Torquato!

TASSO. Then do not rest thy face upon my arm; it so reminds me of her. And thy tears too! they melt me into her grave.

CORNELIA. Hear you not her voice as it appeals to you? saying to you, as the priests around have been saying to *her*, Blessed soul! rest in peace!

TASSO. I heard it not; and yet I am sure she said it. A thousand times has she repeated it, laying her hand on my heart to quiet it, simple girl! She told it to rest in peace—and she went from me! Insatiable love! ever self-torturer, never self-destroyer! the world, with all its weight of miseries, can not crush thee, can not keep thee down. Generally men's tears, like the droppings of certain springs, only harden and petrify what they fall on; but mine sank deep into

a tender heart, and were its very blood. Never will I believe she has left me utterly. Oftentimes, and long before her departure, I fancied we were in heaven together. I fancied it in the fields, in the gardens, in the palace, in the prison. I fancied it in the broad daylight, when my eyes were open, when blessed spirits drew around me that golden circle which one only of earth's inhabitants could enter. Oftentimes in my sleep also I fancied it; and sometimes in the intermediate state, in that serenity which breathes about the transported soul, enjoying its pure and perfect rest, a span below the feet of the Immortal!

Cornelia. She has not left you; do not disturb her peace by these repinings.

Tasso. She will bear with them. Thou knowest not what she was, Cornelia; for I wrote to thee about her while she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her beautiful form, but her very voice bent over me. How girlish in the gracefulness of her lofty form! how pliable in her majesty! what composure at my petulance and reproaches! what pity in her reproofs! Like the air that angels breathe in the metropolitan temple of the Christian world, her soul at every season preserved one temperature. But it was when she could and did love me! Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the unchangeable. The purifying flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when they meet above.

Cornelia. Indulge in these delightful thoughts, my Torquato! and believe that your love is and ought to be imperishable as your glory. Generations of men move forward in endless procession to consecrate and commemorate both. Colour-grinders and gilders, year after year, are bargained with to refresh the crumbling monuments and tarnished decorations of rude unregarded royalty, and to fasten the nails that cramp the crown upon its head. Meanwhile, in the laurels of my Torquato there will always be one leaf above man's reach, above time's wrath and injury, inscribed with the name of Leonora.

Tasso. O Jerusalem! I have not then sung in vain the Holy Sepulchre.

Cornelia. After such devotion of your genius, you have undergone too many misfortunes.

Tasso. Congratulate the man who has had many, and may have more. I have had, I have, I can have, one only.

CORNELIA. Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

TASSO. Have the stars smooth surfaces? No, no; but how they shine!

CORNELIA. Capable of thoughts so exalted, so far above the earth we dwell on, why suffer any to depress and anguish you?

TASSO. Cornelia, Cornelia! the mind has within it temples and porticoes and palaces and towers: the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun and stronger than the storm; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the Psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee again, hath its hundred gates, compared whereto the Theban are but willow wickets; and all those hundred gates can genius throw open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them.

CORNELIA. Torquato has thrown open those of his holy temple; Torquato hath stood, another angel, at his tomb; and am I the sister of Torquato? Kiss me, my brother, and let my tears run only from my pride and joy! Princes have bestowed knighthood on the worthy and unworthy; thou hast called forth those princes from their ranks, pushing back the arrogant and presumptuous of them like intrusive varlets, and conferring on the bettermost crowns and robes, imperishable and unfading.

TASSO. I seem to live back into those days. I feel the helmet on my head; I wave the standard over it: brave men smile upon me; beautiful maidens pull them gently back by the scarf, and will not let them break my slumber, nor undraw the curtain. Corneliolina——!

CORNELIA. Well, my dear brother! why do you stop so suddenly in the midst of them? They are the pleasantest and best company, and they make you look quite happy and joyous.

TASSO. Corneliolina, dost thou remember Bergamo? What city was ever so celebrated for honest and valiant men, in all classes, or for beautiful girls! There is but one class of those: Beauty is above all ranks; the true Madonna, the patroness and bestower of felicity, the queen of heaven.

CORNELIA. Hush, Torquato, hush! talk not so.

TASSO. What rivers, how sunshiny and revelling, are the Brembo

and the Serio ! What a country the Valtellina ! I went back to our father's house, thinking to find thee again, my little sister ; thinking to kick away thy ball of yellow silk as thou wast stooping for it, to make thee run after me and beat me. I woke early in the morning ; thou wert grown up and gone. Away to Sorrento : I knew the road : a few strides brought me back : here I am. To-morrow, my Cornelia, we will walk together, as we used to do, into the cool and quiet caves on the shore ; and we will catch the little breezes as they come in and go out again on the backs of the jocund waves.

CORNELIA. We will indeed to-morrow ; but before we set out we must take a few hours' rest, that we may enjoy our ramble the better.

TASSO. Our Sorrentines, I see, are grown rich and avaricious. They have uprooted the old pomegranate hedges, and have built high walls to prohibit the wayfarer from their vineyards.

CORNELIA. I have a basket of grapes for you in the book-room that overlooks our garden.

TASSO. Does the old twisted sage-tree grow still against the window ?

CORNELIA. It harboured too many insects at last, and there was always a nest of scorpions in the crevice.

TASSO. O ! what a prince of a sage-tree ! And the well too, with its bucket of shining metal, large enough for the largest cocomero* to cool in it for dinner.

CORNELIA. The well, I assure you, is as cool as ever.

TASSO. Delicious ! delicious ! And the stonework round it, bearing no other marks of waste than my pruning-hook and dagger left behind ?

CORNELIA. None whatever.

TASSO. White in that place no longer ? There has been time enough for it to become all of one colour ; grey, mossy, half-decayed.

CORNELIA. No, no ; not even the rope has wanted repair.

TASSO. Who sings yonder ?

CORNELIA. Enchanter ! No sooner did you say the word *cocomero*, than here comes a boy carrying one upon his head.

TASSO. Listen ! listen ! I have read in some book or other

* Water-melon.—W. S. L.

those verses long ago. They are not unlike my *Aminta*. The very words!

CORNELIA. Purifier of love, and humaniser of ferocity! how many, my Torquato, will your gentle thoughts make happy!

TASSO. At this moment I almost think I am one among them.*

CORNELIA. Be quite persuaded of it. Come, brother, come with me. You shall bathe your heated brow and weary limbs in the chamber of your childhood. It is there we are always the most certain of repose. The boy shall sing to you those sweet verses; and we will reward him with a slice of his own fruit.

TASSO. He deserves it; cut it thick.

CORNELIA. Come then, my truant! Come along, my sweet smiling Torquato!

TASSO. The passage is darker than ever. Is this the way to the little court? Surely those are not the steps that lead down toward the bath? O yes! we are right; I smell the lemon-blossoms. Beware of the old wilding that bears them; it may catch your veil; it may scratch your fingers! Pray, take care: it has many thorns about it. And now, Leonora! you shall hear my last verses! Lean your ear a little toward me; for I must repeat them softly under

* The miseries of Tasso arose not only from the imagination and the heart. In the metropolis of the Christian world, with many admirers and many patrons, bishops, cardinals, princes, he was left destitute, and almost famished. These are his own words: "*Appena* in questo stato ho comprato *due meloni:* e benche io sia stato *quasi sempre inferno*, molte volte mi sono contentato del: manzo e la ministra di latte o di zucca, *quando ho potuto averne*, mi e stata in vece di delizie." In another part he says that he was unable to pay the carriage of a parcel. No wonder; if he had not wherewithal to buy enough of zucca for a meal. Even had he been in health and appetite, he might have satisfied his hunger with it for about five farthings, and have left half for supper. And now a word on his insanity. Having been so imprudent not only as to make it too evident in his poetry that he was the lover of Leonora, but also to signify (not very obscurely) that his love was returned, he much perplexed the Duke of Ferrara, who, with great discretion, suggested to him the necessity of feigning madness. The lady's honour required it from a brother; and a true lover, to convince the world, would embrace the project with alacrity. But there was no reason why the seclusion should be in a dungeon, or why exercise and air should be interdicted. This cruelty, and perhaps his uncertainty of Leonora's compassion, may well be imagined to have produced at last the malady he had feigned. But did Leonora love Tasso as a man would be loved? If we wish to do her honour, let us hope it: for what greater glory can there be, than to have estimated at the full value so exalted a genius, so affectionate and so generous a heart!—W. S. L.

this low archway, else others may hear them too. Ah! you press my hand once more. Drop it, drop it! or the verses will sink into my breast again, and lie there silent! Good girl!

> Many, well I know, there are
> Ready in your joys to share,
> And (I never blame it) you
> Are almost as ready too.
> But when comes the darker day,
> And those friends have dropt away,
> Which is there among them all
> You should, if you could, recall?
> One who wisely loves and well
> Hears and shares the griefs you tell;
> Him you ever call apart
> When the springs o'erflow the heart;
> For you know that he alone
> Wishes they were *but* his own.
> Give, while these he may divide,
> Smiles to all the world beside.

CORNELIA. We are now in the full light of the chamber: can not you remember it, having looked so intently all around?

TASSO. O sister! I could have slept another hour. You thought I wanted rest: why did you waken me so early? I could have slept another hour or longer. What a dream! But I am calm and happy.

CORNELIA. May you never more be otherwise! Indeed, he can not be whose last verses are such as those.

TASSO. Have you written any since that morning?

CORNELIA. What morning?

TASSO. When you caught the swallow in my curtains, and trod upon my knees in catching it, luckily with naked feet. The little girl of thirteen laughed at the outcry of her brother Torquatino, and sang without a blush her earliest lay.

CORNELIA. I do not recollect it.

TASSO. I do.

> Rondinello! rondinello!
> Tu sei nero, ma sei bello.
> Cosa fà se tu sei nero?
> Rondinello! sei il primiero
> De' volanti, palpitanti,
> (E vi sono quanti quanti!)

Mai tenuto a questo petto,
E perciò sei il mio diletto.*

CORNELIA. Here is the cocomero; it cannot be more insipid. Try it.

TASSO. Where is the boy who brought it? where is the boy who sang my *Aminta?* Serve him first; give him largely. Cut deeper: the knife is too short: deeper; mia brava Corneliolina! quite through all the red, and into the middle of the seeds. Well done!

* The author wrote the verses first in English; but he found it easy to write them better in Italian. They stood in the text as below: they only do for a girl of thirteen :—

"Swallow! swallow! though so jetty
Are your pinions, you are pretty;
And what matter were it though
You were blacker than a crow?
Of the many birds that fly
(And how many pass me by!)
You're the first I ever prest
Of the many to my breast:
Therefore it is very right
You should be my own delight."—W. S. L.

XII. TIZIANO VECELLI AND LUIGI CORNARO

(*Last Fruit*, 1853; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

CORNARO. Many are the years, Tiziano, since we were youths together here in Venice; and I believe that at the present hour we are nearly the oldest of its inhabitants. You indeed are somewhat the younger of the two; not much; although the present autumn is about the fiftieth since the truest judges gave you the preference over Giovanni Bellini; and after that time you surpassed even greater competitors. Your age hath far outstript your youth.

TIZIANO. Ah, Don Luigi! even on the verge of fourscore the ear grows not deaf to flattery. I am charmed by your remembrance and your praises.

CORNARO. What! after those of kings and emperors?

TIZIANO. I am far, very far, from indifferent to those commendations which have been bestowed on me by the masters of mankind, who happen in our times to be endowed with better judgment, regarding the higher Arts, than the noblest of their subjects. Yet a name which adorns the annals of our republic, a Cornaro, may, without ingratitude toward them, be quite as dear to me.

CORNARO. The emperor Charles is more generous to artists than to sovrans, although he had the magnanimity to admire in a rival as great a man as himself. But preëminently shone his magnanimity, when he loaded with jewelry and chains and crosses of gold the artist who had depicted the prostration of Austria, in the memorable field of Cadore. This I firmly believe to be the greatest work that Italian art ever achieved.

TIZIANO. Of mine it certainly is the greatest.

CORNARO. Yet how wonderful is the Saint Peter Martyr! In both pictures you have proved yourself the best adapter of external nature to human and superhuman action. The majestic trees, at the stroke of your pencil, rise up worthy to shade the angels in their walks on earth. Many of your subjects were the productions of your hand after the meridian of life.

TIZIANO. Long after. My fancy flies often from our sea-girt city to my native hills of Cadore, and over the intermediate plains and vineyards and olive-plots and chestnut-groves and forests, and inhales the sharp sunniness of the Alpine air: it invigorates me afresh.

CORNARO. Yes, Tiziano! Age never droops into decrepitude while Fancy stands at his side. To how many have you given an existence for centuries! For centuries, did I say? I should have said *for ever*. Successions of engravers will fix upon imperishable metal the lineaments you have deemed worthy of preservation. Canvas may decay, colours may fade; but these artists, animated by your genius, will follow one another through the darkest ages. These are the officers of your household.

Cursores, vitai lampada tradunt.

The time will come, perhaps within a few centuries, when the chief glory of a Venetian noble will be the possession of an ancestor by the hand of Tiziano.

TIZIANO. You greatly overvalue me. There are many in our city who deserve to partake in these eulogies; and many others who followed my steps, and have preceded me to the tomb.

CORNARO. It belongs to a generous mind to be well pleased with its likeness in its inferiors: you can bear it even in a rival: you waft away your own praises, and often point toward Urbino.

TIZIANO. Urbino is richer than Tyre and Sidon ever were: Urbino is more glorified than Troy and Rome. There is only one to whom the Virgin hath confided her Infant: one only to whom the Infant hath manifested his mother; he leans on her bosom; but she hath not all his love. Nearer to us, while we are conversing on this favourite of heaven, on this purifier of the human heart, on this inspirer of the most tender and most true religion, is Antonio Allegri of Correggio. Angels play with his pencil; and he catches them by the wing and will not let them go. What a canopy hath he raised to himself in the Dome at Parma! The highest of the departed and of the immortal are guardians of his sepulchre: he deserved it.

CORNARO. And deserves he little, deserves he less, who raiseth his fellow-men, lower by nature, to almost the same elevation? Can the Venetian Senate ever be extinct while it beholds the effigies of those brave, intelligent, and virtuous men, whom you have placed

in their ancestral palaces? There they are seated, or there they stand, according to your disposal and ordinance, the only sovran, the only instructed, the only true nobility in Europe. When I have been contemplating the gravity and grandeur of their countenances, and meet afterward a German or Frenchman, I acknowledge the genus, but doubt the species: I perceive that I have left the master, and recognise the groom or lackey.

TIZIANO. Glorious is indeed our Italy; and worthy is especially our Venice, of her wide dominion, her long existence, her imperishable renown.

CORNARO. The wisdom and the valour which have raised her to this eminence, above all the nations of the world, are best commemorated by you. We have industrious and faithful historians; but History is not always a safeguard against ingratitude and neglect. Now let the most negligent, let the most ungrateful, walk in our galleries, and his eyes will open a passage to his heart. Thanks to Tiziano!

TIZIANO. Peace! peace! too generous Don Luigi! I have scarcely done justice to several of our senators.

CORNARO. You have added fresh nobility to the noblest of them, fresh beauty to the most beautiful of their wives and daughters.

TIZIANO. Let me confess it frankly: I myself do experience no slight pleasure in looking at them. You smile, Don Luigi. Do you fancy I am liable to be led back into temptation?

CORNARO. Temptations, whether of insane ambition, or any lighter, if lighter there be any, are unlikely to draw us two astray, so near the grave as we are. Monumental brass will shine for ages over yours; mine will be just as appropriate under the hospitable turf of Padua. I do not wonder that at this season of life you retrace your first steps toward the images you have animated. Our Creator when He visited for the last time the Paradise He had planted, went not thither at mid-day, but in the cool of evening. Manifest once more to the beautiful pair formed by Him after His own image, moved He, the Uncreated, casting no shadow.

XIII. LEONORA DI ESTE AND FATHER PANIGAROLA

(*Last Fruit*, 1853; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

LEONORA. You have then seen him, father? Have you been able, you who console so many, you who console even me, to comfort poor Torquato?

PANIGAROLA. Madonna! the ears of the unhappy man are quickened by his solitude and his sorrow. He seemed aware, or suspicious at least, that somebody was listening at his prison-door; and the cell is so narrow that every sound in it is audible to those who stand outside.

LEONORA. He might have whispered.

PANIGAROLA. It would have been most imprudent.

LEONORA. Said he nothing? not a word?—to prove—to prove that he had not lost his memory; his memory? of what? of reading his verses to me, and of my listening to them. Lucrezia listened to them as attentively as I did, until she observed his waiting for my applause first. When she applauded, he bowed so gracefully: when I applauded, he only held down his head. I was not angry at the difference. But tell me, good father! tell me, pray, whether he gave no sign of sorrow at hearing how soon I am to leave the world. Did you forget to mention it? or did you fear to pain him?

PANIGAROLA. I mentioned it plainly, fully.

LEONORA. And was he, was gentle Torquato, very sorry?

PANIGAROLA. Be less anxious. He bore it like a Christian. He said deliberately, but he trembled and sighed, as Christians should sigh and tremble, that, although he grieved at your illness, yet that to write either in verse or prose, on such a visitation of Providence, was repugnant to his nature.*

* Mr. Milman, in his *Life of Tasso*, misinterprets the expression. *Genio* and *ingenio* do not always signify *genius*. His words are "a *certain secret repugnance of his genius*," but Tasso meant *temper* or *disposition*. *Ingenium* has the same meaning in Latin. Milton[1] was not thinking about his genius when he wrote

"Cæteraque *ingenio* non subeunda meo."—W. S. L.

[1] *Eleg.* I., Ad Car. Deodatum.

LEONORA. *He* said so? could *he* say it? But I thought you told me he feared a listener. Perhaps too he feared to awaken in me the sentiments he once excited. However it may be, already I feel the chilliness of the grave: his words breathe it over me. I would have entreated him to forget me; but to be forgotten before I had entreated it!—O father, father!

PANIGAROLA. Human vanity still is lingering on the precincts of the tomb. Is it criminal, is it censurable in him, to anticipate your wishes?

LEONORA. Knowing the certainty and the nearness of my departure, he might at least have told me through you that he lamented to lose me.

PANIGAROLA. Is there no voice within your heart that clearly tells you so?

LEONORA. That voice is too indistinct, too troubled with the throbbings round about it. We women want sometimes to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.

PANIGAROLA. Madonna! this is too passionate for the hour. But the tears you are shedding are a proof of your compunction. May the Virgin, and the Saints around her throne, accept and ratify it.

LEONORA. Father! what were you saying? What were you asking me? Whether no voice whispered to me, assured me? I know not. I am weary of thinking. He must love me. It is not in the nature of such men ever to cease from loving. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tost up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

PANIGAROLA. Be composed, be calm, be resigned to the will of Heaven, be ready for that journey's end where the happier who have gone before, and the enduring who soon must follow, will meet.

LEONORA. I am prepared to depart; for I have struggled (God knows) to surmount what is insurmountable; and the wings of Angels will sustain and raise me, seeing my descent toward earth too rapid, too unresisted, and too prone. Pray, father, for my deliverance: pray also for poor Torquato's: do not separate us in your prayers. O! could he leave his prison as surely and as speedily as I shall mine! it would not be more thankfully. O! that bars of iron

were as fragile as bars of clay! O! that princes were as merciful as Death! But tell him, tell Torquato—go again; entreat, persuade, command him, to forget me.

PANIGAROLA. Alas! even the command, even the command from you and from above, might not avail perhaps. You smile, Madonna!

LEONORA. I die happy.

XIV. GALILEO, MILTON, AND A DOMINICAN

(*Heath's Bk. of Beauty*, 1840 ; *Wks.*, ii., 1846 ; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

MILTON. Friend ! let me pass.

DOMINICAN. Whither ? To whom ?

MILTON. Into the prison ; to Galileo Galilei.

DOMINICAN. Prison ! we have no prison.

MILTON. No prison here ! What sayest thou ?

DOMINICAN. Son ! For heretical pravity indeed, and some other less atrocious crimes, we have a seclusion, a confinement, a penitentiary : we have a locality for softening the obdurate, and furnishing them copiously with reflection and recollection : but prison we have none.

MILTON. Open !

DOMINICAN (*to himself*). What sweetness ! what authority ! what a form ! what an attitude ! what a voice !

MILTON. Open ! delay me no longer.

DOMINICAN. In whose name ?

MILTON. In the name of humanity and of God.

DOMINICAN. My sight staggers : the walls shake : he must be—— Do angels ever come hither ?

MILTON. Be reverent, and stand apart. [*To Galileo.*] Pardon me, sir, an intrusion.

GALILEO. Young man ! if I may judge by your voice and manner, you are little apt to ask pardon or to want it. I am as happy at hearing you as you seem unhappy at seeing me. I perceive at once that you are an Englishman.

MILTON. I am.

GALILEO. Speak then freely ; and I will speak freely too. In no other man's presence, for these many years, indeed from my very childhood, have I done it.

MILTON. Sad fate for any man ! most sad for one like you ! the follower of Truth, the companion of Reason in her wanderings on earth !

GALILEO. We live among priests and princes and empoisoners.

Your dog, by his growling, seems to be taking up the quarrel against them.

MILTON. We think and feel alike in many things. I have observed that the horses and dogs of every country bear a resemblance in character to the men. We English have a wonderful variety of both creatures. To begin with the horses: some are remarkable for strength, others for spirit; while in France there is little diversity of race; all are noisy and windy, skittish and mordacious, prancing and libidinous, fit only for a rope, and fond only of a riband. Where the riband is not to be had, the jowl of a badger will do: anything but what is native to the creature is a decoration. In Flanders you find them slow and safe, tractable and substantial. In Italy there are few good for work, none for battle; many for light carriages, for standing at doors, and for every kind of street-work.

GALILEO. Do let us get among the dogs.

MILTON. In France they are finely combed and pert and pettish; ready to bite if hurt, and to fondle if caressed; without fear, without animosity, without affection. In Italy they creep and shiver and rub their skins against you, and insinuate their slender beaks into the patronage of your hand, and lick it, and look up modestly, and whine decorously, and supplicate with grace. The moment you give them anything, they grow importunate; and the moment you refuse them, they bite. In Spain and England the races are similar; so indeed are those of the men. Spaniards are Englishmen in an ungrafted state, however with this great difference, that the English have ever been the least cruel of nations, excepting the Swedes; and the Spaniards the most cruel, excepting the French. Then they were, under one and the same religion, the most sanguinary and sordid of all the institutions that ever pressed upon mankind.

GALILEO. To the dogs, to the dogs again, be they of what breed they may.

MILTON. The worst of them could never have driven you up into this corner, merely because he had been dreaming, and you had disturbed his dream. How long shall this endure?

GALILEO. I sometimes ask God how long. I should repine, and almost despair, in putting the question to myself or another.

MILTON. Be strong in Him, through reason, His great gift.

GALILEO. I fail not, and shall not fail. I can fancy that the heaviest link in my heavy chain has dropped off me since you entered.

MILTON. Let me then praise our God for it! Not those alone are criminal who placed you here, but those no less who left unto them the power of doing it. If the learned and intelligent in all the regions of Europe would unite their learning and intellect, and would exert their energy in disseminating the truth throughout the countries they inhabit, soon must the ignorant and oppressive, now at the summit of power, resign their offices; and the most versatile nations, after this purifying and perfect revolution, rest for ages. But, bursting from their collegiate kennels, they range and hunt only for their masters; and are content at last to rear up and catch the offal thrown among them negligently, and often too with scourges on their cringing spines, as they scramble for it. Do they run through mire and thorns, do they sweat from their tongues' ends, do they breathe out blood, for this? The Dominican is looking in; not to interrupt us, I hope, for my idle exclamation.

GALILEO. Continue to speak generously, rationally, and in Latin, and he will not understand one sentence. The fellow is the most stupid, the most superstitious, the most hard-hearted, and the most libidinous, in the confraternity. He is usually at my door, that he may not be at others', where he would be more in the way of his superiors. You Englishmen are inclined to melancholy; but what makes you so very grave? so much graver than before?

MILTON. I hardly know which is most afflicting; to hear the loudest expression of intolerable anguish from the weak who are sinking under it, or to witness an aged and venerable man bearing up against his sufferings with unshaken constancy. And, alas! that blindness should consummate your sufferings!

GALILEO. There are worse evils than blindness, and the best men suffer most by them. The spirit of liberty, now rising up in your country, will excite a blind enthusiasm, and leave behind a bitter disappointment. Vicious men will grow popular, and the interests of the nation will be intrusted to them, because they descend from their station, in order, as they say, to serve you.

MILTON. Profligate impostors! We know there are such among us; but truth shall prevail against them.

GALILEO. In argument, truth always prevails finally; in politics, falsehood always; else would never states fall into decay. Even good men, if indeed good men will ever mix with evil ones for any purpose, take up the trade of politics, at first intending to deal

honestly; the calm bower of the conscience is soon converted into the booth of inebriating popularity; the shouts of the multitude then grow unexciting, then indifferent, then troublesome; lastly, the riotous supporters of the condescendent falling half-asleep, he looks agape in their faces, springs upon his legs again, flings the door behind him, and escapes in the livery of Power. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct Him where the looser passions were wandering; he did not conduct Him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a soilure to our frail human nature; no, he led Him up to an exceedingly high mountain, and showed Him palaces and towers and treasuries, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and beatitude. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of His miracles was accomplished. After which, even the father of lies never ventured to dispute His divine nature.

DOMINICAN. I must not suffer you to argue on theology; you may pervert the young man.

MILTON. In addition to confinement, must this fungus of vapid folly stain your cell? If so, let me hope you have received the assurance that the term of your imprisonment will be short.

GALILEO. It may be, or not, as God wills: it is for life.

MILTON. For life!

GALILEO. Even so. I regret that I can not go forth; and my depression is far below regret when I think that, if ever I should be able to make a discovery, the world is never to derive the benefit. I love the fields, and the country air, and the sunny sky, and the starry; and I could keep my temper when, in the midst of my calculations, the girls brought me flowers from lonely places, and asked me their names, and puzzled me. But now I fear lest a compulsory solitude should have rendered me a little moroser. And yet methinks I could bear again a stalk to be thrown in my face, as a deceiver, for calling the blossom that had been on it Andromeda; and could pardon as easily as ever a slap on the shoulder for my Ursa Major. Pleasant Arcetri!

MILTON. I often walk along its quiet lanes, somewhat too full of the white eglantine in the narrower parts of them. They are so long and pliant, a little wind is enough to blow them in the face; and they scratch as much as their betters.

GALILEO, MILTON, AND A DOMINICAN

GALILEO. Pleasant Arcetri!

MILTON. The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

GALILEO. I sighed not at any thought of friendship. How do I know that any friend is left me? I was thinking that, in those unfrequented lanes, the birds that were frightened could fly away. Pleasant Arcetri! Well: we (I mean those who are not blind) can see the stars from all places; we may know that there are other worlds, and we may hope that there are happier. So then you often walk to that village?

MILTON. Oftener to Fiesole.

GALILEO. You like Fiesole better?

MILTON. Must I confess it? For a walk, I do.

GALILEO. So did I, so did I. What friends we are already! I made some observations from Fiesole.

MILTON. I shall remember it on my return, and shall revisit the scenery with fresh delight. Alas! is this a promise I can keep, when I must think of you here?

GALILEO. My good compassionate young man! I am concerned that my apartment allows you so little space to walk about.

MILTON. Could ever I have been guilty of such disrespect! O sir, far remote, far beyond all others, is that sentiment from my heart! It swelled, and put every sinew of every limb into motion, at your indignity. No, no! Suffer me still to bend in reverence and humility on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity!—on this hand, which Science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open.

GALILEO. Ah my too friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity.

MILTON. At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom—mitres, tiaras, crowns, and the trumpery whereon they rest. I know but two genera of men, the annual and the perennial. Those who die down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them; those on the contrary who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt

the highest, those are surely the spirits of God, both when upon earth and when with Him. What do I see, in letting fall the sleeve! The scars and lacerations on your arms show me that you have fought for your country.

GALILEO. I can not claim that honour. Do not look at them. My guardian may understand that.

MILTON. Great God! they are the marks of the torture!

GALILEO. My guardian may understand that likewise. Let us converse about something else.

MILTON. Italy! Italy! Italy! drive thy poets into exile, into prison, into madness! spare, spare thy one philosopher! What track can the mind pursue, in her elevations or her plains or her recesses, without the dogging and prowling of the priesthood?

GALILEO. They have not done with me yet. A few days ago they informed me that I was accused or suspected of disbelieving the existence of devils. When I protested that in my opinion there are almost as many devils as there are men, and that every wise man is the creator of hundreds at his first appearance, they told me with much austerity and scornfulness of rebuke, that this opinion is as heretical as the other; and that we have no authority from Scripture for believing that the complement exceeded some few legions, several of which were thinned and broken by beating up their quarters: thanks chiefly to the Dominicans. I bowed, as became me: for these our worthy masters, and their superiors, the successors of Peter, would burn us for teaching anything untaught before.

MILTON. They would burn you then for resembling the great apôstle himself?

GALILEO. In what but denying the truth and wearing chains?

MILTON. Educated with such examples before them, literary societies are scarcely more tolerant to the luminaries of imagination than theological societies are to the luminaries of science. I myself indeed should hesitate to place Tasso on an equality, or nearly on an equality, with Ariosto; yet, since his pen hath been excelled on the Continent by only two in sixteen centuries, he might have expected more favour, more forbearance, than he found. I was shocked at the impudence of his critics in this country: their ignorance less surprised me.*

* Criticism is still very low in Italy. Tiraboschi has done little for it: nothing can be less exact than his judgments on the poets. There is not one

GALILEO. Of yours I am unable to speak.

MILTON. So much the better.

GALILEO. Instead of it, you will allow me to express my admiration of what (if I understand anything) I understand. No nation has produced any man, except Aristoteles, comparable to either of the Bacons. The elder was the more wonderful: the later in season was the riper and the greater. Neither of them told all he knew, or half he thought; and each was alike prodigal in giving, and prudent in withholding. The learning and genius of Francis led him onward to many things which his nobility and stateliness disallowed. Hence was he like the leisurely and rich agriculturist, who goeth out a-field after dinner, well knowing where lie the nests and covies; and in such idle hour throweth his hat partly over them, and they clutter and run and rise and escape from him without his heed, to make a louder whirr thereafter, and a longer flight elsewhere.

MILTON. I believe I have discovered no few inaccuracies in his reasoning, voluntary or involuntary. But I apprehend he committed them designedly, and that he wanted in wisdom but the highest—the wisdom of honesty. It is comfortable to escape from him, and return again to Sorrento and Tasso. He should have been hailed as the worthy successor, not scrutinised as the presumptuous rival, of the happy Ferrarese. He was ingenious, he was gentle, he was brave: and what was the reward? Did cities contend for his residence within them? did princes throw open their palaces at his approach? did academies send deputations to invite and solicit his attendance? did senators cast branches of laurel under his horse's hoofs? did prelates and princes hang tapestries from their windows, meet him at the gates, and conduct him in triumph to the Capitol? Instead of it, his genius was derided, his friendship scorned, his love rejected; he lived despairingly, he died broken-hearted.

remarkable sentence, or one happy expression, in all his volumes. The same may be said of Abbate Cesarotti, and of the Signor Calsabigi, who wrote on Alfieri. There[1] is scarcely a glimpse of poetry in Alfieri, yet his verses are tight-braced, and his strokes are animating: not indeed to the Signor Calsabigi. The Italians are grown more generous to their literary men in proportion as they are grown poorer in them. Italy is the only great division of Europe where there never hath existed a Review bearing some authority or credit. These things do not greatly serve literature, but they rise from it, and show it. —W. S. L.

[1] See Miss Kate Field's article in *Atlantic Monthly*, 1866, p. 551. Landor says that the passage should read as written: "There is not an extraneous glimpse of poetry in the Tragedies."

GALILEO. My friend! my friend! you yourself in your language are almost a poet.

MILTON. I may be in time to come.

GALILEO. What! with such an example before your eyes? Rather be a philosopher: you may be derided in this too, but you will not be broken-hearted. I am ashamed when I reflect that the worst enemies of Torquato, pushing him rudely against Ariosto, are to be found in Florence.

MILTON. Be the difference what it may between them, your academicians ought to be aware that the lowest of the animals are nearer to the highest of them, than these highest are to the lowest of those two. For in what greatly more do they benefit the world than the animals do, or how much longer remain in the memory of their species?

GALILEO. Little, very little; and the same thing may be easily proved of those whom they praise and venerate. My knowledge of poetry is narrow; and, having little enthusiasm, I discover faults where beauties escape me. I never would venture to say before our Italians what I will confess to you. In reading the *Gerusalemme Liberata*[1] I remarked, that among the epithets the poet is fondest of *grande*: I had remarked that Virgil is fondest of *altus*. Now we can not make anything greater or higher by clapping these words upon it: where the substructure is not sufficiently broad and solid, they will not stick. The first verses in the *Gerusalemme*, for instance, are

> Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano
> Che il *gran* sepolcro liberò di Cristo.

Surely the poet would rather have had a great captain than a great cenotaph.

MILTON. He might have written, with a modester and less sonorous exordium,

> Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano,
> *Lui che il* sepolcro liberò di Cristo.

GALILEO. It would not have done for our people, either the unlearned or learned. They must have *high*, *gigantic*, *immense*; they must have ebony, gold, azure; they must have honey, sugar, cinnamon, as regularly in their places as blue-lettered jars, full or empty, are found in apothecaries' shops. Dante and Ariosto, different as

[1] Compare Landor's *Commentary*, p. 180.

they are, equally avoided these sweet viscidities. I wish you would help me to exonerate Tasso from the puffy piece of impediment at the beginning of his march.

MILTON. Let us imagine that he considered all Jerusalem as the sepulchre of Christ.

GALILEO. No friend or countryman hath said it for him. We will accept it, and go on. Our best histories, excepting Giovio's and Davila's, contain no picture, no character, no passion, no eloquence ; and Giovio's is partial and faithless. Criticism is more verbose and less logical here than among the French, the Germans, and the Dutch.

MILTON. Let us return to Ariosto and Tasso, who, whatever the academicians may gabble in their assemblies, have delighted the most cultivated minds, and will delight them for incalculable ages.

GALILEO. An academician, a dunghill-cock, and a worm, do indeed form a triangle more nearly equilateral than an Academician, a Lodovico, and a Torquato. The Dominican is listening yet. Behold, he comes in !

DOMINICAN. Young gentleman, I did not suspect, when you entered, that you would ever talk about authors whose writings are prohibited. Ariosto is obscene. I have heard the same of Tasso, in some part or other.

MILTON. Prythee, begone !

DOMINICAN. We retire together.

GALILEO. It would be better to leave me, if he urges it, otherwise I may never expect again the pleasure I have received to-day.

DOMINICAN. Signor Galileo, do you talk of pleasure to young persons ? Most illustrious signorino, the orders of my superior are to reconduct you.

MILTON. Adieu then, O too great man !

GALILEO. For to-day adieu !

DOMINICAN (*out of the door*). In my lowly cell, O signorino (if your excellency in her inborn gentleness could condescend to favour her humblest slave with her most desired presence) are prepared some light refreshments.

MILTON. Swallow them, swallow them ; thou seemest thirsty : I enter but one cell here.

DOMINICAN (*aside, having bowed respectfully*). Devil ! heretic ! never shalt thou more !

XV. MIDDLETON AND MAGLIABECHI

(*Imag. Convers.*, i., 1824 ; ii., 1826 ; *Wks.*, i., 1846 ; *Wks.*, iv., 1876.)

MAGLIABECHI. The pleasure I have enjoyed in your conversation, sir, induces me to render you such a service, as never yet was rendered by an Italian to a stranger.

MIDDLETON. You have already rendered me several such, M. Magliabechi ; nor indeed can any man of letters converse an hour with you, and not carry home with him some signal benefit.

MAGLIABECHI. Your life is in danger, Mr. Middleton.

MIDDLETON. How ! impossible ! I offend no one, in public or in private : I converse with you only : I avoid all others, and, above all, the busy-bodies of literature and politics. I court no lady : I never go to the palace : I enjoy no favours : I solicit no distinctions : I am neither poet nor painter. Surely then I, if any one, should be exempt from malignity and revenge.

MAGLIABECHI. To remove suspense, I must inform you that your letters are opened, and your writings read by the police. The servant whom you dismissed for robbery has denounced you.

MIDDLETON. Was it not enough for him to be permitted to plunder me with impunity ? does he expect a reward for this villany ? will his word or his oath be taken ?

MAGLIABECHI. Gently, Mr. Middleton. He expects no reward : he received it when he was allowed to rob you. He came recommended to you as an honest servant, by several noble families. He robbed them all : and a portion of what he stole was restored to them by the police, on condition that they should render to the Government a mutual service when called upon.

MIDDLETON. Incredible baseness ! Can you smile at it, M. Magliabechi ! Can you have any communication with these wretches, these nobles, as you call them, this servant, this police !

MAGLIABECHI. My opinion was demanded by my superiors, upon some remarks of yours on the religion of our country.

MIDDLETON. I protest, sir, I copied them in great measure from the Latin work of a learned German.*

MAGLIABECHI. True: I know the book: it is entitled *Facetiæ Facetiarum.* There is some wit and some truth in it; but the better wit is, the more dangerous is it; and Truth, like the Sun, coming down on us too directly, may give us a brain-fever.

In this country, Mr. Middleton, we have *jalousies* not only to our windows but to our breasts: we admit but little light to either, and we live the more comfortably for so doing. If we changed this custom, we must change almost every other; all the parts of our polity having been gradually drawn closer and closer, until at last they form an inseparable mass of religion, laws, and usages. For instance, we condemn as a dangerous error the doctrine of Galileo, that the earth moves about the sun; but we condemn rather the danger than the error of asserting it.

MIDDLETON. Pardon my interruption. When I see the doctors of your church insisting on a demonstrable falsehood, have I not reason to believe that they would maintain others less demonstrable, and more profitable? All[1] questions of politics, of morals, and of religion, ought to be discussed: but principally should it be examined whether our eternal happiness depends on any speculative point whatever; and secondly, whether those speculative points on which various nations insist as necessary to it, are well or ill founded. I would rather be condemned for believing that to kill an ibis is a sin, than for thinking that to kill a man is not. Yet the former opinion is ridiculed by all modern nations; while the murder of men by thousands is no crime, providing they be flourishing and happy, or will probably soon become so; for then they may cause discontent in other countries, and indeed are likely to excite the most turbulence when they sit down together the most quietly.

MAGLIABECHI. Let[2] us rather keep within the tenets of our church.

MIDDLETON. Some of them are important, some are not; and

* Perhaps he may also have cast a glance on *Les Conformités des Cérémonies modernes avec les Anciennes,* of Jean de Croi: and, although he was less likely to acknowledge where it was less likely to be detected, he might have added that the whole idea and much of the substance of his *Letter from Rome* was taken from a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy.* All the remainder may be found in Josiah Stopford's *Pagano-Papismus.*—W. S. L. [Note not in 1st ed.]

[1] From " All " to " quietly " added in 2nd ed.

[2] From " Let " to " conversation " added in 3rd ed.

some appeared so in one age of the church, which were cast aside in another.

MAGLIABECHI. Pray which were they?

MIDDLETON. She now worships the blessed Virgin Mary: anciently she condemned the Collyridians, for doing it, and called them heretics. Was she infallible then? or is she now? Infants were formerly admitted by her to the Eucharist, and she declared that they could not be saved without it: she now decrees that the doctrine is false. Formerly it was her belief that, before the destruction of the world, Christ should reign upon earth a thousand years, and the saints under him: at present she has no mind that either of them should be so near her. Although there are many things wherein much may be said on both sides, yet it is only on one side in any question that the same thing can be said.

MAGLIABECHI. This is specious, and delivered temperately.

MIDDLETON. Saint Augustin is esteemed among the infallible.

MAGLIABECHI. Certainly; and with justice.

MIDDLETON. He declares that the dead, even saints, are ignorant what the living do; even their own children; for the souls of the dead, he says, *interfere not in the affairs of the living*.*

MAGLIABECHI. This is strong; but divines can reconcile it with religion.

MIDDLETON. What can they not?

MAGLIABECHI. I will tell you what they can not: and it is this on which I began our conversation.

Among your other works I find a manuscript on the inefficacy of prayer. I defended you to my superiors, by remarking that Cicero had asserted things incredible to himself, merely for the sake of argument, and had probably written them before he had fixed in his mind the personages to whom they should be attributed in his dialogues; that, in short, they were brought forward for no other purpose than discussion and explosion. This impiety was forgiven. But every man in Italy has a favourite saint, for whose honour he deems it meritorious to draw (I had almost said the sword) the stiletto.

MIDDLETON. It would be safer to attempt dragging God from his throne, than to split a spangle on their petticoats, or to puff a grain

* Nesciunt mortui, etiam sancti, quid agant vivi, etiam eorum filii; quia animæ mortuorum rebus viventium non intersunt. *De curâ pro Mortuis.*—W. S. L.

of powder from their wigs: this I know. Nothing in my writings is intended to wound the jealousy of the Italians. Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess. For which reason, with plain ground before me, I would not expatiate largely; and I often made an argument, that offered itself, give way altogether and leave room for inferences. My treatise on prayer was not to be published in my lifetime.

MAGLIABECHI. And why at any time? Supposing prayer to be totally inefficacious in the object, is not the mind exalted, the heart purified, are not our affections chastened, our desires moderated, our enjoyments enlarged by this intercourse with the Deity? And are not men the better, as certainly they are the happier, for a belief that he interferes in their concerns? They are persuaded that there is something conditional between them, and that, if they labour under the commission of crimes, their voice will be inaudible as the voice of one under the nightmare.

MIDDLETON. I wished to demonstrate that we often treat God in the same manner as we should treat some doting or some passionate old man: we feign, we flatter, we sing, we cry, we gesticulate.

MAGLIABECHI. Worship him in your own manner, according to the sense he has given you; and let those who cannot exercise that sense, rely upon those who can. Be convinced, Mr. Middleton, that you never will supplant the received ideas of God: be no less convinced that the sum of your labours in this field will be to leave the ground loose beneath you, and that he who comes after you will sink. In sickness, in our last particularly, we all are poor wretches: we are nearly all laid on a level by it: the dry-rot of the mind supervenes, and loosens whatever was fixed in it, except religion. Would you be so inhuman as to tell a friend in this condition not to be comforted? Would you prove to him that the crucifix, which his wandering eye finds at last its resting-place, is of the same material as his bedpost? Suppose [1] a belief in the efficacy of prayer to be a belief altogether irrational—you may: I never can—suppose it to be insanity itself, would you, meeting a young man who had wandered over many countries in search of a father, until his intellects are deranged, and who, in the fulness of his heart, addresses an utter stranger as the lost parent, clings to him, kisses him, sobs upon his breast, and finds

[1] From "Suppose" to "meet" added in 2nd ed.

comfort only by repeating *father! father!* would you, Mr. Middleton, say to this affectionate fond creature, *go home, sit quiet, be silent!* and persuade him that his father is lost to him?

MIDDLETON. God forbid.

MAGLIABECHI. You have done it: do it no more. The madman has not heard you; and the father will pardon you when you meet.

MIDDLETON. Far be it from my wishes and from my thoughts to unhinge those portals through which we must enter to the performance of our social duties: but I am sensible of no irreligion, I acknowledge no sorrow or regret, in having attempted to demonstrate that God is totally and far removed from our passions and infirmities, and [1] that whatever seems fit to him, will never seem unfit in consequence of our entreaties. I would inculcate entire resignation to the divine decrees, acquiescence in the divine wisdom, confidence in the divine benevolence. There is something of frail humanity, something of its very decrepitude, in our ideas of God: we are foolish and ignorant in the same manner, and almost to the same degree, as those painters are, who append a grey beard to his chin, draw wrinkles across his brow, and cover him with a gaudy and flowing mantle.[2]

Our Saviour does not command us to pray, although his example, for especial purposes, appears to countenance it. His nature, and the nature of his mission, might require this intercourse. He says only, "when ye pray," &c., or, in other words, "if you will pray let your prayer be," &c. For on more than one occasion, desirous as he was of interfering but little with established usages, he condemned the prayers of the Jews.

MAGLIABECHI. They were too long.

MIDDLETON. They were not longer (as far as I know) than those of other nations.* In short, if we believe the essence of God to be

[1] From "and" to "entreaties" added in 2nd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "mantle. I admit the benefit and necessity of enuring the mind to repose upon the contemplation of the divine perfections, and to purify itself by looking upwards to the purity of heaven; but I see neither wisdom nor piety in the prayers of your Capuchins and their besotted hearers to God and His Saints for a Parmesan cheese, or a new pair of breeches. MAGLIABECHI. Prayer, at all times," etc.

* Middleton had the misfortune to disbelieve the efficacy of prayer, and adduces such arguments in support of his opinion as a reasoner so powerful in his perversity would do. Magliabechi is unable to seize the horns of his adversary and bring him at once to the ground: yet the goodness of his cause supplies him with generous and high feeling, and his appeal to the heart of Middleton is more forcible than Middleton's reasoning.—W. S. L.

immutable, we must believe his will to be so. It is insanity to imagine that his determination can be altered by our whims or wishes; therefore it is not only more wise but also more reverent to suppress them, both in action and in speech. Supposing him altered or moved by us, we suppose him subject to our own condition. If he pardons, he corrects his first judgment; he owns himself to have been wrong and hasty; than which supposition what impiety can be greater?

MAGLIABECHI. Do you question everything that is not in the form of syllogism, or enthymema, or problem with corollary and solution?

MIDDLETON. I never said that what is indemonstrable must therefore be untrue: but whatever is indemonstrable may be questioned, and, if important, should be. We are not to tremble at the shaking of weak minds: Reason does not make them so: she, like Virtue, is debilitated by indulgences, and sickened to death by the blasts of heat and cold blown alternately from your church.

MAGLIABECHI. Do you conceive God then to be indifferent to our virtues or vices, our obstinacy or repentance?

MIDDLETON. I would not enter into such questions: and indeed I have always been slow to deliver my more serious opinions in conversation, feeling how inadequately any great subject must be discussed within such limits, and how presumptuous it would appear, in one like me, to act as if I had collected all that could be said, or even what could be said best, on the occasion. Neither to run against nor to avoid your interrogatory: there are probably those who believe that, in the expansion and improvement of our minds hereafter, they will be so sensitive to the good or evil we have done on earth, as to be rewarded or punished in the most just proportion, without any impulse given to, or suffered by, the First Cause and sole Disposer of things and of events. How rational may be this creed, I leave, with the other, to speculative men; wishing them to recollect that unseasonable and undue heat must warp the instrument by which alone their speculations can be becomingly and rightly made. If God is sensible to displeasure, which is a modification of pain, at the faults or vices of his creatures, he must suffer at once a myriad times more of it than any of them, and he must endure the same sufferings a myriad times longer.

MAGLIABECHI. This hurts our common faith.

MIDDLETON. Pass over what may offend your faith, common or private; mind only (which I am sure you will do) what may disturb the clearness of your conscience and impede the activity of your benevolence. Let us never say openly what may make a good man unhappy or unquiet, unless it be to warn him against what we know will make him more so; for instance, if you please, a false friend; or, if you would rather, a teacher who, while he pretends to be looking over the lesson, first slips his hand into his scholar's pocket, then ties him adroitly to his chair by the coat-skirt, then, running off with his book, tells him to cry out if he dares, promises at last to give him ten better, and, if he should be hungry and thirsty, bids him never to mind it, for he will eat his dinner for him and drink his wine, and say a Latin grace.

MAGLIABECHI.[1] Ha! now you are stretching out your objections against our church, disregarding what Catholics and Protestants hold in common; our prayers, for instance. I have always found that, when we have carried off the mysteries in triumph, you fall foul upon our miracles and our saints.

MIDDLETON. That is idle.

MAGLIABECHI. I am rejoiced to hear you confess it: you then really have some veneration for those holy men whom the church hath appointed for our intercessors?

MIDDLETON. Here we come again into the open road, with visible objects before us. I venerate all holy men: but, doubting whether my own prayers to God would alter his mind concerning me, I should yet more betray my deficiency of confidence in his promises, if I trusted a person who is no relative to him rather than his only son; that is, if I trusted the weaker in preference to the stronger; the worse in preference to the better; him who at his birth and after his birth had sins, to him who was born and lived and died with none. Beside, I have no proof whatever that God requires such counsellors and mediators. Must we believe that some men are lying in the grave while others are conversing with him, and busied in turning him from indignation to mercy? We are informed by Holy Writ, that all alike are to be awakened by sound of trumpet. What then would become of me if I doubted it? And must I not doubt it if I suppose that some are already at the right hand of God?

[1] From "MAGLIABECHI" to "MIDDLETON. You tell," etc., added in 3rd ed.

Magliabechi. His divine will may order it. We know he promised the repentant thief on the cross that he should sup with him that night in Paradise.

Middleton. He was very merciful to that thief, and has been to many since, who never were upon the cross at all, but who picked pockets under it. What he promised, it would be impiety to doubt of his performing; but I never heard of his promise of supper or Paradise to deacon or doctor, to canon or bishop; much less do I believe that they can introduce a friend or dependant. If you would be consistent and go upon certainty, you would pray to the thief; for beyond all controversy he hath secured his place.

Magliabechi. The church has never canonized him.

Middleton. What! have saints no sanctity until the church hath given it? Do they mount into heaven from the Vatican? God then does not appoint his own counsellors! They are nominated like the cardinals, and by the same voice!

Magliabechi. After due examination.

Middleton. There indeed lies the difference. I should have more confidence in God's chosen thief.

Magliabechi. You would rather trust a robber than bend before the image of a saint?

Middleton. At least I know that the one was accepted; I am ignorant that the other was.

Magliabechi. This indeed is even worse than what you most abominate, idolatry.

Middleton. I am not one of those who consider idolatry as the most heinous of sins. In the commission of idolatry for a lifetime, there is less wickedness than in one malignant action or one injurious and blighting word.

Magliabechi. O Mr. Middleton! Idolatry is denounced for God's especial vengeance: yet in the blindness of your hearts you Protestants accuse us of this tremendous sin. A thousand times have you been told that we do not venerate what represents, but what is represented.

Middleton. You tell us that you do not worship images, but that you worship in them what they express: be it so: the Pagans did the same, neither better nor worse. What will you answer to the accusation of worshipping a living man? Adoration is offered un-

disguisedly and openly to priests and monks, however profligate and infamous their lives may have been and be. Every Pope is adored by the Holy College on his elevation.*

MAGLIABECHI. We suppose him to be the representative of Jesus Christ.

MIDDLETON. His legate is also his representative, and a *valet de chambre* the legate's. We may obey one man in place of another, but not adore him. The representative system is good only on this side of adoration.

MAGLIABECHI. Prayer, at all times serviceable, may apparently on some occasions be misapplied. Father Onesimo Sozzifante, on his return from England, presented to me a singular illustration of my remark. He had resided some years in London, as chaplain to the Sardinian envoy: in the first floor of his lodginghouse dwelt Mr. Harbottle, a young clergyman, learned, of elegant manners, yet fond of fox-hunting. Inconsistencies like these are found nowhere but in your country: in others, those who have enough for one side of the character, have not enough for the opposite: you in general are sufficiently well-stored to squander much of your intellectual property, to neglect much, and to retain much.

Mutual civilities had passed between the two ecclesiastics, and Father Onesimo had received from Mr. Harbottle many invitations to dinner. After the first, he had declined them, deeming the songs and disputations in a slight degree indecorous. The party at this was clerical: and although he represented it as more turbulent in its conclusion than ours are, and although there were many warm disputants, chiefly on jockies or leaders in Parliament, he assured me he was much edified and pleased, when, at the removal of the dishes, each drank devoutly to his old friend. "I thought of you," said he, "my dear Magliabechi, for everyone had then before his eyes the complacent guide of his youth. Mine shed a few tears; at which

* The Emperor of Austria had a difference with the Holy Ghost on the election of Cardinal Della Somaglia to the Popedom. The Holy Ghost had inspired the Holy College to prefer him: the Emperor of Austria disapproved of this inspiration, and set it aside by his *veto*. He knew that there was enough virtue in Italy already, and declared that he wanted no more learning. In proof of the adoration of his present Holiness, the left hand elect of the Holy Ghost, I shall transcribe the very words of the official gazette.

"Si recò alla Basilica Vaticana per ricevere colà dall' altare della Tribuna l'*adorazione* ed ubbedienza del Sacro Collegio coi solenni riti completi."—W. S. L.

my friends glanced one upon another and smiled; for from [1] an Englishman not even the crucifix can extort a tear."

Onesimo was at breakfast with Mr. Harbottle, when an Italian ran breathless into the room, kissed the father's hand, and begged him to come instantly and attend a dying man. "We will go together," said Mr. Harbottle. Following their informant, they passed through several lanes and alleys, and at last mounted the stairs of a garret, in which was lying a youth, stabbed the night before by a Livornese, about one of those women who excite the most quarrels and deserve the fewest. "Leave me for a moment," said Father Sozzifante, "I must hear his confession."

Hardly had he spoken, when out came all whom kindness or piety or curiosity had collected, and "He is in Paradise!" was the exclamation. Mr. Harbottle then entered, and was surprised to hear the worthy confessor ask of the dead man whether he forgave his enemy, and answer in another tone, "Yes, father, from my heart I pardon him."

On returning, he remarked that it appeared strange to him. "Sir," answered Onesimo, "the Catholic church enjoins forgiveness of injuries." "All churches enjoin the same," replied Mr. Harbottle. "He was unable to speak for himself," said the father, "and therefore I answered for him like a Christian."

Mr. Harbottle, as became him, was silent. On their return homeward they passed by a place which, if I remember, is called Newgate, a gate above which, it appears, criminals are hanged. At that very hour the cord was round the neck of a wretch who was repeating the Lord's prayer: the first words they heard were, "Give us this day our daily bread." The father looked at his companion with awe, spreading his fingers on his sleeve, and pressing it until he turned his face toward him. They both pushed on; but, such was the crowd, they could not pass the suppliant before he had uttered, "And lead us not into temptation." The good father stepped before Mr. Harbottle, and, lifting his hands above his ears, would have said something; but his companion cried smartly, "I have seals to my watch, Signor Sozzifante, and there is never a fellow hanged but he makes twenty fit for it: pray walk on."

Fairly out of the crowd, "Poor sinful soul!" said the father, "ere this time thou art in purgatory! Thy daily bread! alas, thou

[1] 1st ed. reads: "from an Englishman not Shakespeare, no, not even," etc.

hast eaten the last mouthful! Thy temptation! thou wilt find but few temptations there, I warrant thee, my son! Even these divine words, Mr. Harbottle, may come a little out of season, you perceive."

Mr. Harbottle went home dissatisfied. In about an hour a friend of his from Oxford called on him: as the weather was warm, the door standing ajar, Sozzifante heard him repeat the history of their adventure, and add: "I will be damned if in my firm persuasion the fellow is not a Jesuit: I never should have thought it: he humbugged me about the dead man, and perhaps got another hanged to quiz me. Would you believe it? He has been three good years in getting up this farce; the first I have ever caught him, and the last he shall ever catch me at."

Father Onesimo related to me these occurrences, without a word of reproach or an accent of ill-humour. "The English is a strong language," said he placidly, "and the people, the least deceivers in the world, are naturally the most indignant at a suspicion of deceit. Mr. Harbottle, who, I dare to say, is ripened ere this time into an exemplary and holy man, was then rather fitter for society than for the church. Do you know," said he in my ear, although we were alone, "I have seen him pay his laundress (and there was nothing between them) five shillings for one week only! a sum that serves any cardinal the whole winter-quarter: in April and May indeed, from one thing or other, linen wants washing oftener."

Mr. Middleton, I have proved my candour, I trust, and my free dom from superstition: but he who seeks will find: and perhaps he who in obstinacy closeth his eyes long together, will open them just at the moment when he shall meet what he avoided. I will inform you of some facts I know, proving the efficacy of prayer to saints.

Giacomo Pastrani of Genoa, a citizen not abundant in the gifts of fortune, had however in his possession two most valuable and extremely rare things, a virtuous wife and a picture of his patron Saint Giacomo by Leonardo. The wife had long been ill: her malady was expensive: their substance was diminishing: still no offers had tempted him, although many had been made, to sell the picture. At last he refused to alienate it otherwise than in favour of a worthy priest, and only as the price of supplications to the Virgin. "Who knows how many it may require?" said the holy man; "and it is difficult to make a prayer which the Virgin has not heard before; perhaps fifty will hardly do. Now fifty crowns would be little for

such protection." The invalid, who heard the conversation, wept aloud. "Take it, take it," said the husband, and wept too, lifting it from the nail, and kissing for the last time the glass that covered it. The priest made a genuflexion, and did the same. His supplications prevailed: the wife recovered. The priest, hearing that the picture was very valuable, although the master was yet uncertain, and that in Genoa there was no artist who could clean it, waited for that operation until he went to Milan. Here it was ascertained to be the work of Leonardo, and a dealer gave him four thousand crowns for it. He returned in high glee at what had happened, and communicated it to all his acquaintance. The recovered woman, on hearing it, fell sick again immediately, and died. Wishing to forget the sacrifice of her picture, she had prayed no more to Saint Giacomo; and the Virgin, we may presume, on that powerful saint's intercession, had abandoned her.

Awful fact! Mr. Middleton. Now mark another perhaps more so. I[1] could overwhelm you with a crowd of witnesses.

MIDDLETON. My dear sir, I do perceive you could.

MAGLIABECHI. The saints in general are more vindictive than our Lady; of whose forbearance, not unaccompanied at last by chastisement, I will relate to you a memorable example. I have indeed no positive proof that he of whom I am about to speak had neglected his prayers to the Virgin; but, from what he certainly did, it is by no means uncharitable to suppose it. He moreover, by this action, as you will remark, was the cause why others were constrained to omit the salutary act of supplication as they went along.

MIDDLETON. I am in suspense.

MAGLIABECHI. Contiguous to my own villa there is one belonging to Signor Anco-Marzio Natale del Poggio. At the corner of the road was inserted in the garden-wall an image of the blessed Virgin, with the *bambino* in her arms. Anco-Marzio had been heard to call it, somewhat hastily, an ugly one, and to declare that he would take it down. The threat however, for several years, was not carried into execution: at last it was accomplished. Behold the consequence! Robbers climbed over the wall (would you believe it?) in the very place whence the effigy had been removed, and upon the very night too of its removal: and Anco-Marzio lost not only the whole crop of his lemons, none of which had ever been stolen in former years, but

[1] **From "I" to "afterward," p. 76, l. 16, added in 2nd ed.**

also a pair of knee-buckles, which his maid-servant had taken that occasion of polishing with quick lime, and of which he deeply lamented the loss, not because a crown could scarcely have replaced them, but because they were his father's, and he had bequeathed them by his last will and testament to a very dear old friend.

No reply, no reasoning, can affect this. I know the fact: I visited the spot the next morning: I saw the broken wall: I saw the leaves of the lemon-trees under the vases, without a lemon the size of a filbert on the plants. Who delayed the mad project so long? who permitted it at last? who punished it? and for what end? Never afterward did Anco-Marzio pass an effigy of the blessed Virgin, but he kissed it again and again with due reverence, although it were wet with whitewash or paint. Every day did he renew the flowers before the one whose tabernacle he had violated, placing them where he could bend his head over them in humble adoration as he returned at night from his business in the city. It has indeed been suspected that he once omitted this duty; certain it is, that he once was negligent in it. He acknowledged to me that, coming home later than usual, and desirous of turning the corner and reaching the villa as soon as might be, it being dusk, he was inclined to execute his duty too perfunctoriously, and encountered, instead of the flowers, a bunch of butchers-broom. None grows thereabout. I do not insist on this: but the lemons, Mr. Middleton! the thieves, Mr. Middleton! the breach in the garden-wall, made for an irreligious purpose, and serving to punish irreligion. Well may you ponder. These things can not occur among you Englishmen.

Middleton. Excuse me, I pray you, my dear sir! Knowing the people of this country, my wonder was (for indeed I did wonder) that the lemons had never been stolen until that year.

Magliabechi. They never were, I do assure you from my own knowledge, for the last thirty.

Middleton. The greater of the two miracles lies here.

Magliabechi. Of the two miracles? Astonishment and sudden terror make us oftentimes see things doubly: for my part, I declare upon my conscience I can see but one.

Middleton. Nor I neither; to speak ingenuously.

Magliabechi. Ha! ha! I comprehend you, and perhaps have to blame my deficiency of judgment in going a single step aside from the main subject of prayer. Now then for it: arm yourself with

infidelity: chew the base metal, as boys do while they are whipped, lest they cry out.

MIDDLETON. I am confident, from your present good-humour, that the castigation you meditate to inflict on me will be lenient. He is not commended who casts new opinions for men, but he who chimes in with old.

MAGLIABECHI. The wisest of us, Mr. Middleton, can not separate the true from the untrue in everything.

MIDDLETON. It required the hand of God himself, as we are informed, to divide the light from the darkness: we can not do it, but we can profit by it. What is light we may call so; and why not what is dark?

MAGLIABECHI. Would it fail to excite a discontent in England, if your Parliament should order Christmas to be celebrated in April? Yet Joseph Scaliger, the most learned man that ever existed, and among the least likely to be led astray by theory, has proved to the satisfaction of many not unlearned, that the nativity of our Lord happened in that month.

MIDDLETON. As the matter is indifferent both in fact and consequences, I would let it stand. No direct or indirect gain, no unworthy end of any kind, can be obtained by its continuance: it renders men neither the more immoral nor the more dastardly: it keeps them neither the more ignorant of their duties nor the more subservient to any kind of usurpation.

MAGLIABECHI. There may be inconveniences in an opposite direction. Pride and arrogance are not the more amiable for the coarseness of their garb. It is better to wrap up religion in a wafer, and swallow it quietly and contentedly, than to extract from it all its bitterness, make wry faces over it, and quarrel with those who decline the delicacy and doubt the utility of the preparation. Our religion, like the vast edifices in which we celebrate it, seems dark when first entered from without. The vision accommodates itself gradually to the place; and we are soon persuaded that we see just as much as we should see.

MIDDLETON. Be it so: but why admit things for which we have no authority, and which we can not prove? I have left unsaid a great deal of what I might have said. Not being addicted to ridicule, nor capable of sustaining a comic part, I never have spoken a word about *the bread of the angels.*

MAGLIABECHI. God forbid you should!

MIDDLETON. Even your own church, I imagine, will hardly insist that the bread taken by Christians here on earth, in the sacrament of the eucharist, is the ordinary or extraordinary sustenance of angels. For whatever *our* faith may be, whatever supports it may require, *theirs* is perfect and has received its fruit.

MAGLIABECHI. This is specious; so are many of your thoughts; but as I cannot prove the fact, neither can you prove the contrary; and we both perhaps shall act wisely in considering it as a phrase of devotion.

MIDDLETON. I should think so, if the latitude of such phrases had not offered too many fields of battle. But let me hear the miracle with which you threatened me.

MAGLIABECHI. My dear friend, I am now about to lay before you a fact universally known in our city, and which evinces at once the efficacy of prayer, even where it was irrational, and the consequence of neglecting it afterward.

Angiolina Cecci on the day before her nuptials took the sacrament most devoutly, and implored of our Florentine saint, Maria Bagnesi, to whose family she was related, her intervention for three blessings: that she might have one child only; that the *cavaliere serviente*, agreed on equally by her father and her husband, might be faithful to her; and lastly that, having beautiful hair, it never might turn grey. Now mark me. Assured of success to her suit by a smile on the countenance of the saint, she neglected her prayers and diminished her alms thenceforward. The money-box, which is shaken during the celebration of mass to recompense the priest for the performance of that holy ceremony, was shaken aloud before her day after day, and never drew a *crazia* from her pocket. She turned away her face from it, even when the collection was made to defray the arrears for the beatification of Bagnesi. Nine months after her marriage she was delivered of a female infant. I am afraid she expressed some discontent at the dispensations of Providence; for within an hour afterward she brought forth another of the same sex. She became furious, intractable, desperate; sent the babes, without seeing them, into the country, as indeed our ladies usually do; and spake slightingly and maliciously of Saint Maria Bagnesi. The consequence was a puerperal fever, which continued several weeks, and was removed at great expense to her family, in masses, wax-candles, and processions. Pictures of the Virgin, wherever they

were found by experience to be of more peculiar and more speedy efficacy, were hired at heavy charges from the convents: the cordeliers, to punish her pride and obstinacy, would not carry theirs to the house for less than forty *scudi*.

She recovered, admitted her friends to converse with her, raised herself upon her pillow, and accepted some consolation. At last it was agreed by her physicians that she might dress herself and eat brains and liver. Probably she was ungrateful for a benefit so signal and unexpected; since no sooner did her *cameriera* comb her hair, than off it came by the handful. She then perceived her error, but, instead of repairing it, abandoned herself to anguish and lamentation. Her *cavaliere serviente*, finding her bald, meagre, and eyesore, renewed his addresses to the mother. The husband, with two daughters to provide for, the only two ever reared out of the many entrusted to the same peasants, counted over again and again the dowry, shook his head, sighed piteously, and, hanging on the image of Maria Bagnesi a silver heart of five ounces, which, knowing it to have been stolen, he bought at a cheap rate of a Jew on Ponte Vecchio, calculated that the least of impending evils was to purchase an additional bed just large enough for one.

You ponder, Mr. Middleton: you appear astonished at these visitations: you know my sincerity: you fully credit me: I can not doubt a moment of your conviction: I perceive it marked strongly on your countenance.

MIDDLETON. Indeed, M. Magliabechi, I now discover the validity of prayer to saints, and the danger of neglecting them: recommend me in yours to Saint Maria Bagnesi.*

* Saints in general make a great quantity of oil disappear; but Saint Maria Bagnesi on the contrary made a good deal of it come suddenly out of nothing; as will be evident to whoever reads *Breve Ragguaglio della produzione d'oglio sequita o scoperta il di* 30 *Maggio* 1806, *nel venerabile monastero degli Angele e S. Maria-Maddalena de' Pazzi, ad intercessione della B. M. Bartolommea Bagnesi, Virg. Fior. del Terz. Ordine si S. Domenico. Verificata autenticamente per sentenza della Curia Arcivescovite Fiorentina del di* 10 *Dicembre* 1806. The quantity was not stinted to a flask or two, but filled up to the brim an earthen vessel containing six or seven barrels, which, by order of the Queen of Etruria, sister of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, was granted in small quantities to the faithful. The minutest portion of it rubbed on the body, as the book attests, with the simple invocation of Saint Maria Bagnesi, produced its own miracle. The courtiers were deeply impressed with this awful verity; so were some in the religious orders; to others it only gave (as oil of old) a cheerful countenance; for Saint Maria Bagnesi did not belong to them.—W. S. L. [Note not in 1st ed.]

XVI. ALFIERI AND METASTASIO

(*Fraser*, 1856; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

METASTASIO. The Contessa di Albani has conferred on me the long-desired honour of presentation to your Excellency.

ALFIERI. I rejoice in her goodness thus anticipating my wishes. As you are journeying toward Rome, Signor Abbate, I fear I may enjoy but too few opportunities of conversing with so justly celebrated a personage. Already the company begins to assemble round about us, especially the English, eager, no doubt, to derive a little pure Italian from so high a source; such, in the estimation of all, is that of the Abbate Metastasio, Poeta Cesarèo.

METASTASIO. I bow, not indeed, as too frequently is the case, in acknowledgment and acceptance, but in humility and confusion. Proud, however, am I that our own Italy——

ALFIERI. Ours? ours? No, sir! but, by Heaven! it shall be! Let us descend into the library. France perhaps, after the imminent war with Austria, may barter one piece of robbery for another. Already she has seduced the affections of Savoy, and is reminding the Venetians that, flourishing and happy as they have continued for a thousand years, it is shameful to owe any happiness or prosperity to nobles. Either by fraud or force, on the humiliation of Austria, Venice may be thrown to her, like a stranded weed with empty shells upon it.

METASTASIO. Austria ever have Venice! Are there no Powers to prevent it? If no virtues, are there no jealousies? God help us! we have calamities enough already.

ALFIERI. No, abbate, we have *not* enough; we must have more, many more, much greater. Then, and then only, will nations spring up from apathy to despair, and smash the bloody idol. We shall be free before the French will.

METASTASIO.[1] Since your Excellency hath resolved to leave your native Piedmont, I know not where you could have settled more comfortably than here in Tuscany.

[1] From "METASTASIO" to "Tuscany" added in 2nd ed.

ALFIERI AND METASTASIO

ALFIERI. It is something to be unmolested. The prince, I hear, is tolerant; the people, I find, are civil; a few are intellectual; most of them acute. If the Jews lost ten tribes, they may recover nine in this country.

METASTASIO. By what indication?

ALFIERI. Such as the cut of the eye, the sallowness of complexion, the low stature, the love of gain, the importunity of selling, and the shibboleth.

METASTASIO. In what instances?

ALFIERI. In the pronunciation of *Cicero* and *Cæsar*, words among the Romans neither sibilant nor dental; nor do I believe they had any such guttural as you hear in *cocomero*.

METASTASIO. I would rather institute a comparison between their respective merits. The Jews alone, of all eastern nations, were great in poetry and music. I would not compare, as many scholars have done, the *Psalms of David* with the *Odes of Pindar*, nor do I readily believe that, musician as he was, his symphonies were equal to Handel's. There are various men who think it a duty to uphold it, and scholars too catch the enthusiasm.

ALFIERI. Weak minds, like weak liquors, soon effervesce; and sound scholars have not always strong heads.

METASTASIO. Permit me to remark one signal difference between the Jews and Tuscans. The Jews were always more morose than any other people, the Tuscans less.

ALFIERI. Dante may be called morose by the inconsiderate. To be morose is one thing, to be indignant is another. He saw crimes in high places which the vulgar thought inaccessible; but he scaled the eminence and dragged out Cacus from his fastness. The Italians are tied to the stake at home: the Jews are scattered abroad. Which fate is the worse of the two? Both evils will pass away: men will be men again. They will abstain from roasting one another: royal feasts will employ less numerous and less expensive cooks, and be served up in lighter dishes. Human fat will be no longer the approved medicament for deafness and debility. The lover of Beatrice, he who shed tears over Francesca, he whose stout heart so failed him that he fainted at the recital of her sorrows, could never have been morose. Glory to him! everlasting glory! I envy his tears; I share his indignation.

METASTASIO. There is somewhat of the Englishman in his austerity and sternness; and he is not over delicate in expressing what he feels.

ALFIERI. The English are innately vulgar, with some few exceptions. Noblemen, suspicious and invidious of untitled gentlemen, whose families are more ancient and more honorable than theirs, and who perhaps lost their fortunes and their station by the wars of the Plantagenets, have no reluctance or dislike to walk and converse with jockeys and boxers; from those they gather the flowers of their phraseology. A new word springs up monthly, and is usually what they call *slang*. I will give you an example. A few days before I left England there had been a duel; on this occasion the younger, a man of rank and modesty, was declared by my informant to have shown *pluck*. You will suppose that by this expression he meant courage: he did so. We Italians would have said *spirit*, or *heart*, which comes nearest. But the meaning of *pluck*, until this year, had always been the *entrails of animals, torn out of them, and the vilest part of them*. The Romans were content with *cor* and *pectus*; we with their contents: *animo* and *coraggio* suffice us: what is ejected from a beast is to an Englishman the coronal of glory.

METASTASIO. We shall owe, in great measure, the consummation of ours to the departed whose remains are around us.

ALFIERI. In greater measure to those who are *not* departed, if we follow the right leaders. But what are leaders without soldiers, or soldiers without arms?

METASTASIO. Ah! ah! how grateful to the senses is the odour of these volumes in *bulgaro!* * Signor Conte, the most splendid of them best deserves its splendour.

ALFIERI. Rarely the case in anything.

METASTASIO. *Vittorio Alfieri, Tragedie. Opere di Vittorio Alfieri.* Pardon me, is this richly embroidered ribbon, with a crown pendant from it, the pattern for that *Order of Merit* [1] which it is reported your Excellency is about to institute?

ALFIERI. No indeed; the ribbon is none of mine.

* Bulgaro, *Russia* leather.—W. S. L.

[1] Alfieri, having mastered Greek in middle age, conferred on himself a decoration of his own design, with a representation of Homer attached to it, and called himself Chevalier of the Order of Homer. There was no question of other members.

METASTASIO. May not possibly the investiture be displeasing to potentates?

ALFIERI. Are any of those people, then, potentates in literature? Shall the most ignorant of mortals presume to decide on the merits of literary men? Shall ministers of state be appointed as presidents, or even admitted as members, of societies formed for the promotion of arts and sciences? Keep these men to their places, while they have any, but never let them get into ours.

METASTASIO. Will your Order include others beside Italians?

ALFIERI. As many as are worthy of it and will receive it. Some, perhaps the most-part, will be kept away from the acceptance by timidity and baseness.

METASTASIO. In some measure it might be an impediment to their advancement. The glory of the decoration, in the generality of cases, would be posthumous: the whole number would occupy but a small bench in a narrow chamber. There are forty in France! Were there ever ten at one period in the world? Should you beat the drum for recruits, how many would enlist who must be rejected as below the standard highth? Poets and philosophers and critics, I am told, there are more in Germany, and better too, than in the rest of Europe.

ALFIERI. I know nothing of their language; what I have read translated from it pleases me: the best, as being the most classical, is Stolberg's *Theseus*. Heroes, in my eyes, look more advantageously with brazen helmets on their heads than with black triangular feltry. I would rather see Helen in sandal or slipper, than supported by high-heeled red morocco shoes with diamond buckles on them. Being timorous, whenever I pass the porter's lodge of surly Graff Pyrrhus, I whistle my dog away, first saluting the gamekeeper in green jacket. Etcocles and Polinices are in the field above, models of gentlemen, quite correct in lifting up their beavers to each other before they make their passes with the rapier.

METASTASIO. It must indeed be confest that whatever is far removed from fashionable life and changeable manners is best adapted to the higher poetry. We are glad and righteously proud to possess two worlds, the one at present under our feet, producing beef and mutton; the other, on which have past before us, Gods, demigods, heroes, the Fates, the Furies, and all the numerous progeny of never-dying, never-aging, eternally parturient, Imagination: Great is the

privilege of crossing at will the rivers of bitterness, of tears, of fire, and to wander and converse among the Shades.

ALFIERI. Great indeed: and few incommode us in the ferry-boat; but we must pay for it.

METASTASIO. You ridicule French tragedy; yet there may be noble sentiments under ostrich feathers, and the tender heart may beat as truly under blonde lace as under woollen spun by Penelope herself.

ALFIERI. It may be: only let them try the woollen on; I will allow them a narrow ornamental fringe. At present I believe there is no poet in France.

METASTASIO. In England you left a few deserving your notice.

ALFIERI. Cowper is worthy of his succession to Goldsmith; more animated, more energetic, more diversified. Sometimes he is playful, oftener serious; and you go with him in either path with equal satisfaction. Sometimes he turns short round and reproves with dignified and authoritative austerity. This is not his nature, but his office, his duty, his *call*, as he would term it. There is a gentleness, a suavity about him, more Italian than English. The milk of Eve was not blander to her firstborn.

METASTASIO. I had always thought that the English were more remarkable for the breed of their satirists and their bull-dogs.

ALFIERI. So they are: but they have silk-eared spaniels also, and of pure blood. Whoever wants to see a worshipper of wealth and title, let him visit England.

METASTASIO. The celebrated Doctor Johnson was dead, I think, before you arrived in that country: he was not very silken.

ALFIERI. That heavy paw, however, if sometimes a crusher, was oftener a protector. Johnson was coarse in manners, and was arrogant and captious by the indulgence of his dry-nurses in the clubroom. His sight was distorted by the refraction of politics; his temper was irritable, his sensibility was morbid, but his heart was sound. I see much to pity, and no little to admire and love in him.

METASTASIO. Then, Signor Conte, he must be a man of rare merit indeed.

ALFIERI. Bow again, my good Abbate; you do it gracefully.

METASTASIO. Pardon! pardon! if I am under the calamity of offending.

ALFIERI. Do I look or speak like one offended? Destitute as all

my friends agree I am in wit and humour, I enjoy them occasionally in another. You spoke naturally and justly: you know me well already.

METASTASIO. Signor Conte, my very good *padrone!* I feel at ease again. Now your Excellency has given me an insight into the character of the late poets and moralists of England, might I presume so far as to push my inquiries into their celebrated historians?

ALFIERI. I would speak more confidently of them were I more a master of the language. But although an author's style may lose somewhat by transmission, it loses little in prose if it is good for anything: not so in poetry. Cicero and Machiavelli will always be masters of their own domain.

METASTASIO. How different!

ALFIERI. No translator can make them alike: the dress may be soiled a little, yet we recognise the wearer. I venture to assert that no work in prose, since the time of Titus Livius, is equal to Gibbon's *History*. There is somewhat of palatial magnitude and of oriental splendour in it; nothing disorderly, nothing overcharged. Hume and the others are hardly to be noticed for discrimination of character, for reflection, or for research. Hume, among many trifling essays, has written one upon *Miracles*, worth reading. Critic, I doubt whether at this time in Italy there is a worse than he.

METASTASIO. He was thought a free-thinker: was he one?

ALFIERI. Quite the contrary. A narrow ribbon tied him, neck and heels, to the hinder quarters of a broken throne. If you mean religion, I believe he was addicted to no formulary. His life was indolently and innocently Epicurean.

METASTASIO. Doubtless he called it equanimity.

ALFIERI. Equanimity is a virtue in philosophers; it is denounced as a crime in theologians. They, in their peculiar phraseology, call it *lukewarmness;* and lukewarmness in divinity they hold to be almost as insufferable as in venison.

METASTASIO. Sects, we understand, are springing up daily in the British Isles, which ebullitions may serve ultimately as a counter-poison to the venom now polluting the atmosphere. Strange stories are reported of one Wesley, who is permitted by the authorities to preach in the open fields.

ALFIERI. Were not those whom you most venerate permitted by the Pagan authorities to preach both in the fields and in the cities?

Wesley gave out no new Commandments: he opened before the eyes of assembled thousands the small volume which contains them, and cried aloud, "*Read! Read!*" I know an Italian who would have spoken to them words of far different import in their own vernacular, and have said, "*If you dare to read, go and be damned.*" I am not highly fanatical, but I do bear veneration toward this saintly man, commanding by meekness and humility. He found the members of the Anglican Church putrescent, as Luther found the Papal; he used no knife or cautery.

METASTASIO. Every wall of that Church is cracked in twenty places.

ALFIERI. Sound foundations are better than ornamental buttresses. We see all things *in pejus ruere et retro sublapsa referri.*[1] Our efforts are thus rendered the more necessary to climb up and surmount the cliffs that eternally crumble under us. We shall presently have more than shadows to contend against. The monkey-tiger is about to spring over the Alps.

METASTASIO. Revolutionists invite it.

ALFIERI. Rapid revolutions turn men giddy and blind. Did ever good come from that quarter? You will be cheated, robbed, plundered, torn piecemeal, and devoured. Mark my words: a century of misfortunes will confirm them. Wherever there are priests subordinate solely to a priest leader, there are snares and chains for all beyond the circle. If Piedmont falls, Italy falls: Venice will be what Naples is: and Rome will call Attila himself a beatific vision. Unhappy land of breathless hope! of enchanted heroism! of consecrated lies!

METASTASIO. Attilas, and worse barbarians, if worse be any, may invade us; but I never will fear their violence. The gates of Hell, we are assured, shall not prevail against the chair of Saint Peter.

ALFIERI. The gates of Hell will never try, if they know their own interest. They will stand wide-open as the gates on which the Roman artificer, in his jewelled slippers and three-storied bonnet, so cleverly modeled them.

METASTASIO. Excuse me, Signor Conte! but is your Excellency quite so happy in the indulging of these asperities as you would be in the smoothing of them?

ALFIERI. I doubt it. And now it is my turn to ask a question.

[1] Virgil, *Georg.*, i. 200.

Ought I to be satisfied if a road-maker fills the road with mud, then mends it with thorns and brushwood, and ultimately sets up a turnpike at the end of it, and swings the gate in my face unless I pay him to let me pass through? We must not always think of what will make us most happy: we must excite the best energies of men, and controll the worst. I have no pleasure in spurring or whipping my horse, yet my horse must occasionally be whipt and spurred.

METASTASIO. Yes, Signor Conte, but men are our fellow-creatures.

ALFIERI. Not mine yet: I will do my best to make them so.

METASTASIO. Religion alone can effect it: and I am afraid that the Anglican, although much sterner than the Roman-catholic, and consequently more congenial with your nature, has failed in its few attractions. Well, Signor Conte, we all have our opinions; some shut up in the closet, and some lying on the dressing-table. Mine I keep to myself, as I received them in baptism; and I am informed by my superiors that no discussion of them is profitable or pardonable.

ALFIERI. There are no better judges of pardons and profits. If men do not know their own children, who upon earth shall point them out?

METASTASIO. When a boon is bestowed on me I ask no questions.

ALFIERI. Before I accept one I inquire whether it came fairly and honestly into the donor's hands; and it is not of the donor I ask the question.

METASTASIO. The turbulence of France, now dangerous to the world, arises from irreligion.

ALFIERI. And irreligion from false religion. Men are patient in the process of a cheat, impatient in the discovery: fools are refractory when they find themselves befooled: they shy at the first sparkle on the roadside, and swerve abruptly, and throw the rider out of the saddle.

METASTASIO. Infallibility alone can show us distinctly what is false religion.

ALFIERI. I think I myself have enough of infallibility for this demonstration. A harlot goes parading the streets at nightfall; invites you blandly to her embraces; shows you her house, in which every chamber has lighted lamps; if you enter, she makes you drunk and picks your pocket; if you refuse, she has a brawny bully in readiness, who knocks you down and drags you through the gutter.

METASTASIO. Ah, Signor Conte! you have surely brought back

with you from England some few prejudices. Nobody could ever have thought that your Excellency would become so strenuous a stickler for those vulgar men who call themselves methodists.

ALFIERI. I care little about them personally, and would have willingly dropt the conversation relating to them. Surely if any man is impartial in regard to creeds, I am. I have no son to be educated for the church. But I should gladly have taken a walk with you in those fields where thousands were assembled round the methodist preacher. His enthusiasm warmed my heart; his eye lighted mine, from afar.

METASTASIO. It rejoices me to hear that the stray sheep are entering the fold again.

ALFIERI. May it be so! The apostols were pure and upright men, but they were more quarrelsome and less discreet than Wesley.

METASTASIO. O fie!

ALFIERI. I did not venture to say so, although I have their own words in confirmation of the fact. However, they who were ready to lay down their lives for their consciences are worthy of veneration: not so the impostors who assume their name and counterfeit their signature; who, instead of obeying the constituted laws, seize them into their own hands, and threaten with degradation the rulers of the people. Until these audacious upstarts, these revelers and rioters, are collared, stript of their mask and domino, and compelled to gain their bread honestly, revolutions will never cease.

METASTASIO. Turbulence, if not revolution, must surely be the result of multitudinous and excited meetings.

ALFIERI. Bees are the most turbulent while they are bringing honey to their cells. England seethes perpetually, but never boils over. In the neighbourhood of Bristol, and throughout the county of Cornwall, thousands and hundreds of thousands have been brought into sobriety from habitual drunkenness by the persuasion of one unbeneficed clergyman.

METASTASIO. Unless he preached the orthodox he preached in vain.

ALFIERI. Seeing he did not preach in vain, but to a good purpose, I presume he did preach the orthodox.

METASTASIO. His hearers, Conte Alfieri, will soon grow weary and want support.

ALFIERI. Probably enough. Knowing the convexity as well as

the concavity of the world, I can not be ignorant that men are liable to slip down it. Be comforted : the old shepherd will come back to them before a century is over. He has vigilant dogs, and powerful ones, some broken in for leading a sheep by the ear, and others for dragging it by the throat. Men are gradually tired of being good ; everyone hates to be told how much better was his father. The fragments of the cross will be venerated, but the most saintly would be horrified at the miracle which should recompose it and set it up again.

METASTASIO. Alas ! we are weak mortals.

ALFIERI. And knaves and liars too. If we have no opportunity of lying to another, we lie to ourselves ; for lie we must. Detection is easy, but unsafe.

METASTASIO. Trust in God.

ALFIERI. In which ? One says, *The kingdom of God is not of this world ;* another says, *It is, and the crown is mine.* Let us hope that the afterpiece will be better than the serio-comic drama. The performers have been hissed off the stage deservedly. The boards are loose, the scenery faded ; but the manager will engage his company for next season, and the leader of the orchestra will wave his fiddlestick as authoritatively as ever. Be of good cheer, abbate !

METASTASIO. I am somewhat slow in the apprehension of allusions : but as your Excellency now refers to that branch of literature on which I have long been exercising my poor abilities, let me profit by your judgment, and, as far as you may deem me worthy, be made cognisant of your projects ; I mean in regard to the *Order of Literary Merit* you are about to institute. I am afraid our Italian band of poets is neither so brilliant nor so numerous as you could wish. Casti is at the head of them. Philosophers and jurists are to be found both in the Neapolitan territory and in the Milanese ; nor are we so deficient in historians.

ALFIERI. I would admit the artists in sculpture and painting, for these are literary men in a universal language.

METASTASIO. Have we any now living ?

ALFIERI. Painter none ; but you who know Rome must know Canova. I have been favored by him with a sight of his designs. I know his Hebe, a graceful Italian girl ; his Venus is French, an inmate of the *Palace Royal* or its vicinity. From the same quarter is

a well-grown Dancing Woman, with her knuckles stuck against her hips, and her elbows at equal distances on each side, protruding sharply, in the form of a knotting-needle. But there is a design for a Lion so grand as would make Antiquity envious ; such a lion as it is well for Hercules that he did not meet with at Nemæa ; there would have been no Nemæan Games if he had.

METASTASIO. Ah, Signor Conte ! you praise as earnestly as you condemn.

ALFIERI. I wish I could as often. However, I have not done yet. Beside my friend Canova, there are two foreners of great promise : one a Dane, the other an Englishman.[1] If they should ever work in marble as ably as they design, they will get poisoned. I have seen no drawings, not even Raffael's, more pure and intellectual than theirs. I suspect their native countries will never be competent to form a just estimate of their merit. We may say of each, *utinam noster esses.*

METASTASIO. The gentleman who acts as usher to the Countess was pointed out to me as the eminent portraitist who seems to have been ambitious and successful in regard to both. He has done justice to your Excellency.

ALFIERI. And my Excellency will do justice to him. No Buck goat, no gang of buck-goats, driven through Calabria in the month of August, ever exhaled to such a distance so virulent an odour. We know that painters use Egyptian mummies in their colours : he seems to have fallen on some in the condiment of which there is but little of myrrh and spikenard. I detest the French.

METASTASIO. Nothing more evident. The amiable Countess seems to harbor no such hostility ; too gentle and generous for antipathies——

ALFIERI. I recommended to her this Fabre.

METASTASIO. Evidently she feels the value of the recommendation. My visit, I fear, is too prolonged and grows tedious.

ALFIERI. My dear Signor Abbate, what can possibly induce you to think it ? Absence, as we call it, is among my failings. When I am alone I often speak aloud ; a habit which perhaps I contracted in framing the parts of my tragedies. Tell me honestly if any words escaped me, for I am quite unconscious of having uttered a single one. Now tell me ; do, pray.

[1] Thorwaldsen ; Gibson.

METASTASIO. None was uttered ; a few broke through the closed barriers of the teeth. Doubtless, they will find their proper place in the drama you are meditating. The thought is delicate.

ALFIERI. Do not let me lose it then.

METASTASIO. It was this, with a sigh and a sneer, *Her heart is too large for one occupant.*

ALFIERI. Diavolo !

METASTASIO. The character showed at one flash the indignant and the derisory.

ALFIERI. We are all, more or less, somnambulists. Let us come upon our own ground again while our eyes are open and awake.

METASTASIO. The Literary Order ?

ALFIERI. What think you of its practicability and success ?

METASTASIO. There is danger that the bench will be overturned by the scramble to reach the first seat. Every nation will rush forward with its own pretences. Latterly, the Germans have high claims upon us.

ALFIERI. In Germany the clouds of mysticism and of metaphysics are conflicting. The fire of poetry will never issue from the collision ; fume, vapour, and rattle may. Abbate ! you and I must not leave on the roadside the heroes of antiquity. Let marketmen in shaggy waistcoats and shining buttons, with potatoes and turnips in their carts, pass them by irreverently : we remember them in their better days, and never will disdain to stop before them and to converse with them.

METASTASIO. The great English dramatist has brought together all ages and all nations.

ALFIERI. He used the fragments of an old world in a new creation, and placed his own sun and stars above it.

METASTASIO. Descending a little, do we not find Theseus a knight-errant and Othello a negro ?

ALFIERI. Theseus was a knight-errant in fact. If Shakespeare represented Othello as a black, he was led into his error by the compound English word *blackamoor.* He thought that the Moors, being Africans, must be black ; whereas the Moorish gentleman (and gentlemen the Moors were superlatively) is of the same complexion as the Andalusian and Valencian. In like manner Queen Cleopatra is turned into a gypsey, because she reigned in Egypt ; yet probably there are few ladies in the room over our heads fairer than the lady

of Macedonian descent and pure blood. Macedonians were Highlanders; none dark, even of the men. Cleopatra, be sure, took care that her face should not be tanned. I doubt whether it ever was more exposed to the open air than when it was under the awning that Nymphs and Cupids held over her, casting a purple light on the Cydnus.

METASTASIO. Shakespeare seems to have taken the character of Cleopatra, in part from that boisterous termagant who resided at Windsor Castle, and in part from the vagrants in its forest. I doubt whether in any he was so wide of the mark. There is no truth, imaginary or real or conventional, no discrimination, no interest, in any personage of that drama. Elizabeth herself would never have kicked her *lords in waiting*, or have dragged them by the hair about the room. Even George the Hanoverian would but have thrown his wig at them. Acknowledge that the French have at least the merit of avoiding such irregularities.

ALFIERI. The French again! I thought we had thrown them overboard. I hate them for many things, and above the rest for making me a hater.

METASTASIO. The malady is a grievous one, yet it is not quite incurable. Naturalists have taught us that the soil and climate in which are the worst poisons, animal and vegetable, bear also the plants that neutralise or assuage them. If I hated the French nation (God forbid that I should hate any!) I would run to Montaigne, to Lafontaine, to Molière: might not Montesquieu ransom the rest of his countrymen from *you?*

ALFIERI. He thought as profoundly as Machiavelli, more generously, more grandly, and wrote perhaps as well. To sit in the quiet study of these men, is there any who would not willingly escape from the boys and adults playing at *hide-and-seek* in the grove of Academos, and pelting one another with handfuls of leaves and litter?

METASTASIO. The style of both, as well as I can judge, is different from yours, although Machiavelli's comes nearest.

ALFIERI. We do not want for common use what the ancients called eloquence: *non frons percussa, non femur*. To constitute a great writer the qualities are, adequate expression of just sentiments, plainness without vulgarity, elevation without pomp, sedateness without austerity, alertness without impetuosity; thoughts offered not

abruptly, nor ungraciously, nor forced into us, nor stampt upon us: they must leave room for others to bring forward theirs, and help in suggesting them. Vigorous that appears to ordinary minds which attracts the vulgar by its curtness and violence: but coarse textures are not always the strongest, nor is the loudest voice always the most commanding.

METASTASIO. Novels are the chief literature of the present age.

ALFIERI. I do not regret it: they are the least tiresome kind of epic. They make us acquainted with many families which interest us; they bring neighbours to us who do not require us to return the visit, and who go away usually at a stated hour.

METASTASIO. The English have lost many great novelists within few years. Smollet, rich in broad humour; Sterne, excelling in purity of style, geniality, and pathos; Fielding, an easy gentleman in all society, requiring no affectation, and never asserting his superiority. Looking at such prominent and pliant muscles, the foremost, most self-confident, and most popular, would decline a contest.

ALFIERI. I would rather have lived a lifetime with him than have spent an evening with either of the others. You have not mentioned Richardson, author of *Grandison* and *Clarissa*. But I fear I have to apologize for interrupting you in your enumeration. *Grandison* might teach even Englishmen fine manners, and *Clarissa* might draw tears from them. But they think it manly to be rude, and womanly to be sensitive.

METASTASIO. Italy will have her two great poets in her Roman afterbirth: England has had her two. The delightful are not always the great, else Ariosto and Tasso would be in the number.

ALFIERI. True; neither of them is grand. Reduce the Iliad and Odyssea into prose, and they yet retain their indomitable vigour: but cut away the rhyme from Tasso and Ariosto and the succulent plant bleeds and shrivels. The volatile salt evaporates from the porcelain vase, and the roses, despite of the drugs kneaded into them, collapse.

METASTASIO. The chalky cliffs of Albion contain but little moisture, and show none.

ALFIERI. It is easier to get twenty oaths and curses from an Englishman than one tear: but there are hot springs at the center of his heart which bring forth perpetual fertility. He puts unhappiness down despotically, and will labor at doing good if you abstain from looking at him while he does it. Another English writer of

novel or romance you might have mentioned; but I think you spoke only of those who are deceased. Horace Walpole, son of a prime minister in the last reign, has written a romance, *The Castle of Otranto*, and a disquisition on Richard the Third, entitled *Historical Doubts*. I knew him slightly. He was called *finical* by the English, which means over-delicate. Whatever were his manners and pursuits, and however much he had lived in French society, he studiously avoided the lean larding of their language. The reddle, which no Italian lady uses, but with which both the English and French besmear their faces, they both alike call *rouge*. Walpole, I observe, calls it *red*. Generally, to what is indelicate, and what it is desirable to conceal, the English, without any maliciousness in this particular, give the French name.

METASTASIO. False delicacy is real indelicacy. Half-educated men employ the most frequently circumlocutions and ambiguities. The plain vulgar are not the most vulgar. If there are any words which ought to be out of use, what they designate ought to be out of sight. A French duchess would not hesitate about an expression which the daughter of a convict in America might reprehend. Talking of French duchesses, a story now recurs to me of a very beautiful and virtuous one, and it related also to a personage of still higher rank, celebrated for courtly manners.

ALFIERI. Let me hear it; for truly I know little of that higher rank.

METASTASIO. I heard it whispered at court (and every court is a whispering gallery) that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ventured on such discourse with the Duchess de Pienne, that she replied, "*Sir! it is princes like you who make democrats.*"

ALFIERI. The story is true: I myself heard it from her intimate and inseparable friend the Duchess de Saux. He could act the polite man, but never without exaggeration: all was puffy and bloated in him, mind and body. For a time he was under the tuition of an actor; I do not mean a clerical, but a scenic one.

METASTASIO. Your Excellency must have known him personally.

ALFIERI. Not at all; I neither drink nor game. Sometimes I have met him in Hyde Park. My horses on such occasions always pranced and reared unmanageably, and galloped off. Once I was invited to Carlton House; but quinsey, at my prayer, came to my aid, and held me in my bed until the air of Bath relieved me. He was

gross no less to ladies than to men, among whom there was none of sufficient spirit to inflict due chastisement. A true gentleman would rather shed his last blood, than bring any, hot with painful blushes, into the cheek of a virtuous woman. Well, we have occupied too much of our time about this eider-down bandaged bolster. Let us revert to men who will be holden in honour when he (if he is fortunate) will be forgotten. I doubt whether you quite approve of forming the Society I suggest.

METASTASIO. Indeed, on the contrary, I should be happy to see it formed : I fear the difficulties.

ALFIERI. What are they ?

METASTASIO. Flame attracts flame ; but not always in love, nor often in literature. The *Society* will not be so numerous as that of the Forty in France, although the whole of Europe is open to it, and altho' the Arts and Sciences take their appointed seats. The band, however small, will contain its mutineers. Nation will not fight against nation with so much rancour and pertinacity as a part against another part of the same. Jealousies are not created at a distance ; the French are self-sufficient ; they will hold together contentedly ; so may the Italians ; but the Germans will rush into our literary domain as they have into our territorial ; the English will join them against us. More of these are familiar with German than with Italian, and value that literature higher : for their estimation of authors is usually in proportion to the difficulty they have experienced in acquiring the language.

ALFIERI. True : we are apt to value many things for what they have cost us, before we take the trouble of calculating their intrinsic worth. I have seen a young lady in England, and she was not very young either, who preferred the *Sorrows of Werter* to the *Vicar of Wakefield.*

METASTASIO. Perhaps your projected Society might produce the good effect of diverting men's minds in Italy from the arena of politics now saturated with blood in France. If they continue to cut off heads by the sackful, their forests will be insufficient for the supply of sawdust to absorb all that is streaming from the scaffold.

ALFIERI. Abbate ! I enter into your feelings and walk in gloom among them.

METASTASIO. Unjustly have your enemies called you ferocious and sanguinary.

ALFIERI. No man is less so. Were I dictator or tribune, I would only give orders to lift up certain robes stiff with gold, and to inflict a few lashes, ten or a dozen, on what is too adipose for bloodshed. I know the value of able-bodied men, and the service I might render to their health by apportioning to them moderate work on the high-road. My native country, Piedmont, feeds more of such idlers than any other of the same dimensions: I would be the dancing-master of these dervishes. If we should ever have a prince of vigorous mind, he will be conscious of his power and learn the character of his people. They are as hardy as the Switzers, and more active. No modern nation, not even Sweden, has sent into the field more scientific generals or braver soldiers. She has produced a Eugene, she may produce a Cromwell, or even a Washington. God grant it! The very idea at a distance makes me pray.

METASTASIO. I hope you often do, Signor Conte.

ALFIERI. Thanksgiving is more devotional. How exultingly will I spring up for those matins!

METASTASIO. Methinks I hear the company descending the stairs, and carriages rolling by. It is time I should make my bow to the Countess, and take leave. Gladly would I have spent a few more days in Florence. To-morrow is scarcely left for my visit to Santa Croce.

ALFIERI. Do not stand too long before the monument of Galileo: remember, *the earth moves*.

METASTASIO. I may venture to express to you my belief in this fact.

ALFIERI. What! in defiance of Infallibility?

METASTASIO. Infallibility sometimes winks, although she never slumbers. After Galileo, in due order, stand Buonarotti and Machiavelli. The next generation (may it be the oldest of it!) will contemplate in the same church the noble features of Vittorio Alfieri.

ALFIERI. Rather would I rest among my ancestors at Asti; but only when Piedmont is free. Neither in your time nor in mine can this happiness be expected. The French will render the name of freedom a mockery, evoking a phantom to frighten the prostrate Earth. But the Earth is heaving, and will not cease to heave. Italy, the most civilized, the most humane, the most inventive and enthusiastic, is not destined by Providence to be much longer subservient to Gaul or German. The bloom is upon the fruit while

grubs are in the kernel, grubs generated and matured within the tree. Surely an end will be put to this before long. Have the laborious lived for the idle ? Were valiant hearts intended for nothing but the pavement of processions ? Some there are left unfallen.

METASTASIO. I hope and trust you may see days more cheerful.

ALFIERI. No, I shall never see the consummation of my soul's desire. My life is closing. Private griefs (O shame ! shame !) press upon and overlay public with me. When you come again to Florence, ask the verger on which side of Santa Croce lie the remains of Vittorio Alfieri.*

* Metastasio died a few years before the French Revolution.—W. S. L. [This note, made by Landor in MS., indicates that he remembered the date of Metastasio's death, but he placed the Conversation subsequent to that date.]

XVII. ALFIERI AND SALOMON THE FLORENTINE JEW[1]

(*Imag. Convers.*, ii., 1824; ii., 1826; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, iv., 1876.)

ALFIERI. Let us walk to the window, signor Salomon. And now, instead of the silly simpering compliments repeated at introductions, let me assure you that you are the only man in Florence with whom I would willingly exchange a salutation.

SALOMON. I must think myself highly flattered, signor Conte, having always heard that you are not only the greatest democrat, but also the greatest aristocrat, in Europe.

ALFIERI. These two things, however opposite, which your smile would indicate, are not so irreconcilable as you imagine. Let[2] us first understand the words, and then talk about them. The democrat is he who wishes the people to have a due share in the government, and this share, if you please, shall be the principal one. The aristocrat of our days is contented with no actual share in it: but if a man of family is conscious of his dignity, and resentful that another has invaded it, he may be, and is universally, called an aristocrat. The principal difference is, that the one carries outward what the other carries inward. I am thought an aristocrat by the Florentines for conversing with few people, and for changing my shirt and shaving my beard on other days than festivals; which the most aristocratical of them never do, considering it, no doubt, as an excess. I am, however, from my soul a republican, if prudence and modesty will authorise any man to call himself so; and this, I trust, I have demonstrated in the most valuable of my works, the Treatise on tyranny and the Dialogue with my friend at Siena. The aristocratical part of me, if part of me it must be called, hangs loose and keeps off insects. I see no aristocracy in the children of sharpers from behind the counter, nor, placing the matter in the most favourable

[1] Salomon, whose identity puzzled Crump, is Salomone Fiorentino. Mr. Wheeler provides me with a reference to *Parnaso degl' Italiani viventi*, Pisa, 1803-1824, vol. 25.

[2] From "Let" to "insects" added in 2nd ed.

point of view, in the descendants of free citizens who accepted from any vile enslaver, French, Spanish, German, or priest, or monk [1] (represented with a piece of buffoonery like a bee-hive on his head and a picklock key at his girdle), the titles of counts and marquises. In Piedmont the matter is different: we must either have been the rabble or their lords: we were military, and we retain over the populace the same rank and spirit as our ancestors held over the soldiery. But [2] we are as prone to slavery as they were averse and reluctant.

Under the best of princes we are children all our lives. Under the worse we are infinitely more degraded than the wretches who are reduced to their servitude by war, or even by crimes; begging our master to take away from us the advantages of our education, and of our strength in mind and body. Is this picture overcharged?

SALOMON. Not with bright colours certainly.

ALFIERI. What think you then if we are threatened with hell by those who take away earth from us, and scourge and imprison and torture us?

SALOMON. Hell is a very indifferent hospital for those who are thrust into it with broken bones. It is hard indeed if they who lame you, will not let you limp. Indeed I do hear, signor Conte, that the churchmen call you an atheist and a leveller.

ALFIERI. So, during the plague at Milan, if a man walked upright in the midst of it, and without a sore about him, he was a devil or an *anointer*; it was a crime and a curse not to be infected. But, signor Salomon, a poet never can be an atheist, nor can a gentleman be a leveller. For my part, I would rather walk alone in a rugged path than with the many in a smoother.

SALOMON. Signor Conte, I have heard of levellers, but I have never seen one: all are disposed to level down, but nobody to level up. As for nobility, there is none in Europe beside the Venetian. Nobility must be self-constituted and independent: the free alone are noble: slavery, like death, levels all. The English comes nearest to the Venetian: they are independent, but want the main characteristic, the *self-constituted*. You have been in England, signor Conte, and can judge of them better than I can.

ALFIERI. England, as you know, is governed by Pitt, the most

[1] 1st ed. reads: "monk, with a honeycomb on his head and a key"; 2nd ed. reads: "monk, with a hive on his head and a key."

[2] From "But" to "smoother" added in 3rd ed.

insidious of her demagogues,[1] and the most hostile to Aristocracy. Jealous of power, and distrustful of the people that raised him to it, he enriches and attaches to him the commercial part of the nation by the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, and he loosens from the landed the chief [2] proprietors by raising them to the peerage. Nearly a third of the lords have been created by him, and prove [3] themselves devotedly his creatures.[4] This [5] Empusa puts his ass's foot on the French, and his iron one on the English. He possesses not the advantage possessed by insects, which, if they see but one inch before them, see that inch distinctly. He [6] knows not that the machine which runs on so briskly, will fall to pieces the moment it stops. He will indeed carry his point in debasing the Aristocracy; but he will equally debase the people. Undivided power he will continue to enjoy; but after his death, none will be able to say from any visible proof or appearance, *how glorious a people did he govern!* He will have changed its character in all ranks and conditions. After this it is little to say that he will have exalted its rival, who, without his interposition, would have sunk under distress and crime. But interposition was necessary to his aggrandizement, enabling him to distribute in twenty years, if he should live so long, more wealth among his friends and partisans, than has been squandered by the uncontrolled profusion of French monarchs, from the first Louis to the last.

SALOMON. How happens it that England, richer and more powerful than other states, should still contain fewer nobles?

ALFIERI. The greater part of the English [7] nobility has neither power nor title. Even those who are noble by right of possession, the hereditary lords of manors with large estates attached to them, claim no titles at home or abroad. Hence in all foreign countries the

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Republicans."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "all the leading."
[3] 1st ed. reads: "shew."
[4] Landor's note in 1st and 2nd eds. reads: "All this refers to a state of things belonging to history, but past away from us; it being evident that nothing can be more respectable than the present English nobility. Alfieri spoke scornfully and disdainfully: because he was generally ill received in England; for although he was at that time the greatest man in Europe, he was not acknowledged or known to be so." From "this" to "English" added in 2nd ed.
[5] 1st ed. does not include "This" to "He," and reads "Pitt" before "possesses."
[6] Crump's note on this passage is wrong.
[7] 1st ed. reads: "English landed"; "both de jure and de facto" instead of "by right of possession"; and "true" before "English gentleman."

English gentleman is placed below his rank, which naturally and necessarily is far higher than that of your slipshod counts and lottery-office marquises, whose gamekeepers with their high plumes, cocked hats, and hilts of rapiers, have no other occupation than to stand behind the carriage, if the rotten plank will bear them: whose game is the wren and red-breast, and whose beat is across the market.

Menestrier,[1] who both as a Frenchman and as a Jesuit speaks contemptuously of English nobility, admits the gentlemen to this dignity. Their property, their information, their political influence, and their moral character, place them beyond measure above the titularies of our country, be the rank what it may; and it is a remarkable proof of moderation in some and of contemptuousness in others, that they do not openly claim from their king, or assume without such intervention, the titles arising from landed wealth, which conciliate the attention and civility of every class, and indeed of every individual abroad.

It is among those who stand between the peerage and the people that there exists a greater mass of virtue and of wisdom than [2] in the rest of Europe. Much of their dignified simplicity may be attributed to the plainness of their religion, and, what will always be imitated, to the decorous life [3] of their king: for whatever may be the defects of either, if we compare them with others round us, they are excellent.

Salomon. A young religion jumps upon the shoulders of an older one, and soon becomes like her, by mockery of her tricks, her cant, and her decrepitude. Meanwhile the old one shakes with indignation, and swears there is neither relationship nor likeness. Was there ever a religion in the world that was not the true religion, or was there ever a king that was not the best of kings?

Alfieri. In the latter case we must have arrived nigh [4] perfection; since it is evident from the authority of the gravest men, theologians, presidents, judges, corporations, universities, senates, that every prince is better than his father, "of blessed memory, now with God." If they continue to rise thus transcendently, earth in a little time will be incapable of holding them, and higher heavens must

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Father" before "Menestrier"; "any" before "such intervention"; "all individuals" instead of "every individual."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "all . . . the universe contains."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "virtue."

[4] 1st ed. reads: "very nigh to"; and "still" between "is" and "better."

be raised upon the highest heavens for their reception. The lumber of our Italian courts, the most crazy part of which is that which rests upon a red cushion in a gilt chair, with stars and sheep and crosses dangling from it, must be approached as Artaxerxes and Domitian. These automatons, we are told nevertheless, are very condescending. Poor fools who tell us it! ignorant that where on one side is condescension, on the other side must be baseness. The rascals have ruined my physiognomy. I wear an habitual sneer upon my face; God confound them for it! [1]

SALOMON. This temper or constitution of mind I am afraid may do injury to your works.

ALFIERI. Surely not to all: my satire at least must be the better for it.

SALOMON. I think differently. No satire can be excellent where displeasure is expressed with acrimony and vehemence. When satire ceases to smile it should be momentarily, and for the purpose of inculcating a moral. Juvenal is hardly more a satirist than Lucan: he is indeed a vigorous and bold declaimer, but he stamps too often, and splashes up too much filth. We Italians have no delicacy in wit; we have indeed no conception of it; we fancy we must be weak if we are not offensive. The scream of Pulcinello is imitated more easily than the masterly strokes of Plautus, or the sly insinuations of Catullus and of Flaccus.

ALFIERI. We are the least witty of men because we are the most trifling.

SALOMON. You would persuade me then that to be witty one must be grave: this is surely a contradiction.

ALFIERI. I would persuade you only, that banter, pun, and quibble, are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind; which is always a grave one. Contemptuousness is not incompatible with them: worthless is that man who feels no contempt for the worthless, and weak who treats their emptiness as a thing of weight. At first it may seem a paradox, but it is perfectly true, that the gravest nations have been the wittiest; and in those nations some

[1] 1st ed. continues: "even when I whisper a word of love in the prone ear of my *donna*." [1]

[1] Landor's note in 1st ed. reads: "She who was the *donna* of Alfieri is now the *donna* of a French picture-dealer, a maker and vendor of Pouissins" (*sic*).

of the gravest men. In England Swift and Addison, in Spain Cervantes. Rabelais and La Fontaine are recorded by their countrymen to have been *rêveurs*. Few [1] men have been graver than Pascal; few have been wittier.

SALOMON. It is indeed a remarkable thing that such should be the case among the moderns: it does not appear to have been so among the ancients.

ALFIERI. I differ from you, M. Salomon. When we turn toward the Athenians, we find many comic writers, but few facetious. Menander, if we may judge from his fragments, had less humour than Socrates.[2] Quintilian says of Demosthenes, "*non displicuisse illi jocos sed non contigisse.*" In this he was less fortunate than Phocion and Cicero. Facility in making men smile gives a natural air to a great orator, and adds thereby much effect to what he says, provided it come discreetly. It is in him somewhat like affability in a prince; excellent if used with caution. Everyone must have perceived how frequently those are brought over by a touch of humour who have resisted the force of argument and entreaty. Cicero thought in this manner on wit. Writing to his brother, he mentions a letter from him "*Aristophanico modo, valde mehercule et suavem et gravem.*" Among the Romans, the gravest [3] nation after the English, I think Cicero and Catullus were the wittiest. Cicero [4] from his habits of life and studies must have been grave; Catullus we may believe to have been so, from his being tender and impassioned in the more serious part of his poetry.

SALOMON. This is to me no proof; for the most tender and impassioned of all poets is Shakespeare, who certainly was himself far removed from gravity, however much of it he imparted to some personages of his drama.

ALFIERI. That Shakespeare was gay and pleasurable in conversation I can easily admit; for there never was a mind at once so plastic and so pliant; but, without much gravity, could there have been that potency and comprehensiveness of thought, that depth of feeling, that creation of imperishable ideas, that sojourn in the souls of other men? He was amused in his workshop; such was society.

[1] From "Few" to "wittier" added in 2nd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "Socrates, and Aristophanes himself than Phocion." From "Quintilian" to "entreaty" was a note in 1st ed.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "gravest of nations."

[4] 1st ed. reads: "The former."

But when he left it, he meditated intensely upon those limbs and muscles on which he was about to bestow new action, grace, and majesty; and so great an intensity of meditation must have strongly impressed his whole character.[1]

SALOMON. You will however allow that we have no proof of gravity in Horace or Plautus.

ALFIERI. On the contrary, I think we have many. Horace, like all the pusillanimous, was malignant: like all courtiers, he yielded to the temper of his masters. His lighter touches were agreeable less to his own nature than to the nature of Augustus and Mecænas, both of them fond of trifling; but in his *Odes* and his *Discourses* there is more of gravity than of gaiety. That he was libidinous is no proof that he was playful; for often such men are even melancholic.

Plautus,[2] rich in language, rich in reflection, rich in character, is oftener graver than could have suited the inclinations of a coarse and tumultuous populace. What but the strong bent of his nature could have moved him to it? The English[3] display an equal share of facetiousness and of *humour* (as they call it) in their comedies.

SALOMON. I do not understand the distinction.

ALFIERI. Nor indeed is it well understood by many of their best authors. It is no uncommon thing to hear, "*He has humour rather than wit.*" Here the expression can only mean *pleasantry*: for whoever has humour has wit, although it does not follow that whoever has wit has humour. Humour is wit appertaining to character, and indulges in breadth of drollery rather than in play and brilliancy of point. Wit vibrates and spirts; humour springs up exuberantly as from a fountain, and runs on. In Congreve you wonder what he will

[1] 1st ed. here continues: "SALOMON. I imagine it to have been an Englishman who composed on the Florentines the lines I am about to repeat; I heard them from one; and they tend to illustrate the peculiar humour of that nation:

> Giunto in Firenze, ammirava un Inglese
> Nè campanil nè duomo nè tribuna
> Di Venere, che intorno a se raduna
> Le grazie di ogni secolo e paese,
> Non la Sabina e il rapita feroce,
> Palazzo Vecchio nè Palazzo Pitti, . . .
> Il popolo ammirava, . . . e, ad alta voce,
> Ma! come queste merde stanno dritte.

You will however," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "Plautus, who appears to me to have been by far the first of comic writers, rich in language, rich in reflection, rich in character, rich in humour," etc.

[3] From "The English" to "generic" added in 3rd ed.

say next: in Addison you repose on what is said, listening with assured expectation of something congenial and pertinent. The French have little humour because they have little character: they excel all nations in wit because of their levity and sharpness. The personages on their theatre are generic.

SALOMON.[1] You do allow that they are facetious: from you no small concession.

ALFIERI. This I do concede to them; and no person will accuse me of partiality in their favour. Not only are they witty, but when they discover a witty thing, they value it so highly that they reserve it for the noblest purposes, such as tragedies, sermons, and funeral orations. Whenever a king of theirs is inaugurated at Rheims, a string of witticisms [2] is prepared for him during his whole reign, regularly as the civil list; regularly as menageries, oratories, orangeries, wife, confessor, waterworks, fireworks, gardens, parks, forests, and chases. Sometimes one is put into his mouth when he is too empty, sometimes when he is too full; but he always hath his due portion, take it when or how he may. A decent one, somewhat less indeed than that of their sovran, is reserved for the princes of the blood; the greater part of which is usually packed up with their camp-equipage; and I have seen a label to a *bon mot*, on which was written "*Brillant comme la réponse de Henri IV. quand* . . ." But [3] the occasion had not been invented.

We Italians sometimes fall into what, if you will not call it [4] witticism, you may call the plasma of witticism, by mere mistake, and against our genius.[5] A blunder, by its very stumbling, is often carried a little beyond what [6] was aimed at, and falls upon something which, if it be not wit, is invested with its [7] powers.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "SALOMON. The French are witty. ALFIERI. This I concede to them," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "witty things."

[3] From "But" to "invented" added in 3rd ed.

[4] 1st ed. reads: "them witticisms"; and (before "by") "upon their ground."

[5] 1st ed. reads (after "genius"): "Reading in a gazette, *Hier le roi a travaillé avec ses ministres*, and knowing the man's character, a young courtier cried innocently, 'What! his Most Christian Majesty condescends to dine with his subjects! and they joke upon it!' In another, *Les enfans de France se promènent en carosse*, etc., his sister enquired of her confessor how many there were of them: he answered 'Twentyfour or twentyfive millions.' A blunder," etc.

[6] 1st ed. reads: "the plain sense that."

[7] 1st ed. reads: "its qualities and powers."

SALOMON. I have had opportunities [1] to observe the obtuseness of the Tuscans in particular on these matters. Lately I lent my *Molière* to a man of talents; and when he returned the volumes, I asked him how he liked them: *Per Bacco*, he exclaimed, "the names are very comical; Sguanarelli [2] and those others." They who have no wit of their own, are ignorant of it when it occurs, mistake it, and misapply it. A sailor found upon the shore a piece of amber [3]; he carried it home, and, as he was fond of fiddling, began to rub it across the strings of his violin. It would not answer. He then broke some pieces off, boiled them in blacking, and found to his surprise and disquiet that it gave no fresh lustre to the shoe-leather. "What are you about?" cried a messmate. "Smell it, man; it is amber." "The devil take it," cried the finder, "I fancied it was rosin"; and he threw it into the sea. We despise what we cannot use.

ALFIERI. Your observations on Italian wit are correct. Even our comedies are declamatory: long speeches and inverted sentences overlay and stifle the elasticity of humour. The great Machiavelli is, whatever M. de Voltaire may assert to the contrary, a coarse comedian; hardly better than the cardinal Bibiena, poisoned by the Holiness of our Lord Pope Leo for wearying him with wit.*

[1] 1st ed. reads: "occasion." [2] *Sic.* 1st ed. reads: "Sganarelli."
[3] 1st ed. reads: "too large to put in his jacket"; and "home under his arm."

* If Cardinal Bibiena was poisoned by Leo, an opinion to which the profligacy of the pope gave rise, and the malignity of men reception, it should be recorded in justice to his Holiness that he wished to protect the family. We find among the letters of Bembo a very beautiful and energetic one written in the name of Leo to Francis I., relating to Bibiena. There is something not unsuspicious in the mode of expression, where he repeats that, although Bibiena thinks himself sure of dying, *there appears to be no immediate danger . . . if it should happen, &c.*

"Cum Bernardus Bibiena cardinalis aliquot jam dies ex *stomacho* laboret, *magisque timore quodam suo quam morbi vi urgente*, brevi se existimet moriturum. . . . Quanquam enim nihildum sanè video, quo quidem de illius vitâ sit omnino magnopere timendum. Si id accidat quod ipse *suspicatur*, tua in illum munificentia tuumque præclarum munus non statim neque unà cum ipsius vitâ extinguatur, præsertim cum ei tam breve temporis spatium illo ipso tuo munere frui licuerit, ut ante amissum videri possit quam quale quantumve fuerit percipi ab illo cognoscive potuerit. . . . Ut ipse, si moriendum ei sit, &c."

The Italians are too credulous on poison, which at one period was almost a natural death among them. Englishmen were shocked at the confidence with which they asserted it of two personages, who occupied in the world a rank and interest due to neither, and one of whom died in England, the other in Elba.[1]

The last [2] words of the letter are ready to make us unbelievers of Leo's

[1] 1st ed. reads: "in her dependencies."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "last words of the letter make me an unbeliever of Leo's guilt," etc.

SALOMON. His Holiness took afterward a stirrup-cup of the same brewery, and never had committed the same offence, poor man! I[1] should have thought the opinion of Voltaire less erroneous on wit, although it carries no weight with it on poetry or harmony.

ALFIERI. It is absurd to argue with a Frenchman on anything relating to either. The Spaniards have no palate, the Italians no scent, the French no ear. Garlic and grease and the most nauseous of pulse are the favourite cheer of the Spaniard; the olfactory nerves of the Italian endure anything but odoriferous flowers and essences; and no sounds but soft ones offend the Frenchman.

SALOMON. And yet several of the French prose-writers are more harmonious than the best of ours.

ALFIERI. In the construction of their sentences they have obtained from study, what sensibility has denied them. Rousseau is an exception: he beside is the only musical composer that ever had a

guilt in this business. What exquisite language! what expressions of zeal and sincerity!

"Quæ quidem omnia non tam propterea colligo, quod non illud unum existimem apud te plurimum valiturum, amorem scilicet erga illum tuum, itemque incredibilem ipsius in te cultum, quod initio dixi, sed ut mihi ipsi, qui id magnopere cupio, satisfaciam; ne perfamiliari ac pernecessario meo, mihique charissimo ac suavissimo atque in omni vitæ munere probatissimo, mea benevolentia meusque amor hoc extremo ejus vitæ tempore, si hoc extremum erit, plane defuisse videatur."

In the tenth book of these epistles there is one addressed to the Cardinal, by which the Church of Loretto is placed under his care, with every rank of friendship and partiality.

"De tuâ enim in Divam pietate, in rem Romanam studio, in me autem, cui quidem familiæque meæ omnia pæne usque a puero summæ cum integritatis et fidei, tum vero curæ atque diligentiæ egregia atque præclara officia præstitisti, perveteri observantiâ voluntateque admonitus, nihil est rerum omnium quod tibi recte mandari credique posse non existimem."

It is not in human nature that a man ever capable of these feelings toward anyone, should poison him, when no powerful interest or deep revenge was to be gratified: the opinion, nevertheless, has prevailed; and it may be attributed to a writer not altogether free from malignity, a scorner of popes and princes, and especially hostile to the Medicean family. Paolo Giovio[1] says that Bibiena was poisoned in a *fresh egg*. The sixteenth century was *the age of poison*. Bibiena was poisoned, we may believe; not however by Leo, who loved him as being his preceptor. Leo sent him into France to persuade Francis I. to enter into a league against the Turks. The object of this league was, to divert both him and Charles V. from Italy, and to give the preponderating power in it to the family of Medici.—W. S. L.

[1] From "I" to "harmony" added in 3rd ed.; from "ALFIERI" to "writers" added in 2nd ed.

[1] From "Paolo" to "Medici" added in 3rd ed.

tolerable ear for prose. Music is both sunshine and irrigation to the mind; but when it occupies and covers it too long, it debilitates and corrupts it. Sometimes I have absorbed music so totally, that nothing was left of it in its own form: my ear detained none of the notes, none of the melody: they went into the heart immediately, mingled with the spirit, and lost themselves among the operations of the fancy, whose finest and most recondite springs they put simultaneously and vigorously in motion. Rousseau [1] kept it subordinate; which must always be done with music as well as with musicians. He excels all the moderns in the harmony of his periods.

SALOMON. I have heard it reported that you prefer Pascal.

ALFIERI. Certainly on the whole I consider him the most perfect of writers.

SALOMON. Many other of the French theologians are said to be highly eloquent: but theology is without attraction for me, so that I am ignorant of their merit.

ALFIERI. How deplorable, that whatever is excellent in modern style, should, with hardly any deduction, be displayed by Fanaticism! I am little more interested by the contentions of Fénelon [2] and Bossuet than I am by the *Christo Bianco* and *Christo Nero* of the Neapolitan rabble—two processional idols, you must know, which are regularly carried home with broken heads.

SALOMON. I dare not hazard a word upon these worthies. You, who had a Catholic father and whose blood is truly Christian, may ridicule them with impunity: the people who would laugh with you, would stone me. Our incurable diarrhœa of words should not always make you take the other side of the road. Machiavelli is admirable for precision of style, no less than for acuteness of argument and depth of thought. Guicciardini, if his sentences were properly stopped, would be found in general both full and concise, whatever may be asserted to the contrary by the fastidious and inattentive.

ALFIERI. I have often thought the same. As for Machiavelli, I would rather have written his *Discourses on the first Decade of Livius* (in which nothing is amiss but the title) than all the volumes, prose and poetry, of Voltaire. If the *Florentine History* is not so interesting as the more general one of Guicciardini, there is the same reason

[1] 2nd ed. reads: "Rousseau is the only composer of music on the modern system who could write one sentence of poetry or prose worth reading. He kept it subordinate . . . periods. SALOMON," etc.

[2] 2nd ed. reads: "Pascal and Bossuet."

for it as there is that the *Batrachomyomachia* is not so interesting as the *Iliad.*

SALOMON. Certainly no race of men upon earth ever was so unwarlike, so indifferent to national dignity and to personal honour, as the Florentines are now : yet in former days a certain pride, arising from a resemblance in their government to that of Athens, excited a vivifying desire of approximation, where no danger or loss accompanied it ; and Genius was no less confident of his security than of his power. Look from the window. That cottage on the declivity was Dante's : that square and large mansion, with a circular garden before it elevated artificially, was the first scene of Boccaccio's *Decameron.* A boy might stand at an equal distance between them, and break the windows of each with his sling. What idle fabricator of crazy systems will tell me that Climate is the creator of Genius ? The climate of Austria is more regular and more temperate than ours, which I am inclined to believe is the most variable in the whole universe, subject, as you have perceived, to heavy fogs for two months in winter, and to a stifling heat, concentrated within the hills, for five more. Yet, a single man of genius hath never appeared in the whole extent of Austria, an extent several thousand times greater than our city ; and this very street has given birth to fifty.

ALFIERI. Since the destruction of the republic, Florence has produced only one great man, Galileo, and abandoned him to every indignity that fanaticism and despotism could invent. Extraordinary men, like the stones that are formed in the higher regions of the air, fall upon the earth only to be broken and cast into the furnace. The precursor of Newton lived in the deserts of the moral world, drank water, and ate locusts and wild honey. It was fortunate that his head also was not lopped off : had a singer asked it, instead of a dancer, it would have been.

SALOMON. In fact it was : for the fruits of it were shaken down and thrown away : he was forbidden to publish the most important of his discoveries, and the better part of his manuscripts was burnt after his death.

ALFIERI. Yes, signor Salomon, those things may rather be called our heads than this knob above the shoulder, of which (as matters stand) we are rather the porters than the proprietors, and which is really the joint concern of barber and dentist.

SALOMON. Our thoughts, if they may not rest at home, may wander freely. Delighting in the remoter glories of my native city, I forget at times its humiliation and ignominy. A town so little that the voice of a cabbage-girl in the midst of it may be heard at the extremities, reared within three centuries a greater number of citizens illustrious for their genius, than all the remainder of the Continent (excepting her sister Athens) in six thousand years. My ignorance of the Greek forbids me to compare our Dante with Homer. The propriety and force of language and the harmony of verse in the glorious Grecian are quite lost to me. Dante had not only to compose a poem, but in great part a language. Fantastical as the plan of his poem is, and, I will add, uninteresting and uninviting; unimportant, mean, contemptible, as are nine-tenths of his characters and his details, and [1] wearisome as is the scheme of his versification; there are more thoughts highly poetical, there is more reflection,[2] and the nobler properties of mind and intellect are brought into more intense action, not only than in the whole course of French poetry,[3] but also in the whole of Continental: nor do I think (I must here also speak with hesitation) that any one drama of Shakespeare contains so many. Smile as you will, signor Conte: what must I think of a city where Michel-Angelo, Frate Bartolomeo, Ghiberti (who formed them), Guicciardini, and Machiavelli,[4] were secondary men? And certainly such were they, if we compare them with Galileo and Boccaccio [5] and Dante.

ALFIERI. I smiled from pure delight, which I rarely do: for I take an interest deep and vital in such men, and in those who appreciate them rightly and praise them unreservedly. These are my fellow-citizens: I acknowledge no other: we are of the same tribe, of the same household: I bow to them as being older than myself, and I love them as being better.

SALOMON. Let us hope that our Italy is not yet effete. Filangieri died but lately: what think you of him?

ALFIERI. If it were possible that I could ever see his statue in a square at Constantinople, though I should be scourged for an idolator,

[1] From "and" to "versification" added in 3rd ed; from "there" to "pedestal" added in 2nd ed.
[2] 2nd ed. reads: "reflection, more feeling, and the," etc.
[3] 2nd ed. reads: "than in the Iliad, nor," etc.
[4] 2nd ed. reads: "Boccaccio."
[5] "Boccaccio and" added in 3rd ed.

I would kiss the pedestal.[1] As [2] this, however, is less likely than that I should suffer for writing satirically, and as criticism is less likely to mislead me than speculation, I will revert to our former subject.

Indignation and contempt may be expressed in other poems than such as are usually called satires. Filicaia, in his celebrated address to Italy, steers a middle course.

SALOMON. True, he is neither indignant nor contemptuous : but the verses of Michel-Angelo would serve rather for an example, added to which they are much better.

ALFIERI. In fact the former part of Filicaia's is verbose and confused : let us analyse them.

> Italia, Italia, o tu cui *die'* la sorte
> *Dono* infelice di bellezza, onde hai
> Funesta *dote* d' infiniti guai,
> Che in fronte scritti *per gran doglia* porti.

Fate gives the *gift*, and this *gift* gives the dowry, which dowry consists of infinite *griefs*, and these griefs Italy carries written on her brow, through great *sorrow !*

> Deh, fosti tu *men* bella o *almen* più forte !

Men and *almen* sound wretchedly: he might have written *oppur*.* There are those who would persuade us that verbal criticism is unfair, and that few poems can resist [3] it. The truth of the latter assertion by no means establishes the former : all good criticism hath its foundation on verbal. Long dissertations are often denominated criticisms, without one analysis ; instead of which it is thought enough to say : "There is nothing finer in our language—we can safely recommend—imbued with the true spirit—destined to immortality," &c.

[1] End of passage added in 2nd ed.

[2] From "As" to "former subject" added in 3rd ed.

* There is another sonnet of Filicaia *to Italy*, remarkable for identity of sound in four correspondent closes.

> Dov' è, Italia, il tuo braccio? e a che ti *servi*
> Tu dell' altrui? Non è, se io scorgo il vero,
> Di chi ti offende il difensor men fero . . .
> Ambi nemici sono: ambi fur *servi*.
> Così dunque l' onor, così con*servi'*
> Gli avanzi tu del glorioso impero?
> Così al valor, così al valor primiero
> (Che a te fede giurò) la fede os*servi*?—W. S. L.

[3] 1st ed. reads : "stand."

A perfect piece of criticism must exhibit *where* a work is good or bad; *why* it is good or bad; in what degree it is good or bad; must also demonstrate [1] in what manner and to what extent the same ideas or reflections have come to others, and, if they be clothed in poetry, why, by an apparently slight variation, what in one author is mediocrity, in another is excellence. I have never seen a critic [2] of Florence or Pisa or Milan or Bologna, who did not commend and admire the sonnet of Cassiani on the rape of Proserpine, without a suspicion of its manifold and grave defects. Few sonnets are indeed so good; but if we examine it attentively, we shall discover its flaws and patches.

> Die' un alto strido, gittò i fiori, e volta
> All' improvisa *mano* che la *cinse,*
> Tutta in se *per la tema onde fù colta*
> La Siciliana vergine si strinse.

The *hand* is inadequate to embrace a *body: strinse*, which comes after, would have done better: and the two last verses tell only what the two first had told, and feebly: nothing can be more so than the *tema onde fù colta.*

> Il nero dio la calda bocca involta
> D' ispido pelo a ingordo bacio spinse,
> E di stigia fuligin con la folta
> Barba l'eburnea gola *e il sen le tinse.*

Does [3] not this describe the devils of our carnival, rather than the majestic brother of Jupiter, at whose side upon asphodel and amaranth the sweet Persephone sits pensively contented, in that deep motionless quiet which mortals pity and which the Gods enjoy; rather than him who, under the umbrage of Elysium, gazes at once upon all the beauties that on earth were separated [4]; Helena and Eriphyle, Polyxena and Hermione, Deidamia and Deianira, Leda and Omphale, Atalanta and Cydippe, Laodamia with her arm round the neck of a fond youth whom she still seems afraid of losing, and, apart, the daughters of Niobe [5] clinging to their parent.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "shew."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "critic, I do not say of Florence or of Pisa, but of Milan or Bologna, where letters are cultivated with more assiduity and success, who," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "Does this describe the brother of Jupiter? does it not rather the devils of our carneval [*sic*], than him at whose side," etc.

[4] 1st ed. reads: "separated, by times and countries."

[5] 1st ed. reads: "Niobe, though now in smiles still . . . parent; and many thousands more each of whom is worth the dominions once envied of both brothers."

SALOMON. These images are better than satires ; but continue, in preference to other thoughts or pursuits, the noble career you have entered. Be contented, signor Conte, with the glory of our first great dramatist, and neglect altogether any inferior one. Why vex and torment yourself about the French ? They buzz and are troublesome while they are swarming ; but the master will soon hive them. Is the whole nation worth the worst of your tragedies ? All the present race of them, all the creatures in the world which excite your indignation, will lie in the grave, while young and old are clapping their hands or beating their bosoms at your *Bruto Primo.* Consider also that kings and emperors should in your estimation be but as grasshoppers and beetles : let them consume a few blades of your clover, without molesting them, without bringing them to crawl on you and claw you. The difference between them and men of genius is almost as great as between men of genius and those higher Intelligences, who act in immediate subordination to the Almighty. Yes, I assert it, without flattery and without fear, the Angels are not higher above mortals, than you are above the proudest that trample on them.

ALFIERI. I believe, sir, you were the first in commending my tragedies.

SALOMON. He who first praises a good book becomingly, is next in merit to the author.

ALFIERI. As a writer and as a man I know my station : if I found in the world five equal to myself, I would walk out of it, not to be jostled.

I must now, signor Salomon, take my leave of you ; for his Eminence my coachman and their Excellencies my horses are waiting.

In regard to Alfieri's opinion of France, reference may be made to what Landor wrote to Forster in 1852 : " The only time I ever saw Alfieri was just before he left this country for ever. I accompanied my Italian master, Parachinetti, to a bookseller's to order the works of Alfieri and Metastasio. . . . ' Sir,' said Alfieri, ' you are a very young man. You are yet to learn that nothing good ever came out of France or ever will,' " etc.

XVIII. PETER LEOPOLD AND PRESIDENT DU PATY

(*Imag. Convers.*, i., 1824 ; i., 1826 ; *Wks.*, i., 1846 ; *Wks.*, iii., 1876.)

Among the Frenchmen who within the last fifty years have reflected honour [1] on their country, a distinguished rank is holden by the President Du Paty. His letters on Italy contain [2] acute observations, and his interview with Leopold forms no small portion of their interest. Pleased with the justness of his remarks and the pointedness of his expressions, and perhaps hoping to derive some advantage to the new Code from his deep study and long practice of jurisprudence, Leopold, when [3] he had conversed with him, invited him to return the next day.

At the hour appointed, the grand duke was leaning with his elbow on the chimney-piece, that he might neither rise at the entrance of the President, nor receive him in the manner of a sovereign.[4] The commencement of [5] conversation is trifling, even among the greatest men : this expression, whenever I use it, means men of the greatest genius and worth. The usual courtesies then having been exchanged, Leopold thus addressed his [6] visitant :—

Leopold. I know, M. Du Paty, that your compliments [7] can not stifle nor supersede your sincerity ; and that if I seriously ask your opinion on the defects of my Code, you will answer me [8] as seriously.

The President bowed, and, observing that Leopold had paused, replied.

President. Sir, I can not bear in mind all the articles of your Code ; and unless I could, my observations, if not erroneous, must be

[1] 1st ed. reads : " much honour."
[2] 1st ed. reads : " the most acute." [See C. M. J. B. Mercier Dupaty, *Lettres sur l'Italie en* 1785, 2 vols. Rome, 1788.
[3] From " when " to " him " not in 1st ed.
[4] 1st ed. reads : " sovran "—and so usually.
[5] 1st ed. reads : " all conversation."
[6] 1st ed. reads : " illustrious visitant."
[7] 1st ed. reads : " compliments, rich and abundant as they are."
[8] 1st ed. reads : " just as seriously."

imperfect. On these subjects we may not talk vaguely and fancifully, as on subjects of literature. Where man is to decide on man, where the happiness or wretchedness of one hangs on the lips of another, where a breath may extinguish a family or blight a generation, everything should be tried particle by particle. To have abolished capital punishments is a proof, in certain circumstances, no less of wisdom than of humanity: but I would suggest to your consideration, whether you have provided sufficiently for the protection of property and of honour. Your prisons are empty; but are you sure that the number of criminals is less? or are you of opinion that it is better to see them at large than in custody?

Leopold. Here are few assassinations, and no highway robberies.

President. I will explain the reason. In other countries the prostitutes are a distinct class: in Tuscany not *: and where there are no jealousies there will be few assassinations. Supposing a case of tyranny, the Tuscans will wriggle under it rather than writhe; and if even they should writhe, yet they will never stand erect. They[1] commit no murders for the purpose of robbing: and robbery on the highway they rarely hazard, having such facilities for committing safer and more compendious. Every man may plunder the vineyard of another at small risk [2] of prosecution; nor is there a single one in Tuscany that is not plundered [3] every autumn, unless the owner pass his nights in it during the maturity of the grapes. If he prosecutes, he suffers a heavier punishment than the prosecuted. He loses several days of labour, and receives no indemnity; nor indeed is there any security against a similar injury the succeeding year.

* Pomponius Mela says, after Theophrastus, "apud Tyrrhenos conjugia communia." Among the curiosities of this nation, reported by Athenæus in his twelfth book, are these from Theopompus. "*Παρὰ δὲ Τυρρήνοις ἐκτρόπως τρυφήσασιν ἱστορεῖ* Τιμαῖος. *Θεόπομπὸς δὲ, καὶ νόμον εἶναί φησι παρὰ τοῖς Τυρρήνοις κοινὰς ὑπάρχειν τὰς γυναίκας, ταύτας δὲ ἐπιμελεῖσθαι σφόδρα τῶν σωμάτων καὶ γυμνάζεσθαι πολλάκις μετ' ἀνδρῶν, ἐνίοτε καὶ πρὸς ἑαυτὰς, οὐ γὰρ αἰσχρὸν εἶναι αὐταῖς φαίνεσθαι γυμναῖς δειπνεῖν τε αὐτὰς οὐ παρὰ τοῖς ἀνδράσι τοῖς ἑαυτῶν, ἀλλὰ παρ' οἷς ἂν τύχωσι τῶν παρόντων, καὶ προπίνουσιν οἷς ἂν βουλήθωσιν, εἶναι γὰρ καὶ πίνειν δεινῶς. Τρέφειν μὲν τοὺς Τυρρήνους παντὰ τὰ γενόμενα παίδια, οὐκ εἰδότας ὅτου ἐστιν ἕκαστον.*"—W. S. L.

[First part of footnote, from "Mela" to "communia," placed in text in 2nd ed. Entire footnote added in 3rd ed.]

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "They will committ no assassinations from the other motive to them, that is, for the purpose of robbing: and robbery on the highway they will not committ, having," etc.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "at small hazard."

[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "plundered repeatedly."

Many robberies require impossible proofs; and [1] there are others the crime of which is extenuated by what ought to be an aggravation, namely, because they are also breaches of trust. Again,[2] what progress can philosophy, or indeed plain common sense, be said to have made in those countries where, according to law, no criminal is punished with the higher penalty for the worst offences, unless he confess his guilt?

LEOPOLD. I have retained this statute much against my will, in compliance with those about me.

PRESIDENT. Sir, good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be. Those about an arbitrary prince, whose (what scarcely ever happens) benevolence induces him to give laws to his dominions, should be only two; Equity and Decision. This appearance of gentleness is most illusory. It originated from the clergy, who slackened crimes and heightened punishments at their pleasure. You make the criminal his own judge, deciding for himself in what manner he shall be chastised.

LEOPOLD. Mine is an experiment.

PRESIDENT. Never let experiments be made on life or law. Let Experience sit on one side of the lawgiver, Justice on the other, with Humanity for assessor.

I know that your Highness has enacted clement laws in order to humanise the people, and that violence might never be added to rapine. But laws should be formed according to the character of the nation that is to receive them. The Italians were always more addicted to robbery and revenge than any other European people; crimes equally proceeding from idleness and effeminacy.

LEOPOLD. On [3] the accusation of revenge I have nothing to say, but on what authority do you found your assertion, M. Du Paty, that the Italians were always so addicted to theft?

PRESIDENT. I will not urge as a proof of it the increasing severity of the ancient laws, which would only demonstrate their imperfection; but I will insist on the documents of the Latin writers *de re rustica*, who give particular directions on the breed of house-dogs for the safeguard of the farms, however far removed be the subject from

[1] "And" and "namely" inserted in 3rd ed.
[2] From "Again" to "assessor" added in 3rd ed.
[3] From "On" to "but" added in 3rd ed.

cattle and cultivation. Nothing similar has entered into the scheme of any modern author on agriculture. Added to which, there is hardly a Latin writer, whether in prose or poetry, whatever be his subject, who does not say something about thieves; so familiar was the idea. The word itself extended, in more than one direction, beyond the character it first designated; Plautus calls a soldier *latro*, Horace, a servant *fur*. The Romans, who far excelled us in the greater part of their institutions, were much behind [1] in what by way of excellence we call the *police*. Hence in early times an opening to theft, among a people less influenced than any other by continence and honor. In many whole provinces of England, France, and Holland, and throughout the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the countryman may sleep in perfect security with his doors wide-open [2]; but, among the Italians, not in a single village, not in a single house, from Como to Reggio. The windows of every dwelling in Florence, even of your own palace, are barricaded [3] by grates of iron; in other words, every dwelling, your own among the rest, holds forth in the censor's face a libel against the government. The fault is partly in the laws and partly in the magistrature; for there is no nation so easily coerced by fear as this. I recommend no [4] cruelty: but those laws are cruel which are illusory, dilatory, or costly, to such as appeal to their protection; not those which award a stated and known severity of punishment for proven offences. The latter are no more so than a precipice or a penknife. I may leap down the one, I may cut my throat with the other; I may do neither.[5]

Sisto Quinto is the only sovereign who appears to have acted uniformly according to the national character.

LEOPOLD. I see in him, however, that cruel laws do not necessarily make a people cruel. The Romans (I would rather call them the

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: " much inferior."

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: " wide open: in Italy, not a single village, not a single house," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads: " barricadoed."

[4] 1st ed. reads: " not cruelty. Those laws," etc.

[5] 1st and 2nd eds. read: " neither. I pay taxes for the security of my person, my property, and my character: every farthing I pay beyond for law, if I can demonstrate the equity of my cause, is an injustice.

" Sistus Quintus is the only sovran . . . character. Happy would it have been for his country, had he united to omniscience another attribute of the Godhead, immortality.

" LEOPOLD. In that case, M. Du Paty, I should not have had the pleasure of your conversation here. I see," etc.

inhabitants of Rome) were less so under Sisto Quinto than before or since; and [1] the English are, and have always been, the most humane of nations, under penal laws the most iniquitous and atrocious.

PRESIDENT. I [2] am desirous of learning why the English appear to have been always so.

LEOPOLD. Look at Spain, at France, at Italy, from 1500 to 1600, a century in which the human race, both in those countries and in England, seems to have been greatly worse than it ever was before or since; and you will rarely find an empoisonment, rarely an assassination of any kind, committed in England for policy or revenge; while every month produces them in rank abundance through Italy, Spain, and France. I attribute it chiefly to the conscious valour of the English, so long displayed over all their enemies. The Spaniards, then esteemed the bravest and best soldiers on the continent, fled before them from one region of America to another, and over all the seas, while opulent cities were sacked by a boat's crew of buccaneers.

PRESIDENT. The glory of self-possession and of abstinence from bloodshed is shared by Sweden in the same age. And indeed, although it might be called by a less intelligent and a less impartial judge invidiousness and detraction, I can not but remark that some of the best Englishmen of that period were no better than robbers.

LEOPOLD. Robbers they were; but they also were better than robbers. Courage, which ought to be generous, was rapacious; and Genius, which ought to be tutelary, was destructive. Few rise to eminence in a calm; and of those who attain it in a stormier season, the names the most part are perishable. Not so Raleigh's.

PRESIDENT. France has produced many quite as illustrious in the union of wisdom, eloquence, and enterprise, as he was; and finding such characters are by no means extraordinary, has forgotten them.

LEOPOLD. I see clearly she has forgotten them, whether I read your historians or your older writers.

PRESIDENT. In regard to integrity and candour; no wickedness in that or any other age is comparable to Bacon's, another great Englishman, who solicited and flattered the Earl of Essex, owed his fortune and dignity to him, and dragged him to the scaffold.

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "your neighbours the English have always been the most humane of men."

[2] From "I" to "themselves," p. 117, added in 3rd ed.

I do not wonder at the villainies of men who have nothing but power and pedigree to support them, and whose names are as perishable as those of their spaniels; but I do wonder at one who is conscious that his must be immortal, fixing a stigma with his own hand upon it, which only the flames that will consume the world can obliterate. The counsellors of Elizabeth were wary and politic; they left magnificent mansions and large estates behind them, and the letters which compose their titles are legible enough; but what were the men intrinsically? Sharpers in Paris are often necessitated to exercise as much ability in doing less mischief. But Bacon, Bacon, to whom the earth had never seen (and was only then about to see) an equal: Bacon, to whom Milton and Shakespeare might have risen and looked up reverentially, was lured away by Avarice in the specious form of Ambition; and Ingratitude, the only fiend as odious, cast him down among worse than dead men from the pinnacle of glory.

I now return from the most memorable of the chancellors to the laws themselves. The laws of England have been the subject of eulogy to many learned and sagacious men. I have read them repeatedly and pondered them attentively,[1] and I discover them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole, they[2] make another. There is no country in which they move with such velocity where life is at stake, or, where property is to be defended, so slowly. I have hardly the courage to state these facts, and want it totally to hazard a reflection on them. Can we wonder that, on a Bench under so rotten an effigy of Justice, sate a Scrogges, a Jefferies, a Finch, a Page! The[3] hand of Law strikes the poor, its shadow strikes the wealthy.

The[4] Roman institutions were incomparably better, when the most respectable and the most elevated characters of the republic walked up and down the forum, ready to receive the complaints and to redress the grievances of their fellow-citizens. Such was the practice not only in the time of the republic, but before it under the

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "attentively. I find them," etc.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "they always."

[3] From "The" to "wealthy" added in 3rd ed.

[4] From "The" to "dishonest," p. 119, added in 2nd ed.

kings, and after it under the emperors. Law is become in England not only the most expensive, but the most rapacious and the most dishonest of trades: and the most licentious of strolling comedians are those, who, under the title of barristers, accompany the English judges in their circuits. In cross-questioning, as they term it, or examination of deponents against their client, they bear no respect whatever to honour or genius or any kind of worth; and the accuser who has been robbed, defrauded, or otherwise injured, has a graver and more intolerable wrong impending over him, not only than what he has already suffered, but even than what the criminal himself, in most instances, has to fear: so shameless is the effrontery, so unrestricted the invective, of barristers. What is peculiar in our times to the English, is, that these alone are the qualities for which the leaders of their Opposition are chosen; and from the Opposition (when the dunghill is well heated) ministers and secretaries, heads and tails, dart across the road before you.

Leopold. I have observed that these worthies begin their course by rowing with their backs against the stream, leaving it to be inferred what feats they can perform when a fare is offered them to go with it. With them we have nothing to do: let us descend again to the lower courts, in which the slowness of reparation is the thing most complained of. Justice in England is perhaps the slower in her movements from a higher sense of the decorous.

President. One would imagine that, in this long minuet of hers, she might take better care not to sweep against and upset the refreshments. Who could suppose that laws, instituted to humanize and civilize mankind, and on the operation of which the eyes of the most acute and virtuous are constantly intent, should retain a degree of ferocity greater than on any occasion they are called upon to correct? and should retain it where the nation has less of it than any other, and where hardly any trace of it is to be discovered out of its tribunals? Yet England, and within these twenty years, saw the worst of tortures inflicted on a criminal, not for his crime, but for his constancy; not for the violation of his country's laws, but for his strict observance of nature's; not for yielding to the solicitations of poverty, or to the seductions of vice, but for disregarding pain, torture, death itself, that he might not injure his family. Until the year 1772 a man convicted of felony, or petty treason, incurred what is barbarously and foolishly called "corruption of blood,"

followed by confiscation of goods, if, after or before his sentence, he acknowledged himself guilty: but if, hoping to save from ruin a family he had already brought to shame, he refused to answer the questions of the court, and neither denied nor confessed his guilt, then he was led back to his dungeon, a little bread and water was given to him, he was cast on his back, and he perished by the slow operation of an iron weight upon his breast. Blackstone, in his encomium on the English laws, which he entitles a commentary on the Constitution, is unable to deny or to dissemble this fact. Nevertheless the procedures and administration of justice are better in England than in France: in England it would be an infamy for a person to solicit or even to visit a judge on any case, criminal or civil: in France it would be thought a folly and an affront not to do it, and the omission of it would be the loss of the suit. We Frenchmen are the most delicate people in the world on points of honour, and the least delicate on points of justice.

Leopold. In other words the most on imaginary things, the least on real. A man's vanity tells him what is honour, a man's conscience what is justice: the one is busy and importunate in all times and places: the other but touches the sleeve when men are alone, and, if they do not mind it, leaves them. Point of honour you may well call it; for such precisely is the space it occupies.

Nothing is so surprising and proves to me so manifestly the moral excellence of the English above all other nations, as their juries. That twelve men should be unanimous, in order to punish an offender, and that neither fear nor corruption should have influenced an individual in the many hundred thousands who have been jurymen, is a miracle in morals and jurisprudence. No other nation could prudently or safely adopt this institution; no Italian legislator could modify it in any way; nor indeed does it appear to me advisable, in the most perfect state to which human nature can be brought, that more than nine in twelve should decide on guilt or innocence. For take the better informed half of the world, put the names into an urn, draw them out at hazard, and by twelves, and you will surely find at least three in that number weak, obstinate, or dishonest.

President. Some of the English laws are wonderfully [1] strange, and equally strange are the expressions. I may be punished for "bringing a man into contempt": as if anyone could be brought

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "are most strange."

into it without stirring a step on his own legs toward it. Aristides may have been laughed at, Phocion may have been reviled; but the judge who should have said that either had been brought into contempt, would have been covered with it himself by every citizen of Athens. The English are somewhat less quick in the apprehension of absurdity [1]: and this expression is not merely an absurdity, but a most pernicious one. The doctrine was inculcated by M. Murray, a Scotchman by birth, but an English judge, and the opinion of judges in that country, when once acted upon, passes into law. The national character, if I am not greatly mistaken, will within half a century feel the sad effect of this decision. Nothing in the world is such a safeguard of liberty and of virtue, as the maxim, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*, or such a loss and misfortune as its abolition. I would punish everything false against character, and permit everything true; as being the fairest chastisement of faults and follies, the mildest and surest and most expeditious. On the contrary, an English judge would punish in a fellow-citizen what he applauds in a Roman historian.

LEOPOLD.[2] No tyrant in modern ages or ancient, however barbarous, hath enacted such unjust and cruel laws as the parliament of England. Where will you point out to me one equal in atrocity to that which authorizes the renegade son of a Catholic to dispossess his father of his estate? "Honour thy father and mother" is erased from the commandments of the *reformed* church by act of parliament. The renegade may be elected to sit in this parliament, and his qualification is founded on the very property from which he has ejected his own father. Translate the English statutes into the language of Madagascar or Mozambic; read them to the prince of either country; and what must be the impression?

PRESIDENT. He would ask with what instrument the English sharpen their teeth; whether they colour them black, red, purple, or yellow; and would order his subjects to besmear their bodies with some acrid juice or gum, whenever a British vessel is observed upon the coast.

It may indeed be doubted whether the laws of England have not been gradually deteriorating for above seven hundred years: that is, whether they have not been accumulating more anomalies, more

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "absurdity. This expression," etc.
[2] From "LEOPOLD" to "coast" added in 2nd ed.

uncertainties, more delays, more costs, more contradictions, more cruelties.*

LEOPOLD. In England a peasant is slaughtered for the slaughter of another's sheep against his consent: a servant for stealing his master's spoon or wig: a little vagabond, starving at Christmas, snatches a rag from a hedge, and is recommended to the hangman for correction. Are these laws better than mine?

PRESIDENT. No, sir; they are worse in themselves; yet your Highness would do well to make the exchange, throwing back to the English, the boy, rag, spoon, and wig. They would suit your people better, and might fairly be laid aside when it had outgrown them: but I suspect they would be serviceable many years. Punish all crimes and you will punish few; remit a single one and you create a thousand.

LEOPOLD.[1] In England great crimes escape through the intensity of law; in Italy small ones through its relaxation. Which is the worse?

PRESIDENT. I dare to answer that the latter is: because great crimes do not run into smaller, but smaller into greater; and because, if there were not this reason, multitude turns the scale against magnitude.

I must here observe to you that the privilege of pardon in a prince is the most flagrant of usurpations. It belongs for the greater part to the person injured; but not entirely. The magistrate, who takes cognizance of the particulars, should also give his assent in the name of the community,[2] not, however, in consequence of a private petition or a subsequent representation.

I perceive with pleasure in your code that fines occur but seldom.

LEOPOLD. Pray, M. Du Paty, give me your reasons. If they are the same as mine they strengthen them; if they are different, they are more.

PRESIDENT. Fines and halters, the minions of English jurists, are the most summary and the least summary of chastisements, and by far the worst. A great fine does no harm whatever to a man of great

* Shute Barrington, in the year 1776, published *Observations on the Statutes, with a Proposition for new-modelling them.* Bacon, while chancellor, did the same, and ineffectually.—W. S. L.

[1] From "LEOPOLD" to "magnitude" added in 2nd ed.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "community, but not in consequence of . . . or any," etc.

fortune: it is a bribe to the laws, and ought as much to be prohibited as a bribe to the judge. It ruins, not the poorer man, but the poorer man's children: it deprives him of what he perhaps may do without, but what they can not, without an injury to society. If his education was defective, which the offence goes a great way toward proving, theirs must be more defective still, because the means of educating them are taken away or lessened. In some countries heavier fines are imposed for injuries or affronts committed against the superiors of the offender, slighter for those against the inferiors: this, if indeed they are ever equitable in such cases, ought to be reversed: for the inferior is the weaker in calumny and injustice, as in other things. We can not strike so hard from below as from above. The rich and powerful man does not lose even so much as a salute by it, while the artisan or tradesman loses in one instance a customer, in another ten or twenty, in another his livelihood.

LEOPOLD. In reply to the former of your remarks, I know not what else to say than that all punishments must in some degree touch the innocent; and that the family of every criminal is a loser in estimation, and consequently in property and prosperity, by his punishment, however just.

PRESIDENT. According [1] to your laws, two witnesses of bad character are worth more than one of good. But your Highness will excuse me from entering farther on the code itself, or from touching any single provision in it, since no conversation could do it rightly and satisfactorily; and indeed I am persuaded that your Highness would rather hear what I think of the spirit and its effects, than of any particular point or position.

The first duty of a legislator is to apportion [2] penalties; the second is to insulate them as much as possible, and to embank the waters of bitterness. I would therefore, both for the sake of compensation to the unoffending and to guard against offences, place the children of criminals in schools or workhouses, appointed for that purpose, and forbid them to keep the paternal name, which, for more than one reason, should be the first thing forfeited. A workhouse ought [3] to contain a school, not of writing or reading, but of industry. If you wish to make the bulk of men wiser, do not put books into

[1] From "According" to "position" added in 2nd ed.
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "proportion penalties; . . . isolate them," etc.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "A workhouse should."

their hands which they will either throw away from indifference or must drop from necessity, but give them employment suitable to their abilities, and let them be occupied in what will repay them the most certainly and the best. Their thoughts will thus be directed to one main point, and you will produce good artisans and good citizens. This is the wisdom for every day in the week ; and what is higher than this will never be impeded by it, and will often rise out of it.

LEOPOLD. I will consider your advice.[1] Here I may venture to assert, that, suitable to my character, my laws are circumspect.

PRESIDENT. I am afraid that, in the practice of jurisprudence, circumspection more than rarely means dilatoriness. Delay of justice is injustice. When offences are defined and punishments are apportioned, no circumspection is necessary. According to the practice in Tuscany, if I complain of a robbery, a young commissary of police examines me, and writes my deposition, without reading it over to me, whereby I may acknowledge or challenge its correctness. After several weeks another young commissary examines me again ; at the same interval a third ; and if my relation varies a tittle from what is found written by either, no chance remains of recovering the loss or of punishing the offender. These young men are paid no better than postillions ; and it seldom happens that one of the three is not corrupted by the offender. Travellers can not delay their journey : their valets know it : hence hardly one stranger [2] in twenty but finds himself robbed in this city. Witnesses are required where witnesses can not be expected : for which reason treachery is the constant companion of violence, and manliness of character is excluded.[3]

I [4] brought with me a letter of introduction to a gentleman here

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read : " advice : I say it as legislator, not as prince : for in our language, you know, when we promise to consider we purpose to neglect. Here," etc.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. omit " stranger."

[3] 1st ed. reads : " excluded. It is remarkable that in a single week two cases have occurred in point. A young man in the theatre applauded an actress. One sitting near him called him a blockhead for his admiration. He replied. The severer critic, to prove his superior judgment, made a different use of his hands, applying them to the face and frill of the applauder, who stood motionless as the prompter himself, and on the following day applied to the police. It being proved that he returned no blow, the Aristarchus was condemned to a month's imprisonment. A few days before or afterwards (I forget which) a young forener, a painter by profession, who had refused a favour to another, was waylaid by him in the street," etc.

[4] From " I " to " beaten " added in 2nd ed.

whom I found unwell, and his medical friend by the side of him in choler. As the invalid laughed, I took the liberty of asking the cause of his good spirits. "The doctor will tell you his story," said he. "It was in the beginning of January, and my coachman had been robbed of his great-coat: he found it again, detected the thief, brought him before the magistrate, and his deposition was written down carefully. According to custom, I and the coachman shall be called a second time in about forty days, a third in about forty more; that, if there is any discrepancy in our evidence, which discrepancy often arises from collusion, and oftener from forgetfulness in some minute circumstances, the rogue may enjoy the benefit of the law, and be acquitted. In the meantime I must purchase my coachman another great-coat; for justice here keeps nobody warm but the lawyers; and the stolen one will be eaten by the moths, as is inevitable in cloth at the close of February, if not carefully aired and beaten."

A young foreigner [1] who had refused a favour was waylaid in the street at dusk, and a blow was aimed at his head from behind with a club, which, if he had not at the moment heard the feet of his assassin, must have killed him, as it required from its massiveness the use of both hands, and the assassin was a remarkably strong man. The foreigner turned and avoided it, immediately aiming a blow at his adversary. The facts were proved: and this blow, necessary for self-preservation, was alleged as the reason why the crime was punished by one day's confinement. Yet the offender, it cannot be doubted, had premeditated an assassination, and had carried it as far into effect as he could. For his attempt he was almost unpunished; and if he had succeeded in it he would never [2] have been punished at all; for the witnesses were brought together only by the contest. Had there been no contest there would have been no witnesses: it being a point of delicacy [3] here in Tùscany not to interfere in another man's affairs without strong solicitation [4]; and the dead can neither ask favours, nor, what is equally necessary, requite them. Cowardice then is a merit, courage a bar to justice. What can be expected from a people, the least confident [5] in personal

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "forener"—and so usually.
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "not."
[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "it being the *etiquette* here."
[4] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "solicitation. Now the dead," etc.
[5] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "least confident of all . . . honour, and according to some the most insincere and fraudulent, when," etc.

strength and honour, when such dispositions are countenanced by such institutions?

LEOPOLD. I need not remark, M. Du Paty, that institutions are with difficulty laid aside.

PRESIDENT. Yet your Highness has abolished a very ancient one, that of monachism, I forbear to say totally, but almost, and that without detriment or danger. Now the forest is thinned, we discover its boundaries and can make our way through.

LEOPOLD. The business is done then to your satisfaction.

PRESIDENT. Not altogether. In my journey from Pisa to Florence, I inquired what was allotted to each ejected monk, and was informed that it amounted to somewhat less than what each galley-slave could earn in prison: facilities and materials of which earning are supplied to him by government, but are supplied in no measure to the ejected monk.

LEOPOLD. The fellows are idlers[1] and rogues: none of them

[1] 1st ed. contains following footnote:—

"There is less agreement on the character of reformers than of others, and Peter Leopold was a reformer. It is reasonable to suppose that he should have defended his conduct in some such manner as is represented in this dialogue. His enemies accuse him of avarice: and support their opinion by insisting on the inadequate education and slender maintenance of his natural children. Irony may say of Leopold, what Flattery said of Cosmo III., that he was *pater pauperum*. The hospitals, however, were abundantly supplied and carefully attended. After his decease, the lands belonging to them have been granted on perpetual leases, their income much diminished and their superintendence much neglected. At Pisa the poorest and most afflicted are so reluctant to enter the hospital, that the number of patients is reduced to *half* of what it was in the time of Leopold, and the quality of accommodations and comforts to less. At Florence the public is *permitted* to send subsidies of food twice in the week, and instances have occurred of patients who have suffered severely by the sudden effect of a nutricious meal.

"The less contemptible of princes love money for the sake of power, the more contemptible love power for the sake of money. Avarice is condemned in them from a sentiment of avarice. Other faults injurious in a greater degree to the public morality are overlooked or forgiven. The principal one of Peter Leopold was his employment of spies and informers. Curiosity and lust were the motives; not cruelty nor suspicion. He and Lord Cowper divided all the beauty of Tuscany in such a manner as that neither could be jealous. In every family throughout Florence, high or low, one of the domestics or one of the children communicated to the agents of the Granduke a detail of its most minute affairs. No harm perhaps was perceived by them in these communications which never led to punishment and seldom to inconvenience; but in fact they did greater mischief to the national character than the best institutions could remedy or compensate. Hence venality, bad-faith, suspicion, cowardice; hence the prostration of private and the extinction of social virtue. Cheteni, a thief-taker, a man equally of

understand, and few of them believe what they teach. I am not more imperious and arbitrary with the monks, than the monks have been with princes. I have removed their cells, they have removed our palaces. The church of Saint Isidore in Seville was opposite the royal palace; Sanchia the king's daughter was praying at a window which faced the shrine of the saint, when he appeared to the family and commanded that the situation of the palace should

scandalous life and coarse manners, walked into all the societies of Florence unmolested: age lost its dignity, youth its vivacity in his presence: all bowed before the grand informer. This creature has formed the manners of two generations and perhaps the national character for centuries to come. Leopold was in such security by his means, that on his departure from Tuscany, he left behind him not a soldier in Florence. He saw growing up a generation of Pygmies; and he saw them surrounded by cranes, with clipt wings and broken beaks.

"As we frequently see in the progeny of spotted animals, that some are all-white, others all-black, so appears it in the family of Leopold, that one has inherited all the brighter parts, the others all the darker of his character. In removing my hand from the portraiture, I wish I could dismiss the most excellent prince of his age, with merely a charge of unwise curiosity, of unworthy suspicion, or of too vague an indulgence in sensuality. I wish he had always observed in himself the justice he inforced in others. The Counts del Benino for services rendered to Florence inherited certain valuable privileges: Leopold annulled them. Del Benino petitioned that he might appeal to the courts of justice. Leopold frankly and willingly assented. The judges fancied they should flatter him by displaying in their decision a luminous proof of his equity, and gave sentence in favour of the plaintiff. Leopold disregarded it, and refused Del Benino any satisfaction for his loss.

"I[1] shall not be accused of flattery in recording some wise remarks and good actions of the reigning Granduke; for I am the only Englishman at Florence, I believe, who never goes to court, leaving it to my hatter, who is a very honest man, and to my breeches-maker, who never failed to fit me.

"When the minister of Austria, and another, laid before him a list of free-masons, *carbonari*, and various subjects for imprisonment or exile, he replied that he knew his people better than strangers could do, and would answer for their conduct.

"When some bigot told him that the Florentines ate meat on Fridays, he answered, 'I am happy they have it to eat.'

"When a Pisan professor, a Signor Rossini, who had written sonnets and such things as Italians write on every novelty, deaths, marriages, births, arrivals, departures, ribbons, crosses, popes, pandars, catchpoles, academicians, etc., etc., etc., every thing in short from which money or meat may be extracted, and had complimented all the invaders and occupants of his country by turns, not without gross invectives against Ferdinand, congratulated him on his happy and glorious return, he ordered a timepiece to be given him, as the present most proper to a time-server."

[1] From "I" to "time-server" not reprinted in 2nd ed. Entire note omitted in 3rd ed.

be changed, as it was unsafe[1] to have a woman so near his ashes.*

St.[2] Andreas and St. Podius, two Florentine archbishops, whose images stand opposite in the cathedral, would serve a sculptor or painter as models for the proudest and bitterest of the fallen angels. I have never seen such countenances among the living: for in the galleys we see roguery out of power, and hopeless of authority and respect: those of the Florentines in general express good nature and self-satisfaction.

In [3] this digression I am seeking no escape or subterfuge from our monks. The [4] body is injurious and pernicious from a shuffling show of enthusiasm, of all pests upon earth the most contagious. They who believe nothing make others believe most; as the best actors in our theatres are those who retain the most perfect command over their feelings, voice, and countenance. Our spiritual Mamelukery is as ambitious of power and riches as if it had children to inherit them, and the money that falls into their hands lies dead, the land indifferently cultivated. I shall fumigate my old hives, one after another, not minding the buzz from within.[5]

There is now another cry against me: that I am about to curtail the number of holidays.

PRESIDENT. The worship of St. Nicholas, I imagine, would be more easy to abolish than that of any other saint.

LEOPOLD. Why?

PRESIDENT. Because he, making the sign of the cross, brought to life a brace of roasted partridges; as I saw yesterday, painted and written in the cloister of Santo Spirito. Surely he can have few favourers in the church, who thus abuses the holy weapon: if he had lifted it up and brought down a brace out of a covey, instead of subducting them from the platter, when it had pleased God to put them upon it, he might have expected more fervency of adoration.

LEOPOLD. A good reason for your belief: and I hope to give as

[1] 1st ed. reads: "dangerous."

* Luca Tudensis Hist. Mirac. Sti. Isidori, c. xxxv. Bollandus.—W. S. L.

[2] From "St." to "self-satisfaction" added in 2nd ed.

[3] From "In" to "monks" added in 3rd ed.

[4] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "The body is dangerous from a show . . . Those who," etc.

[5] 1st ed. reads: "within. I shall next abolish the greater part of their festivals, for every saint in the calendar," etc. From "There" to "It is, because" added in 3rd ed.

good a one for my design. It is, because every saint in the calendar has made ten thousand beggars and ten thousand thieves, not counting monks.

PRESIDENT.[1] In my humble opinion, your Imperial Highness would have begun better with the abolition of fasts, as they are improperly called. If your people were mariners, if you possessed a fishery, then indeed there would be a politic and adequate reason for maintaining the institution; but as the Italians make less use of their coast than any people in the world, as among them only the Venetians have a fishery, there is no sufficient cause or plea for it. That God is better pleased with a sharp bone than a blunt one, I never can concede. This I know: fasts enervate men, and render them unfit not only for the duties of war, but for the occupations of peace. If salt fish, the only kind within the reach of the common people, be called a fast, the most important effect it produces is, that it makes them drink more wine than they would otherwise do, and deteriorates their blood.

The Athenians did not keep fasts; but their policy led them to eat salted the grillo and the locust, which diminished the number of these insects, and which at all events it was better to eat than to be eaten by.

LEOPOLD. A flight of locusts in Attica was like a flight of quails to the Bishop of Capri.

Frequently, when I have been vehement against abuses, but silent on my intentions, the clergy have told me that abuses form no part of their religion: they now tremble at what they call innovation, not knowing or dissembling that, in a pure religion, there can be no other innovations than abuses. They talk to me about the religion of our forefathers, conveyed to us in all its purity from the earliest ages. I am afraid, M. Du Paty, the pear was thumbed at the stalk when it was just ripe, and it rotted almost the next day.

PRESIDENT. The priesthood in all religions sings the same anthem. First, the abuses are stoutly defended; but when the ground is no longer tenable, then these abuses[2] are to be distinguished and separated from the holy faith. Since,[3] however, they are always found in its company, you may as well say that the cat's skin is not

[1] From "PRESIDENT" to "Capri" (2nd ed. "Caprea") added in 2nd ed.
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "abuses form no part of the, etc."
[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "If, however"; and "cries if."

the cat: the creature will make horrible cries should you attempt to strip it off, and perhaps will die of the operation. If[1] you see a man the greater part of his life in bad company, and growing worse at an age when he ought to act more wisely and more decently, you avoid him, whether his father and mother were honest people or not.

You have done much toward the destruction of a system, where fraud has been incessantly building upon fraud for fifteen hundred years. Neither[2] wit nor wisdom can operate on the vulgar. To speak to them obscurely would be insensate, and to speak to them plainly would be unsafe. The most dexterous attack ever made against the worship of the Virgin, the principal worship among Catholics, which opens so many side-chapels to pilfering and imposture, is that of Cervantes. When[3] we once go beyond the unity of God, who can say where we shall stop? the human mind is then propelled into infinite space, and catches at anything, from a want of rest.

LEOPOLD.[4] Cervantes wrote some sacred poetry.

PRESIDENT. Perhaps as a cover to his other book.

LEOPOLD. I[5] do not remember in what part of his writings he alludes to the worship of the Virgin irreverently or jocosely.

PRESIDENT. Throughout *Don Quixote.* Dulcinea was the peerless, the immaculate; and death was denounced against all who hesitated to admit the assertion of her perfections. Surely your Highness never could have imagined that Cervantes was such a knight-errant as to attack knight-errantry, a folly[6] which had ceased almost a century, if indeed it was any folly at all; and the idea that he ridiculed the poems and romances founded on it, is not less improbable: for they contained all the literature of the nation, excepting the garniture of chapter-houses, theology, and pervaded as with a thread of gold the beautiful histories of this illustrious people. He delighted the idlers of romance by the jokes he scattered among them on the false taste of his predecessors and of his rivals; and he delighted his own heart by his solitary archery, well knowing what

[1] From "If" to "not" added in 2nd ed.
[2] From "Neither" to "unsafe" added in 3rd ed.
[3] From "When" to "rest" added in 2nd ed.
[4] From "LEOPOLD" to "book" added in 3rd ed.
[5] 1st ed. reads: "I . . . part." 2nd ed. reads: "I . . . part Cervantes speaks of this." 3rd ed. adds: "writings . . . jocosely."
[6] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "folly that had ceased more than a century," etc.

amusement those who came another day would find in picking up his arrows and discovering the bull's-eye hits. Is [1] it possible to misapprehend such a passage as this? "When my lord duke promised you the government of the island, nobody ever thought of such things as scourgings": or that preceding, "Despatch, and consent to this discipline. I assure you it will redound to the advantage both of your soul and body; of your soul, from the charity it occasions; and of your body, as you are of a florid complexion, and will be all the better for a little blood-letting." Charles V. was the knight of La Mancha, devoting his labours and vigils, his wars and treaties, to the chimerical idea of making minds, like watches, turn their indexes, by a simultaneous movement, to one point. Sancho Panza was the symbol of the people, possessing sound sense in other matters, but ready to follow the most extravagant visionary in this, and combining implicit belief in it with the grossest sensuality. For religion, when it is hot enough to produce a rank [2] enthusiasm, burns up and kills every wholesome seed entrusted to its bosom. A [3] man somewhat more suspicious than I am, might be afraid that Cervantes was casting a sly glance toward the Trinity, when he wrote, instead of T*ir*ante el Blanco, T*ri*ante. It could not be a mistake of his, the name of Tirante being among the most celebrated in romance: and critics and editors are so sure of correctness in the first editions, that we find T*ri*ante in that of Madrid. Allusions [4] are made to the Catholic Church by more than one personage; but the author had the good taste, not to say the prudence, to avoid the continuity of allegory in so long a work, and to make it yield to character. In the same manner Petronius alludes to Nero, sometimes in a philosopher, sometimes in a poet, and often in himself; so that the emperor stood in a room panelled with mirrors, and turned nowhere without seeing his own features.

LEOPOLD. Your exposition of the subject is quite novel to me, and your observation on it just. I care nothing about the worship of maple-trees and marble, or the inscriptions under them, or the coronets above: but I am resolved [5] to remove many gross impedi-

[1] From "Is" to "blood-letting" added in 3rd ed.
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. omit "a rank."
[3] From "A" to "Madrid" added in 3rd ed.
[4] From "Allusions" to "features" added in 2nd ed.
[5] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "resolved if not to forbid at least to discountenance the canonization of more saints in Tuscany. Many noble," etc.

ments to industry, to forbid the observance of certain old saints, and to discountenance the canonisation of any new ones in Tuscany. Noble families have been ruined by counting a saint among them; almost as many as have been enriched by counting a pope; for the [1] process costs fifty thousand crowns. When it happens that a poorer man or woman is made the object of adoration, then indeed it is attended with somewhat lighter expense, because the confraternity that solicits it never does so, unless it has some powerful patron at Rome, nor unless the speculation is sure enough to be lucrative.

PRESIDENT. It appears to me, sir, that even in a religion resting on peculation and fattening on vice, with violence on the right hand and falsehood on the left, giving everything to the slothful, and taking everything from the industrious, no evil is worse than the necessity of periodical confession to priests; an evil which, I am afraid, your power cannot remove, nor your wisdom remedy. It does more than impoverish noble families: it divests them of their respectability. What young woman who has once overcome her sense of shame, so as to expose before a stranger of another sex the first secrets of the heart and the disclosing germs of the passions, can retain all her delicacy of character? Modesty, by lifting up the [2] veil, is changed in all her features; and when she turns her first step aside, is gone for ever. Nothing [3] could be invented so efficacious as confession to increase and perpetuate the dominion of the priesthood, and nothing so efficacious to accumulate and secure its wealth, as the doctrine of purgatory. Confession is good if it be made to the person injured. Ingenuousness, manliness, a resolution to give satisfaction for a wrong, and a pledge to abstain from it in future, are then, and then only, its seasonable fruits. Confession is not only not good, but positively and greatly bad, if it be made to a priest, as it always is in the Catholic Church; because it transfers the authority of pardoning from Him [4] who can to him who can not. He whose hay-stack is burnt may pardon the burner of it; but he who only hears of its being burnt is in no such situation. A father may forgive the corrupter of his daughter; can a priest?

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. omit "for the."
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "her veil."
[3] From "Nothing" to "nearly all," p. 133, added in 2nd ed.
[4] 2nd ed. omits capital in "him."

LEOPOLD. He says he can.

PRESIDENT. He lies then. God has given him no such authority, nor can he show that God has enabled him to pardon any sin whatever on confession made to *him*: but he knows that neither confession to God nor (what is better) to the injured party, will give him power and domination, by placing the hearts of men, and with their hearts, their stomachs and purses (two other vital parts), within his reach and under his key.

LEOPOLD. The priest inherits, he tells you, his prerogative from the apostles.

PRESIDENT. He may as well pretend to the gift of tongues. Peculiar powers and attributes were conferred on the apostles, which never were intended for perpetuity, and the Catholic Church selects from these whatever can aggrandize it, by whatever means and application.

LEOPOLD. Come, now for purgatory : after this last sentence you want it.

PRESIDENT. Whether there be or be not such a place or thing as purgatory, I think it useless to inquire, since no inquiry will lead me to proof and certainty. Truths, untruths, ambiguities, serve mother church most filially. Purgatory has one gateway upon earth; under which gateway is a till to receive the small coin and great coin of all comers.

"Will you leave your father and mother in the flames for ages, when masses can release them ? O sinner ! you may expect the same hardness of heart in your own children ; and your offences will be the heavier by the addition of this inhumanity, practised by you toward your unhappy parents, taught by you to your unhappier progeny." The penitent in the confusion of terror begs and implores the tender priest to say them : and what priest will do it unpaid ? Catholics cure sins as old women cure styes in the eye, by rubbing them with gold.

LEOPOLD. M. Du Paty, you do not believe then our religion to be of divine origin.

PRESIDENT. Every good action, every good thought, everything good, is of divine origin : but I see nothing of the divine in manifest fraud, swarming with its insects and reeking in its exposure : I see nothing of it in the political invention of priestly institutions, nor in that base metal which solders the church to the state. As Christians

we can take only the word of Christ for our rule. Neither the dreams of the convent nor the revels of the Vatican are adapted to the present day. We know more things and better than priests and monks have taught us; nor do we esteem those people the more in a tiara than in a cowl, in scarlet and embroidery than in black and white. When violence and ignorance had usurped the Roman empire and the Greek, reasonably did the few wise men unite against the many unwise, until an equal and a safer share of power was granted them. Religion opened her august asylum: Peace, Virtue, and Learning took refuge there, and sate quietly at the side of Bigotry and Imposture. Diversity of opinion did at last spring up; but the great body of the thinking, at least in this country, found the comfort of holding together. Thus by degrees the church grew on a level with the state, and (what remote posterity will hardly credit) overtopped it. Times have changed wonderfully since: kings equal monks, and nations equal kings. Whether it ought to be thus, I dare not ask: certainly it appeared a monstrous thing so lately as two centuries ago. The first attempts were made by Venice and Holland: one defeated the most powerful king in Europe, and the other broke the league of nearly all. Let [1] us lower our eyes from states to look at individuals: let us compare the women of Saxony and England with those of Italy and, I say it very reluctantly, of France: what a difference! In [2] Florence indeed you see Englishwomen arrogant, presumptuous, suspicious, credulous, and speaking one of another more maliciously than untruly; but Englishwomen in their character as in their clothes contract a great deal of dirt by travelling. Of this there are many causes: the filthiness of our continental inns, so shocking to decency, and to nothing of which kind are they accustomed in their own country; the immodest language they hear from all classes, and nearly from all individuals, a thing utterly unknown among them at home; conversations [3] on topics to which not even the most vulgar wretch in England ever alludes in presence of a female; and intercourse with others of their countrywomen who, from a long residence abroad, have been deeply imbued in foreign

[1] From "Let" to "let us" added in 2nd ed.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "In Florence indeed you rarely see an Englishwoman of character: they are chiefly those who are little respected at home; arrogant," etc.

[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "the conversations . . . and above all, their intercourse with . . . deeply initiated in foren manners."

manners. This[1] impudicity, this utter insensibility to decency in conversation, seems to have always been a characteristic of the Italian race. Many things are daily said at the tables of the first society which ought only to be heard in schools of anatomy or medicine. At a time when corruption was thought, truly or falsely, to be less profound and less general than at present, we find the novelist Bandello, a person of education, a courtier, and at last a bishop, addressing to a lady of rank, whom he esteemed for her understanding and her virtue, a story of Messalina, in which such expressions are used by him as the sailors of Caieta, her paramours, would have hesitated to employ. Boccaccio too, who flourished much earlier, the purest and soundest heart, the companion of the highest, the bosom-friend of the wisest and the best, represents to us seven unmarried ladies of the first families, of the noblest principles, of the most elegant and courteous manners, listening to the recital of such stories as would drive away five out of any seven washerwomen on the Seine.

LEOPOLD. What the English ladies may be in their interior I do not pretend to know: but when I compare their manners and address with those of my Florentines, or indeed with those of any other nation, it is far beyond my prerogative to grant them the precedency. Ours are accused of levity at church: they go thither, it is objected, to make love. Be it so. I never saw a Florentine girl or woman,

[1] From "This" to "Seine" inserted in 3rd ed. to replace the following passage:—

"These lead the fashion: these teach them to talk aloud in their chapels, where they have any, and to feed greedily on the blushes of the more innocent, who at first enter decorously and piously, but who soon do the same towards others, that they may not be thought awkward and ill-bred.

"Your Highness is perhaps acquainted with what occurred this morning. The young woman was I understand among the beauties of a little fishing town in the west of England: an ensign fell in love with her, and married her. She soon observed that it was unfashionable in Italy to live without her *cavaliere servente*: she engaged one: he went away: she took another. In these matters the number two multiplies rapidly: they followed not singly nor by intervals, but one upon another, like eels down a floodgate after a shower. Having found access to the house of the Minister, she was visited by many, however they declaimed against her, until at last a gallant for some private injury has whipt her twice in the streets this very day. It is hoped she will have interest enough to stop enquiry, and will have received no other harm than a few such circuitous lines as designate the latitudes on a globe, and the name, partly derived from her native place, and partly from her recent misfortune, of *La Nereide Frustrata* . . . the whipt Nereid. Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off."

who did not come out in better humour than she entered, nor an English who did not come out in worse. The heart may surely be as impure from gall as from love ; and if we must err on either side, let it rather be toward the kind affections than toward the unkind. The Florentine opens her heart, gives it, and resumes it, as easily as her fan : the Englishwoman abroad keeps hers locked up, as a store-room for the reputations she has torn, or intends to tear, in pieces. She may be indeed a good mother ; but if she takes alarm or umbrage at every foot that approaches her, I would rather have such a good mother in cub or kennel, than in my closet or at my table.

PRESIDENT. The Englishwoman in England is domestic : she of highest rank superintends the village-school, hears the children their lesson, examines their cleanliness, observes their dress, inquires into their health, remarks their conduct, presages their propensities, is amused at their games, and is interested in their adventures. She visits the sick, she converses with the aged, she comforts the afflicted, and she carries her sons and daughters with her, to acquire the practice of their duties. Those in England are all diffidence ; those in Italy all defiance. Awkward beyond all other women upon earth, they happily are the most so when they are copying what is bad.

If we desire to know with certainty what religion is best, let us examine in what country are the best fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, wives : we shall there also find the best citizens, and of course the best Christians.

LEOPOLD.[1] The Catholic has one advantage over others, in the fixedness of its dogmas.

PRESIDENT. These have been interpreted according to the convenience of the hierarchy. One pope, on more than one occasion, has flatly contradicted another ; and not only has this been done where the contradicted pope has been declared an anti-pope (exquisite solution !), but where anti-papacy was never dreamt of. Benedict XIV. in the formulary called the " act of faith " prefixed to the elementary works of education, and even to the alphabet, makes the children say, " they believe that the Son of God will bestow on the good the eternal glory of paradise, and on the wicked the eternal pains of hell." Children, who have not a penny in their pockets, may

[1] From " LEOPOLD " to " haste " added in 2nd ed.

believe it; but old men and women, who carry a warm purse in fob or sack, entertain another belief. They are assured that the wicked are not liable to eternal pains, if they leave enough behind them for masses. In vain will anyone tell me, that masses will relieve from purgatory only, and not from hell. Where is the instance of a wealthy man told on his deathbed that the church can not save his soul by masses, or that he has not been confirmed in his credulity that it can? Pay handsomely for masses, and hell is out of the question. When you are there indeed you are too late; make haste!

LEOPOLD. Popery, with her worst abuses, hath had her converts, and even from among the reformed, and men neither vicious nor ignorant: explain me this.

PRESIDENT. Reasons and reason are different things. In all religions there have been believers who reflected with equal intensity. Those you mention, serious and melancholy triflers, attach much importance to things of little. After attempting to penetrate and pass the crowd of fathers (as they are called) and saints and martyrs, and knowing that before them lies a vast extent of perplexity and confusion, they stop, exhausted and spiritless, cast back a look of anguish over the ground they have plodded through, hesitate, close their eyes, and sink upon the bosom of infallibility. As if the Almighty had ever invested with his attributes a senseless and vicious priest, studious of nothing but the usurpation of power and the aggrandizement of family, a creature stained, as the greater part hath been, with murder and incest and other enormities, at which Nature is confounded and Piety in consternation.

If[1] the popes are the servants of God, it must be confessed that God has been very unlucky in the choice of his household. So many, and so atrocious, thieves, liars, and murderers, are not to be found in any other trade; much less would you look for them at the head of it.

LEOPOLD. Take care they do not catch you, and treat you as Julius II. was about to treat Ariosto.

PRESIDENT. I will not touch his Galatea under his eye: for little am I disposed to be the hero of an eclogue, and less than any of a piscatory one.

There are offences which popes will not pardon; those namely

[1] From "If" to "one" added in 2nd ed.; from "There" to "otherwise" added in 3rd ed.

that affect their power [1]: otherwise the best among them permit for money what they and all their statutes condemn. Prohibitions are merely a preparation for indulgences: sins are wealth, masses save souls, virtues are insufficient.

LEOPOLD. I have under my windows here in Florence, no fewer than three uncles married to their nieces, by express permission from the "Holiness of our Lord"; the title always given to him in our gazettes. A little more wealth, with hardly any more impudence, and we (unless I check it) may see brother and sister, father and child, united by the sacrament of matrimony.

PRESIDENT. Let me return to my monks, who, whatever may be the abuses of their institutions, have nothing to do with such abominations.

LEOPOLD. While they are monks, no: but scatter the dragon's teeth upon a warmer mould, and up springs a body of the same troopers.

Those of Rome were desirous, not many years ago, of beatifying one of your countrymen. "Such a rarity," said Benedetto Sant-Anna,[2] its partisan and its promoter, "was the brilliant device of father Nepomuceno, and should have gloriously greased our platters."

Benedetto Sant-Anna Torbellini is the natural son of a prince whom I esteem. Neglecting his studies, he was placed in a monastery at Rome, where he was remarkable for his musical powers, and his influence on the minds of his fair auditors. An intrigue with the adopted niece of a cardinal was his ruin. "It is not enough, then, Benedetto," cried his eminence, "that you treat me with this ingratitude; me, who from your earliest youth have treated you with paternal kindness. We have known each other's foibles: but such an affront in my own library, under my own eyes, is unpardonable."

In vain he protested that, guilty as he was, this aggravation of his guilt was unintentional: that for the universe he would not have wounded the feelings of his early friend and benefactor, who certainly had been toward him a great deal more than ever father was; that

[1] 1st ed. reads: "LEOPOLD. The best . . . insufficient. Would you not relieve your father from the agonies of hell, when a petticoat tied by you round a priest's mistress can accomplish it? do you hesitate? would not you, unnatural wretch! desire that your children should perform the same service for you? I have under my windows," etc.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "Benedetto Sant-Anna, one of its promoters, 'was," etc.

his eminence at no other time could have been irritated by any levity in him; that he thought the library a sanctuary unentered by human foot; and that he and Costanza had almost blinded themselves, by dusting the cushion where——

"Begone from my sight, villain; leave Rome instantly," cried the cardinal.

He obeyed, bringing me a letter; on which, knowing his state of probation, I did not hesitate to place him at the head of my young fifers, and he will shortly be leader of my band. His account of the sanctification is this.

A poor devil had been observed every day, for twenty years, saying his prayers and beating his breast upon the bridge of Sant-Angiolo; and it sounded like a drum from inanition, voluntary or involuntary. During the performance of these religious duties, a boy, who had gone over to [1] the buttress, on such an occasion as is usual here in such places, fell from it, and was taken up by a barge a little way off. We have receipts for doing everything, miracles not excepted. On the death of the Frenchman, one Labre, who was attended in his last moments by father Nepomuceno, it was resolved to make a saint of him, as having saved by his intercession the boy who tumbled from the buttress. Depositions were made upon oath that he was seen praying at the time, and that he neither called out for assistance nor exerted any other human aid. Such unequivocal proofs of piety and faith interested all the holy city in his behalf. His clothes, after being well shaken on the bridge and sprinkled with holy water, were removed to the convent. Benedetto Sant-Anna had the charge of giving them the odour of sanctity, by sprinkling them daily with the powder of a Tonga bean, a substance then unknown at the capital of the Christian world. They were kissed inside and outside, and some of the more pious in this operation licked them furtively.

You must have observed at Rome, M. President, a vast number of lame beggars. No single war, in ancient or modern times, could have lamed so many as now become lame every year; nearly all are cheats. A consultation was holden by the elder monks; and it was resolved to collect these rogues and vagabonds, and to restore the use of their limbs in the church of the monastery. Two younger members of the confraternity were commissioned to joke with some and to pay a paolo to others. At the morning appointed for the

[1] 1st ed. reads: "upon the butress."

solemnity, the cloisters were filled with these creatures upon crutches, and the church, arrayed in silks of yellow and red, was admirably well attended. Everyone was in full dress: the ladies with naked bosoms, the gentlemen with swords, out [1] of pure respect to mother church. Suddenly the cloister-door flew open, and a tremendous sound was heard from the pavement to the roof. Tatters rustled round, crutches and knees, and bosoms covered with parchment and bladders, made a noise greater than that of an attack with bayonets. Waves of mendicants, one bending over another, poured in. It was an edifying sight.

An old beggar, really lame, and not in the secret, heard by chance of the ceremony, and hopped in after the rest. Many prayers were offered up to the beggar-saint: the censer was waved frequently before his picture; motions of the hands in various figures were made over the supplicants.[2] Some walked like boys; others walked indeed, but felt pain. Again crosses were made, again breasts were beaten, groans and thanksgivings were mingled, till at last pain and stiffness were unfelt by all; old sinews were knitted anew, lost bones recovered, and even the maimed and mangled left their late supports in the nave of the church as incumbrances, and perhaps as offerings, and walked firm and erect to finish their thanks in the refectory. One only remained. Father Nepomuceno who led the rear, approached him marvelling, and said majestically and somewhat angrily, "Arise." The beggar, strengthened in faith, made an effort.

"Do not you find yourself better?" said father Nepomuceno.

"Rather better," replied the mendicant.

"Rise then instantly."

He raised himself vehemently, and his crutches and knees and knuckles rattled in unison upon the floor.

"Thou man of little faith! away!" exclaimed father Nepomuceno. He led him into his cell, and cried furiously, "What means this?"

"God knows," replied the poor good patient creature, "it is God's will."

"Have you prayed?" asked the father hastily.

"Thrice a-day regularly since I could speak."

"In church? and always to the Virgin?"

[1] From "out" to "church" added in 3rd ed.
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. add: "and all received signal benefit."

"Yes," replied the penitent.

"Have you confessed?"

"Yes."

"Have you scourged yourself for your manifold sins?"

"Alas! how can I scourge myself!" cried the beggar, with tears in his eyes from so painful an inability. "I can only beat myself when I lie down: and beside, I can commit no offence to anyone, which God forbid I should ever wish to do."

"No offence to anyone! is that no offence! How! no offence do you think it to talk thus presumptuously? We are all sinners: unless we did works of charity and penitence, what, in the name of heaven, would become of us! Vile wretch! I must open your eyes. You have secret crimes unexpiated: you have brought dishonour upon him who would have been your patron, and whose manifold mercies you have just witnessed toward the more deserving."

Upon this he took down a scourge, and bade the beggar kiss it: the contrite man complied. The father unconsciously drew it through his left hand, and found that it was one adapted to his own shoulders. He threw it down indignantly, and seized [1] from across the back of an arm-chair a broad embroidered garter, stiff with brazen threads double-gilt, and embossed with the letters EUFROSINA: LAURA-BEATRICE: RADICOFANI: with which, and without any farther ceremonials, he scourged the lame beggar heartily, exhorted him to faith, humility, and penitence, and dismissed him weeping and praising God that his eyes were opened.*

[1] 1st ed. reads: "seized an old cord from across the back of a chair, with which," etc.

* It will hardly be credited that the following is an extract from a Gazette in our times. "Firenze, giovedi 19 Decembre 1822. La religione de' *Servi di Maria* che ha avuto origine in questa capitale, ci ha dato in quest' anno il contento di vedere due de' suoi figli, nostri Toscani, *sollevati all' onore degli altari*, cioè il B. Ubaldo Adimari, nobile Fiorentino di cui ne furono già fatte le festi nella basilica della SS. Annunziata di questa città, ne' tre giorni della scorsa pasqua, cioè 7, 8 e 9 Aprile, e nella chiesa di monte Senario il di 16 nello scorso maggio, in cui ricorreva la solennita dell' Ascenzion del Signore, e il B. Bonaventura Bonaccorsi, nobile Pistojese, del quale oltre le solennissime feste celebrate in Orvieto, *dove passò alla gloria e si conserva il di lui sacro corpo*, ne' giorno 11, 12, e 13 dello scorso Ottobre, il di 14 del corrente, giorno della sua *preziosa morte*, ne fù con decente sacra pompa solennizata la memoria nella predetta basilica della SS. Annunziata. *Rendiamo pertanto grazie all' Altissimo, per averci concesso in questi due Beati Comprensori due potenti avvocati al suo divin trono!*"

According to this, God is ready enough to receive thanks and perfumery from whoever offers, without the introduction of squire or chamberlain, but is some-

PRESIDENT. I am not the advocate of[1] these orders; but each contains, I know, many virtuous individuals; many have resigned all pretensions to patrimony in behalf of brothers and sisters, relying on a secure possession of their hoods and cells. I may not be greatly benefited by their processions or their prayers, but surely as much by them as by the cutlass and pistol of the highwayman.

LEOPOLD. The[2] greatest of abuses is the bequest of gold and jewels to the Virgin and Saints. Since however it would shock the piety of the people to forbid it, the only plan I can think of is, to decree that such gifts be confided to the municipality in trust and guardianship, and kept under lock and key; and if the Virgin or Saint do not come and take them within the year, that it be considered as a proof no such things are wanted by them, and that they freely give them to the sick and poor. No roguery of priestcraft, no stupidity of idolatry, is so gross as in this practice, which I imagine my scheme will tend speedily to correct. I[3] do not know whether I am of a profession so good at telling stories as at raising them; however, since I hear most of the occurrences that happen in my little territory, I will relate to you another anecdote.

Marchese Riccardi had the finest reliquary in Italy. When he was on his death-bed, the Dominicans came about him, and his confessor was firmly of opinion that his road to Paradise would be smoother if the relics were given to their church. He was persuaded of the fact: he left the Dominicans his relics. I inquired of his son the other day, whether it was not with some regret that he presented to the Dominicans so great a treasure.

"Not at all," said he.

"I understand the reliquary to have been valued at eight thousand crowns," answered I.

"The reliquary, yes," replied he, "but I never heard the value of the relics."

"What then, marchese, did you only give *them?*"

what slow to grant pardon without such powerful advocates as Signor Bonaventura Bonaccorsi or Signor Ubaldo Adimari, in their saintly embroidered shoes and pink satin robes of glory.—W. S. L.

[1st ed. prefixes to above footnote: "Saints are again the *rage*, but saints of *bon-ton*."]

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "of this order."

[2] From "The" to "correct" added in 2nd ed.

[3] From "I" to "anecdote" added in 3rd ed.; from "Marchese" to "assented," p. 144, added in 2nd ed.

"My father," said he, "would have felt a torment the more, if the reliquary had gone out of the family. We may hope for other relics to fill it again, and just at this time there are some real ones that will be sold reasonably."

I asked him what he meant. He told me that a worthy friar had been despatched from Rome, on a mission to Ravenna, with a present of relics to the cathedral. He was so sober a man that, whenever he drank an extraordinary glass of wine, it confused his intellects. On his arrival at Forli he could not contain his joy nor moderate his pride on the treasure he was conveying. The box was of cypress, curiously carved, and extremely old: a brass lock was fastened upon it with pins of the same metal. The brotherhood of the convent where he lodged, looked upon it with a variety of eyes, on hearing that it contained a treasure; for he uttered not a word upon the nature of it. Some believed it was of diamonds; others of emeralds; others of rubies: all however were convinced from the lightness that the jewels were unset. There is hardly a town in Italy where the people are idler than at Forli. The lay-brothers of the convent whispered the report in every street; and among the curious who assembled at the convent-gate was an officer, a native of Ravenna, named Filiberto Quinci. He indeed was curious to see the treasure, and, not without hope that he might be ordered to convoy it, came to say that there was an old munition waggon fit for this service; little thinking that treasures could be light things, nor having heard any expression but "Have you seen the treasure?" What was his surprise on beholding a box nine inches long and seven broad, with a crucifix on the top to guard it! and what was his delight at finding a friend of his early youth in the trusty friar.

"Paolo Naccheri, is it you?" cried he.

"Filiberto! Filiberto!" cried the monk. They embraced: necks and shoulders, beards and tears, met. They went away and would sup together. The friar drew forth his handkerchief, and produced a thick slice of Bologna mortadella, some cheese, seven or eight livers, with lard enough to fry them in, and some bay-leaves and rosemary. There was also a piece of new goat-milk cheese, indented like Dover cliffs by his hunger on the road: this he threw back into his cowl. The lieutenant, when he saw all the provisions, blushed a little, and was resolved not to be outdone. He had observed a goose in the morning at the shop of a poulterer, the only poulterer in Forli,

and who refused to sell any smaller portion than a whole leg, with which it was stipulated that half the head and half the neck and the whole foot should be weighed. A noble of the city sent his cook several times to negotiate about it; but the poulterer was inflexible, and the noble retreated. The lieutenant did what was never done there since the days of the Lombard King Aistulphus: he stewed three-parts of a goose together, and inserted the cheese, the liver, the mortadella, the bay-leaves, the rosemary, and the lard. The monk declared that the dish was fit for the marriage of Cana in Galilee. The lieutenant said that such was his friend's courtesy; but that in his anxiety to serve him he had forgotten the figs and the aniseed, and begged him not to spare the lemon and sugar that were beside him; if it wanted oil, the oil in the lucerna was as fresh as any. The pleasure of meeting gave activity to their digestive powers, and to the antecedent ones: exhortations, jokes, recollections, wine, religion, women, passed in turn: and now struck the *ventiquattro*.* The monk hurried toward the convent, embracing his friend at the door, and promising to return. He did indeed, and shortly; pale, speechless, agonizing.

"What is the matter, my dear Naccheri?" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"I am undone! I am lost for ever! the casket is broken open; the relics gone!"

"Have you no suspicion of the thief?"

"None whatever."

"Some person in the convent?"

"Sacrilege! impossible!"

"Leave the matter to me: I have detected and taken up many rogues."

"O for Christ's sake! it would be a scandal!"

"Leave it, I say, to me: I will accuse no friar, I promise you. Bring me the box by daylight."

Disturbed and disorderly were the slumbers of the monk: he attributed his loss to the levity of his conversation, which he confessed to the Virgin, begging her however to remember that he had mixed it with religion. Among other thoughts in his imperfect sleep, he fancied that the relics were again in the casket. He started up;

* 24 o'clock, one hour after sunset, when the monks should be in the convent. Almost the only question asked openly by the Italians is, *sono sonate le* 24? so teeming with big events is that hour.—W. S. L.

walked toward it; closed the lid, turning his eyes away from it, as unworthy to behold it, and repeating in a tremulous voice, *Fiat voluntas tua!* again placed it under the guardianship of the crucifix. Before the dawn of day he rose and dressed himself, if such an expression is applicable to friars, and having said a litany, together with a proper psalm, *By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,* he wiped his eyes, covered the precious casket, and carried it to his friend, to whom he related his sufferings and his dream.

"May I look at it, unworthy as I am?" said Filiberto.

"Take it, take it! behold it!" answered the friar, sobbing piteously.

The lock was unforced, but the brass nails were standing out from it; they had been removed and replaced.

"Are you quite sure they have taken the relics?"

"Sure, sure; even the wrapper."

"I must confer with another upon these nails," said the lieutenant; "they may lead to the discovery of truth." He had drawn one out slily.

"No, no, no!" cried the friar.

"One is wanting," said his friend: "you yourself will be suspected of curiosity and unbelief, if this should be missed. Another must be made quickly!"

Fra Paolo shuddered and assented, but [1] remarked that it was impossible for any human hand to imitate the imbossed and ancient nail.

"Leave [2] it to me," said Filiberto: "you must not appear in the business: the nut is out, I may be trusted with the shell."

He took it into his bedroom, and having selected the larger bones of the goose from their two plates, and washed them in a lixiviate, and rubbed them with ashes, he enwrapped them in a cartouche-paper, deposited them in the casket, fastening the nails, particularly the one he had removed. He then ran to the outer room, and "Father! father!" cried he, "I will have nothing more to do with it: I am unworthy! I can aver and swear that a nail was wanting, and I believe in my conscience that several were loose."

The father answered not: he took the casket in his hand, looked at it, raised his eyes to heaven, and swooned. The lieutenant rubbed his temples with vinegar and gunpowder, scratched his gums with a

[1] From "but" to "nail" added in 3rd ed.
[2] From "Leave" to "perukes" added in 2nd ed.

flint, and poured some brandy down his throat, muttering in a low gruff voice, what he never would have done but for a friend, *Ave Maria! presto!* The friar's senses returned, but it was long before he could find a channel for the effusion of his piety. At last he repeated three times, as the most proper on the occasion, the words in which the Lord was praised for having glorified his handmaiden. "Sinner as I am," exclaimed he, "I dare neither doubt nor believe that the miracle is complete in all its parts." He closed his eyes; the flesh crept upon his bones; he lifted up the casket in his two hands above his head, and chanted in a tremulous voice, *Fiat voluntas tua!*

The lieutenant said that he doubted, from the lightness of the box, whether a single bone was restored. "Bones are not heavy, it is true," added he; "but a young girl's bones have a good deal of marrow in them."

"None whatever," answered the holy man: "they were as dry as a palm-branch * on the anniversary, and very small; for she was the youngest of the eleven thousand."

"One miracle is as good as another," said the lieutenant: "two trusses of hay from the same stack smell and weigh pretty much alike. Let us hope, however, that the pretty saint has protected her bones and vindicated her virginity."

Again Fra Paolo chanted *Fiat voluntas tua!* Indignant at the robbery, he returned no more to the convent, and resolved to say nothing of his charge again until he reached Ravenna. There it was received with the ringing of bells, and the display of tapestry and bed-coverlets from the windows, and the array of all the pillars of all the churches in the richest silks, and of all the saints in spangled shoes and powdered perukes: their [1] faces were reddened, their eyebrows blackened, and their nails gilt afresh. The [2] clergy, the military, the various fraternities, marched before and after it into the cathedral. Four knights supported it, eight marquises assisting them; and his excellency the governor, adorned with all his orders, holding over it the umbrella. Cannon was fired as it entered the portal, and again as it ascended the steps of the high altar. Nothing of jubilee is celebrated here, nor, I believe, in the rest of Europe,

* These palms are really olive-twigs, placed over the crucifix by the bed-side, and renewed on Palm-Sunday.—W. S. L.

[1] From "their" to "afresh" added in 3rd ed.

[2] From "The clergy" to "Riccardi" added in 2nd ed.

without the instruments of violence and slaughter. Many a belly felt the butt-end of a musket, for yearning too affectionately after the youngest of the eleven thousand, in the nave of the duomo. The crowd was immense. Happy the youth who was next to his beloved on that day, for he was near indeed, and she wanted protection upon all sides. If she reproved him for anything, the Ambrosian hymn, echoing through the vault, intercepted it.

The bones had been verified upon the oath of surgeons and physicians, denominated on such occasions the "expert," in presence of the archbishop, the canonics, and the prothonotary. It was ascertained that the *os pubis* had been fractured, by the same violence as was offered by the executioner to the daughter of Sejanus; a farther proof of martyrdom; it being remembered by one of the canonics, that, according to the Roman laws, virgins must undergo this indignity before the last punishment. The condition of the bones was admirable. She must have been very young, poor child! If such another *os pubis* could be found among her sisterhood, it would be decorous and reverential to compose a pair of spectacles with them for the "Holiness of our Lord." Several old priests declared that they saw much the better, on merely looking through the mysterious curvature in its present state; and a wart of long standing was removed from the nose of one by it, after forty days, as was evident to all Ravenna. The inauguration of the relics took place on the twenty-ninth of July: on the thirtieth of September the lieutenant Filiberto Quinci was mortally wounded from behind the wall of a vineyard, by an assassin whose brother he had disarmed and was leading with his hands tied behind him toward the city-prison of Forli. He confessed to a jesuit the fraud he had committed, who absolved him the more readily as it was committed in its first stage against a dominican. The pain of the wound made him exert his voice; and perhaps he cared little for secrecy, in the greater hope of expiating his offence; so that many of his friends and attendants heard the recital, and divulged it. Nevertheless it was agreed and certified that a miracle had really been performed; and that, although some of the bones had been stolen, several were yet remaining, and endued with such efficacy as to convert the baser into the more precious, the goose's into the virgin's. It is reported that the greater part of the original are brought into Tuscany, and will be sold here: this report is the comfort of Riccardi.

You[1] may smile at the credulity of even the higher orders: I trust however, M. Du Paty, that the laws and establishments are better in Tuscany, and[2] information more advanced, than in the other states of Italy. Closing[3] the cells of idleness and imposture, I have opened schools and manufactories for the children of the poor.

PRESIDENT. Unless the ladies and gentlemen can be induced to visit and superintend them, I doubt their efficiency.

A house of industry was established at Como. Virtuous mothers have been led frequently out of it, heavy with child, and have died from inanition in the streets; their allowance of food being only one scanty meal in the twenty-four hours; while prostitutes, thieves, assassins, poisoners, have enjoyed purer air and more comfortable accommodation in prison, and have been supplied twice in the day with more wholesome food, and each time more abundantly. In both instances a discouragement is holden forth to honesty, a reward[4] to crime.

Sovereigns know more correctly the state of other countries than of their own. We may be too near great objects to discern them justly; and the greatest of all objects to a prince is the internal state of his people.

LEOPOLD. Your observation is just. The persons we employ have more interest in deceiving us than others have. I can trust one; Gianni.[5] I send none abroad; so that I am rather less liable to

[1] From "You" to "orders" added in 3rd ed.

[2] From "and" to "advanced" added in 3rd ed.

[3] From "Closing" to "established" added in 3rd ed. 1st ed. reads: "PRESIDENT. I observed nearly the same inequality at Como. A house of industry was established there: virtuous," etc.

[4] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "a premium to."

[5] 1st and 2nd eds. contain the following footnote:—

"At my last arrival on the continent, it retained among its ruins two great men, Kosciusko, and Gianni: the one I had seen in England, the other I visited in Genoa. He was in his ninetieth year; an age to which no other minister of king or prince or republic has attained. But the evil passions never preyed on the heart of Gianni: he enjoyed good health from good spirits, and those from their only genuine source, a clear conscience. Accustomed, as I had been, to see chattering mountebanks leap one after another upon the same stage, play the same tricks they had exploded, first amid the applauses and afterwards amid the execration of the people, I was refreshed and comforted by the calmness and simplicity of this venerable old man. Occasionally he displayed a propensity to satire, not the broadfaced buffoonery, and washy loquacity of his nation, but the apposite and delicate wit which once sparkled in the better societies of Athens and of Paris. He has left behind him a history of his own times, which never will be published in ours. If any leading state of Europe had been governed by

deception than my brethren[1] are. As the gentlemen of Tuscany seldom travel further than to Siena or to Pisa, the expense of a

such a minister, how harmless would have been the French revolution *out* of France, how transitory *in*. Patient, provident, moderate, imperturbable, he knew on all occasions what kind and what intensity of resistance should be opposed to violence and tumult. I will adduce two instances. Ricci, bishop of Pistoja and Prato, had excited the indignation of his diocesans, by an attempt, as is related in the Dialogue, to introduce the prayers in Italian and to abolish some idle festivals and processions. The populace of Prato, headed by a Confraternity, broke forth into acts of rebellion; the bishop's palace was assaulted, his life threatened. The church-bells summoned all true believers to the banner: the broken bones of saints were exposed, and invited others to be broken. Leopold, on hearing it, shocked in his system of policy, forgot at the moment the mildness of his character, and ordered all the military at hand to march against the insurgents. Gianni was sent for: he entered the very instant this command was issued. *What disturbs your Highness?* said he mildly.

"'You ought to have been informed, Gianni,' answered the Granduke, 'that the populace of Prato has resisted my authority and insulted Ricci. My troops march in a body against these wretches.' *I have already dispatched a stronger force against them than your Highness has done, which by your permission must remain in the city.*

"'On free quarters until the madmen are quiet. But how could you collect a stronger force so instantaneously?'

"*Instead of two regiments I dispatched two crosses; instead of cannon and ammunition-waggons, a nail-box, a hammer, and a clean napkin. If reinforcements are wanted we can find a dice-box at Riccardi's and a spunge at Rospigliosi's, on good security. At this hour, however, I am persuaded that the Confraternity is walking in procession and extolling to the skies not your humanity but your devotion.* It was so.

"The *maximum* or *assize* had been abolished by Gianni: lands and provisions rose in value: the people was discontented, broke into his house, drank his wine, cut his beds in pieces, and carried off the rest of his furniture. Leopold, who had succeeded to the Empire of Germany and was residing at Vienna, decreed that the utmost severity should be exercised against all who had borne any part in this sedition. It was difficult to separate the more guilty from the less; particularly as every man, convicted of delinquency, might hope to extenuate his offence by accusing his enemy of one more flagrant. Gianni, who could neither disobey nor deferr the mandate of the Emperor, engaged Commendatore Pazzi to invite some hundreds of the people to a banquet, in the courtyard of his palace.

"Now while the other families of those Florentines, who in ages past had served this bustling little city, were neglected for their obscurity, shunned for their profligacy, or despised for their avarice and baseness, that of Riccardi was still in esteem for its splendid hospitality, that of Pazzi for its patronage of the people. The invitation was unsuspected: they met, they feasted, they drank profusely; every man brought forward his merits; what each had done, and what each was ready to do, was openly declared and carefully recorded. On the following morning, before daybreak, forty were on the road to the gallies. The people is never in such danger, as from its idol."

This note is omitted in 3rd ed.

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "neighbours are."

coffee-house-keeper, under the title of plenipotentiary, is saved me everywhere.

President. Your highness is as desirous of abolishing idle offices as others are of creating them.[1]

Leopold. I am not afraid of losing my place from a want of party friends, and have no very poor relations to support. Since [2] I send

[1] 1st ed. contains the following footnote:—

"There is in Italy a little state governed by a woman, who constantly sends after the *opera* to the innkeepers of her city, and demands a portion of what has been spent amongst them within the day by strangers. If many carriages have stopped at their doors, in passing through the place, the same visit is made, the same tax imposed. She has forbidden the extraction of pictures, offering to purchase them at the value: she has taken several to herself, and has never paid for them. Is it not as proper for the Saints of the Holy Alliance to exercise the duties of high police in such instances, as against the public, where great nations, and such as were never subject to them, rise unanimously and demand the reform of government? England maintains a minister at the court of this woman, whose revenues are little more than his appointments, and whose political influence is weaker than that of any one who keeps a secondrate ginshop in S. Giles. What reed or rush, in its rottenest plight, but serves for the spawn of our aristocracy to stock on!"

2nd ed. prefixes to the above:—

"Scarcely anything is more interesting than the history of this central hive, of these honied and stinging little creatures, the Florentines. Altho they have now lost their original figure and nature, for the most part, and possess not even their own lily to alight on, yet they still hum and shew wonderful instinct. They were not created for the gloom of Dante, but they are alive and alert in the day-light of Petrarch and Boccaccio. They live under a government not oppressive, nor troublesome, nor exacting; and in this warm security they inform you with satisfaction (for they have lost the power and the right to be indignant) that there is in Italy a little state," etc.

[2] In place of from "Since" to "none" 1st ed. reads:—

"Among the residents in Florence, I speak in confidence M. President, I remember none of even ordinary talents, or, according to what I could judge or learn from report, of the slightest political or literary reputation. Not long ago a young person was sent hither in that capacity, who had more dogs than books, and more mistresses than ideas. He rode hard, drank hard, and fiddled hard, and admitted to his society, as such people usually do, the vilest and most abandoned of both sexes. At Milan his course was arrested by a deficiency of means: he had already drawn on his bankers here for sums beyond such as even the prodigality of his government had enabled him to deposit in their hands. With this heavy debt upon him, he drew on them again from Milan, at one single time, for four thousand crowns: the draft was dishonoured, with a protestation that their concerns were inadequate to such frequent and vast demands. He replied with a vehemence of language such as most tribunals would have severely punished in a private character, and such as, if presented in complaint to me, would have obliged me to insist on his recall. When he thus retired to rest himself for about a year, after the labours of his office, he left behind him a pack of hounds, a groom, a chargé d'affaires, a chasseur, and several other domestics. The amuse-

no envoys, there are certain states which seem resolved to punish me by sending worse than none.

ment of these delegated powers was cat-hunting in the spacious gardens belonging to the Legation. Every day the diversion was pursued, until the neighbourhood was so infested with rats, that serious remonstrances, light as the subject may appear, were presented to me, by gardeners, grocers, oilmen, booksellers and stationers, and other trades, and I condemned to extermination by poison the more innocent of the offenders. As it happens," etc.

2nd ed. reads from here :—

" offenders.

" The sieur Dorcas, the secretary I mentioned, a necessitous and uneducated young person, no sooner found himself in possession of a hundred pounds a year, than he bought a poney, hired the best saddle and bridle that were to be lett out, presented a bunch of flowers (when the season was somewhat advanced) to the woman of highest rank he met at the *Cascine*, and manifested his resolution to be *cavaliere serviente*, wherever he found beauty and cookery. He soon introduced himself to Madame Mozzi, a lady of great personal attraction, good-humoured, witty, well-informed, and whose house enjoys the reputation of an admirable kitchen. The next morning he addressed a note to her, declaring that she had pleased him, and desiring to know at what time she would be ready to receive the first visit of so distinguished and ardent a lover. She answered him as frankly, and proposed that the interview should take place on the ensuing evening. Sieur Dorcas ran to the milliner's, bought a worked frill; to the perfumer's, bought a bottle of eau de Cologne; and borrowed a clean cambric handkerchief to pour it on. Observing that his gloves bore the mark of the bridle, he put them into his pocket before he knocked at the door. This he did once, and softly. It opened, as by magic. A servant with a lively countenance ushered him upstairs. He passed thro an ante-chamber filled with fine pictures: every countenance seemed to smile on him, every landscape bloomed. He had little taste or time for them: onward he followed the servant: the doors of the apartment flew open to him: the whole family was assembled: Sieur Dorcas was announced: all eyes were fixt upon a personage, who had announced himself as the performer of so topping a part. Madame Mozzi and her *aja* rose from their seats; and the former, after smiling most graciously, turned again to the company, and presented Sieur Dorcas as the *attaché*, who would have done so much honour to them all, if he had not fixt his attentions on the least worthy of the family.

" They made their obeisances to Sieur Dorcas; *and now*, said Madame Mozzi to her *aja*, *you will do me the favour, my dear friend, to read the elegant note of the British diplomatist*. The *aja* putt on her spectacles, and redd it thro. The husband took Sieur Dorcas by the hand, apologized for the necessity he was under of leaving him so soon after his introduction, and wished him all possible success in his negotiation. The other relatives complimented him on the frankness of the English character, of which they protested that they had never seen before so charming a specimen; and the lady told him, with an air of concern, and tender reproof, that she found him somewhat more cold than his note had promised. He bit his lips, lifted up one side of his shirt collar, bowed as well as he had learnt to bow, and withdrew. He found the servants ranged upon the stairs: his conductor told him it was usual to give a *mancia* on the first good fortune, and hoped he would not forget it.

" As it often happens," etc.

" Since " to " none " substituted for all above in 3rd ed.

It often happens, that those who are very wealthy, are far from forward in displaying what they possess; thus [1] happens it that, in countries which abound in talents and genius, the governors are careless how little of them is exhibited in their appointments to foreign courts. I should be happy to see as ministers at mine, M. President, men like you, with whom I could converse familiarly and frankly on matters of high importance: and no greater compliment could be paid me by the princes my friends and allies. To delegate as their representatives young persons of no knowledge, no conduct, no respectability, proves to me a neglect of their duty and an indifference to their honour, and no less evidently shows the opinion they entertain of me to be unworthy and injurious. Trifling men in such situations may suit indeed small courts, but not where the sovereign has any credit for the rectitude of his views and the arduousness of his undertakings.

This reflection leads me back again to an inquiry into the last of your positions, that my code provides but faintly and ineffectually for the protection of character. The states of Italy are the parts of shame in the body politic of Europe. I would not hold out an ægis to protect a snail: the gardener does not shelter his plants while they are under-ground. I declare to you, M. Du Paty, that whenever and wherever I find a character to protect, I will protect it.

President. I am averse to the perpetual maintenance of great armies: but without somewhat of a military spirit there can be little spirit for anything, as we see in China and India. That the Florentines should have conquered the Pisans, quite astonishes me when I look upon them; at present they could not conquer a hen-coop guarded by a cur. Boccaccio,[2] in his eclogue entitled *Lipis*, calls the Florentine by the name of Batracus (frog), as being the most loquacious and timid of animals. Such at least is the explanation given by his countryman and commentator, Baldelli.

Leopold. The Italians, when they were bravest, were like tame rabbits; very pugnacious among themselves, but crouching, screaming, and submitting to be torn piecemeal by the smallest creatures of another race. In the consulate of Marcus Valerius (brother of Publicola) and Postumius, the Sabines were conquered: thirteen

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "so happens it that," etc.
[2] From "Boccaccio" to "Baldelli" added in 3rd ed.

thousand prisoners were taken in two battles: in the second no Roman was slain.

I want no armies: if ever I should want them, I can procure a much better commodity at the same price: the rations of a Bohemian and of a Tuscan are the same: I would not change a good farmer for a bad soldier. I want honest men, and no other glory than that of making them.

PRESIDENT.[1] If you abolish the convents of monks, you act consistently in abolishing your armies: for the natives of Florence are the smallest and weakest men in Europe; and, whenever we meet one stronger than the generality, we may be sure he derives his origin from the convent. The monks are generally stout, and their offspring is healthy; but this continues for only one generation. The children of your soldiers are mostly weak, like those of your citizens, and from the same cause, indiscriminate venery. The monks have their choice, from the facilities afforded to them by the sacredness of their order, and by the beneficence of confession, advantages in which the soldiery does not participate. In Protestant countries the people is always both cleanlier and healthier than in Catholic; but I have observed that the religious in the former are mostly the weakest men in the community, in the latter universally the strongest.

LEOPOLD. As my soldiers are useless to me in the field, I shall call them out more frequently in the churches, when I have reduced the number of ecclesiastics. On great festivals we have decently smart files of them in the nave. I shall indulge the people with a larger number, and oftener.

PRESIDENT. In Tuscany there are persons of integrity; few indeed, and therefore the more estimable.[2] Wherever there is a substitute for morality, where ceremonies stand in the place of duties, where the confession of a fault before a priest is more meritorious than never to have committed it, where virtues and duties are vicarious, where crimes can be expiated after death for money, where by breaking a wafer you open the gates of heaven, probity and honour, if they exist at all, exist in the temperament of the individual. Hence a

[1] From "PRESIDENT" to "oftener" added in 2nd ed.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "estimable. One honest Italian is worth one hundred thousand honest Englishmen, for such I imagine to be the proportion. Wherever," etc.

general indifference to virtue in others ; hence the best men in Italy do not avoid the worst ; hence the diverging rays of opinion can be brought to no focus ; nothing can be consumed by it, nothing warmed.

The language proves the character of the people. Of all pursuits and occupations, for I am unwilling to call it knowledge, the most trifling is denominated *virtù*. An [1] alteration in a picture is *pentimento*.

The Romans, detained from war and activity by a calm, termed it *malacia :* the Italians, whom it keeps out of danger, call it *bonaccia*.[2] I am ashamed to confess that we Frenchmen have borrowed this expression, without a suspicion of its import. We are, it is true, the most courageous people in the world, but we have always been the most subject to panics by land, and to despair by sea.

LEOPOLD. On [3] *malacia* and *bonaccia* let me remark, that, although the latter supplanted the former, as *Beneventum* did *Maleventum*, yet *malacia* descends not in a direct line from *malus* (a thing evidently unknown to those who substituted in its place *bonaccia*), but from μαλακός. *Malus* itself has the same origin. Effeminacy and wickedness were correlative terms both in Greek and Latin, as were courage and virtue. Among the English, I hear, softness and folly, virtue and purity, are synonymous. Let others determine on which side lies the indication of the more quiet, delicate, and reflecting people.

PRESIDENT.[4] If a footman sends a scullion to a tailor, it is an *ambasciata*. Sbirri are eminently *la famiglia*, quite at home : but what is admirable is *pellegrino*.

So corrupt are they, that softness with them must partake of disease and impurity : it is *morbidezza*.

Three [5] or four acres of land with a labourer's cottage are called a *podere*. Beggarly magnificence of expression ! Every house with a barn-door, instead of a narrower, is *palazzo*.

I saw open in a bookseller's window a boy's dictionary, " Dic-

[1] From " An " to " *pentimento* " added in 3rd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads : " *bonaccia*. Love of their country is so feeble that whatever is excellent they call *pellegrino*. So corrupt are they," etc. 2nd ed. reads : " *bonaccia*. I am ashamed to say . . . sea. Love of their country," etc.

[3] " On " to " people " appears as footnote in 1st and 2nd eds. and becomes speech of Leopold in 3rd ed.

[4] From " PRESIDENT " to " *pellegrino* " added in 3rd ed.

[5] From " Three " to " *signore* " added in 2nd ed.

tionarium Ciceronianum," in the page where *heros* was, and found its interpretation *barone, signore.*

Such is their idea of contemplation, and of the subjects on which it should be fixed, that if a dinner is given to a person of rank, the gazettes announce that it was presented *alla Contemplazione della sua eccellenza.*

A lamb's fry is *cosa stupenda:* a [1] paper kite is *aquilone.*

Their [2] idea of fighting is exemplified in the word *tirare*, which properly means to *drag.*

Strength which frightens, and finery which attracts them, are *honesty:* hence *valentuomo* and *galantuomo.*

A well-dressed man is a man of honour, *uomo di garbo.*

Spogliare [3] is *to undress;* the spoils of a modern Italian being his shirt and stockings.

Pride is offended at selling anything: the shop-keeper tells you that he *gives* you his yard of shoe-ribbon: *dà*, not *vende.*[4]

A [5] *trinket* is a joy, *gioia:* and [6] a *present* is a *regala*, though it be a bodkin.

One [7] would imagine that *giustiziato* means requited: it means *hanged:* as if justice did nothing else, or had nothing else to do.

Leopold.[8] I can furnish you with another example in my own profession. *Governare* means to *govern* and to *wash the dishes.* This indeed is not so absurd at bottom; for there is generally as much dirty work in the one as in the other.

President. *Meschino*, formerly *poor*,* is now *mischievous*, or *bad.*

Leopold.[9] I am no etymologist, and more than an etymologist is wanted here; but let me remark to you that the word *meschino* is still

[1] From "a" to "*aquilone*" added in 3rd ed.

[2] From "Their" to "*drag*" added in 2nd ed.

[3] From "*Spogliare*" to "stockings" added in 2nd ed.

[4] 1st ed. reads: "*vende.* Misfortune is criminal: the captive is a wicked man, *cattivo. Meschino*, formerly *poor*, is now *mischievous* or *bad.* A person is not rendered vile by any misconduct or criminality: but if he has the toothache he is *avvilito. Opera . . . excellence. Ostia . . .* a billet-doux. Your Highness," etc.

[5] From "A" to "*gioia*" added in 2nd ed.

[6] From "and" to "bodkin" added in 3rd ed.

[7] From "One" to "do" added in 2nd ed.

[8] From "Leopold" to "other" added in 2nd ed.

* "Teseo era stato anch' egli un certo protettore e difensore, e benignamente e con amorevolezza haveva ascoltato i preghi degli uomini *meschini.*"—*Vite di Plutarco da M. Ludovico Domenichi, MDLX.*—W. S. L.

[9] From "Leopold" to "praiseworthy" added in 2nd ed.

in use among us in the same double acceptation, as the word *wretch* is among the English; and you Frenchmen, too, employ the word *méchant*, which comes from it, in the same manner. The words signify to us that wretchedness and wickedness go together.

PRESIDENT. I see it. Things strike us in another language which we pass over in our own: and words often lose their original meaning. What is general may become particular, and what is particular may become general. *Amazzare* is *to kill*. The meaning was originally to kill with a *club*. We now say *il gatto ha amazzato un topo*, although we have the best grounds for believing that cats never killed rats with clubs even in the heroic ages.

An Italian thinks he pays me a compliment by calling me *furbo*, holding it as the summit of felicity and glory to over-reach. But on the other hand, if roguery is praiseworthy, misfortune is criminal: the captive is a wicked man, *cattivo*.

A person is not rendered vile by any misconduct: but if he has the toothache, he is *avvilito*.

With [1] all the admiration and aptitude of the Italians for poetry, any grimace or trick of the countenance is called a *verso*. *Fa tanti versi*. We [2] call *valiant* the man who defends his own or his country's honour by his courage: the Italians call valiant a famous fiddler or well-winded fifer, *valente suonotare*. In Italy the *fabulous* is the common speech: *favella* and *lingua* are synonymous.

Opera was among the Romans *labour*, as *operæ pretium*, &c. It now signifies the most contemptible of performances, the vilest office of the feet and tongue, whenever it stands alone *by excellence*. *Anima*,[3] the *soul*, is also the *mould of a button*: *animella* (the endearing form), a *sweetbread*.

Ostia, a sacrifice (*hostia*), now serves equally to designate the Almighty, and the wafer that seals a billet-doux. This,[4] too, we have in common. Poisoning was formerly so ordinary an operation here, that what other nations call a violent death, was called an *assisted* one. "Nacqui l'opinione, dispersa allora, ch' egli mancava di morte *aiutata* piutosto che naturale," says Bentivoglio on Don John of Austria.

[1] From "With" to "*versi*" added in 2nd ed.
[2] From "We" to "synonymous" added in 3rd ed.
[3] From "*Anima*" to "*sweetbread*" added in 3rd ed.
[4] From "This" to "Austria" added in 3rd ed.

LEOPOLD.[1] Beware, M. President, that no learned man in his idleness take you farther to task on the same subject. I would wish to retaliate on you as gently as possible, but I find in one of your expressions that characteristic sportiveness which attends your cruelties, when you commit any. *Amende honorable*, as your jurists call it, is thus defined by them. "Le condamné est à genoux en chemise, la corde au cou, une torche à la main, et conduit par le bourreau." This *honourable* way in which an offender is persuaded to correct his error, is, according to time and person, accompanied by flagellations, and other ceremonials of honour and devotion, in which the humble minister of justice, the hangman, has the goodness to lend him all the assistance in his power, and indeed to take upon himself this most painful part of the duty; the person who makes the expiation to honour and the laws, only lending the superficies (or a little more) of his body, while the precursory section of his amendment is going through.

There [2] are idioms for which no philologer can account; such as *personne* for *nobody*, and *à même* for *ability* to perform. You *lend* an oath; *vous prêtez serment;* do you ever *keep* one?

I [3] have found in twenty of your authors, at the least, the expression, *faire retentir sa voix au milieu; entonner* is also in common use: a proof of a noisy people: and perhaps some might be found of a vain one. I must fight for my Tuscans: they have other phrases which prove their good nature, not the least of merits in any man or any people, and among the first to be commended by a prince.

Their oaths and exclamations, instead of *peste* and other horrors, are, by the kindest and most lovely of the Gods, *per Bacco! per Bacco d'India! Fè di Bacco! Corpo di Bacco! per [4] Dingi Bacco!*

PRESIDENT. What can that mean?

LEOPOLD. *Dingi* is an abbreviation of *Dionigi* (Dionysius). Then, *per Diana!* or [5] by the most beautiful of our indigenous plants, as *Cappari! Corbezzoli!*

PRESIDENT. I do not understand the latter.

LEOPOLD. *Corbezzoli* are the berries of the arbutus: your French *corbeil* comes from the twigs, which are used in making baskets and

[1] From "LEOPOLD" to "through" added in 2nd ed.
[2] From "There" to "one" added in 3rd ed.
[3] From "I" to "*Corpo di Bacco!*" added in 2nd ed.
[4] From "*per Dingi Bacco!*" to "*Diana!*" added in 3rd ed.
[5] From "or" to "material" added in 2nd ed.

panniers; and another word, which you like less, *corvée;* loads of stone, earth, manure, carried on the backs of men and women in crates of this material. Let [1] us now leave the fields again for cities and manners.

We may discern, I think, the characters of nations in their different modes of salutation. We Italians reply *Sto bene:* the ancient Romans *valeo:* the Englishman, I am *well:* the Frenchman, *I carry myself well.* Here the Italian, the best formed of Europeans, stands with gracefulness and firmness; in short, *stands well.* The Roman, proudly confident in his strength, said, *I am stout and hearty.* The Englishman feels throughout mind and body this "standing well," this calm confident vigour, and says, I *am* well. The Frenchman *carries himself* so.

President. It is dangerous to retort on princes.

Leopold. I invite it.

President. By this condescension I am encouraged to remark, that a stranger [2] is much amused by the designation of your Italian tribunals, the *ruota criminale*, &c., as if Justice had her wheel, like Fortune, or rather used the same.

Leopold.[3] Such is the idea the thing itself presents to us: the word is deduced from the *rolling* and *unrolling* of papers, and is analogous to the *volumen* of the Romans, and the *roll* of the English, which likewise gives an appellation to a court of judicature.

President. Your highness will permit me to add one more example. If injustice is done and redress claimed, it is requisite to perform an execrable act, if the words mean anything, *umiliare una supplica.* Baser language was never heard in the palace of Domitian, who commanded that he should be called lord and god. I could select many such expressions. In this perversion of moral feeling, it is not to be expected that the laws can always stand upright. It is dangerous for a foreigner not to visit a commissary of police; but to omit in an address to him the title of *illustrissimo*, is fatal. I conversed the other day with an English gentleman, who had conducted his wife and family to Pistoja, for the benefit of the air. He rented a villa at the recommendation of the proprietor, who assured him that

[1] From "Let" to "remark that" added in 3rd ed.
[2] From "a stranger" to "same" added in 2nd ed.
[3] From "Leopold" to "President" added in 3rd ed.

the walls were dry,[1] although built recently. Within a few days it rained, and the bedchambers were covered with drops. His wife and child suffered in their health: he expostulated: he offered to pay a month's rent and to quit the premises, insisting on the nullity of an agreement founded on fraud. The proposal was rejected: a court of judicature declared the contract void. The gentleman, to prove that there was nothing light or ungenerous in his motive, gave to his banker, M. Cassigoli, the amount of the six months' rent, to be distributed among respectable families in distress. The proprietor of the house, enraged at losing not only what he had demanded, but also what was offered, circulated a report in the coffee-houses, and wherever he went, that the gentleman might well throw away his money, having acquired immense sums by piracy.[2] He appealed to the local[3] tribunals, with a result far different from the former. The commissary, to whom the business was referred by them, called the offender to him in private, without informing the plaintiff of his intention. Hence no proof was adduced, no witness was present, and the gentleman knew nothing of the result for several weeks after. It was an admonition to be more cautious in future, given to a man who had in succession been servant to two masters, both of whom were found dead without illness; a man who, without any will in his favour, any success in the lottery, any dowry with his wife, any trade or profession, any employment or occupation, possessed 12,000 crowns. Where justice is refused, neglected, or perverted, the *Presidente del buon Governo* is the magistrate who receives the appeal. The foreigner stated his case fully to the president, from whom he obtained no redress, no[4] answer, no notice.*

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "dry; the only doubt he entertained," etc.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "piracy. He is, on the contrary, a literary man of a life extremely retired. Such expressions could not fail to be injurious to a stranger, in any place whatever, and particularly in a town where perhaps until then no stranger had resided."

[3] 1st and 2nd eds. omit "local."

[4] "No answer, no notice" added in 3rd ed.

* Dr. Lotti[1] of Lizzano, on the confines of the Modenese, the reputed son of the

---

[1] In footnote, from "Dr. Lotti" to "generous Lotti!" is inserted in 2nd ed. in place of the following:—

"The following circumstances have just occurred. A girl in the service of an English family, warned to leave it, for the commonest if not the slightest of offences, walked away from the teatable to the other side of the room, and poured boiling water on a beautiful boy four years old. She expressed no concern whatever, nor even lifted the child from the ground on which he fell. The father ordered her to quit the apartment. She disobeyed: he pushed her out with some violence, and, as it appeared, not without a bruise on the face.

LEOPOLD AND PRESIDENT DU PATY

LEOPOLD. As I covered my ears at the commencement, I must at the conclusion. Scandalously[1] as my servants acted, the rank and

emperor P. Leopold, to whom (if I may judge from the coins) he bore a perfect resemblance, was the most learned and courteous man I have ever conversed with in Tuscany. He was rather fond of wine; but with decorum. I spent one of the happiest days of my life in his society, and was about to repeat my visit the following summer, when I heard that my quiet, inoffensive, beneficent friend had been stoned to death by a parishioner. No inquiry was instituted by government: he had nothing but erudition and virtue to recommend him, and the tears and blessings of the poor. I asked how so unmerited a calamity could have befallen so warm-hearted a creature, and in the decline of life: the reply was *Chi sa? forse uno sbaglio. Who knows? perhaps it was done by mistake.* What a virtuous and happy people must that be, to which such a loss is imperceptible! I saw him but three times, and lament it more than I think it right to express, at the distance of nearly two years. Rest thee with God, kind, gentle, generous Lotti!

A courier who had been in the service of Prince Borghese, went openly by day into the Postmaster's office, stabbed him in the body, fired a pistol through his hand, was confined at Volterra, and released at the intercession of Prince Borghese in six weeks.

Whoever shall publish a periodical work, containing a correct and detailed account of irregularities and iniquities in the various courts of law throughout Europe, will accomplish the greatest of literary undertakings, and will obtain the merit of the stanchest, the truest, and the best of reformers. No subject is so humble that it may not be recommended by a fit simplicity of style; no story so flat that it may not solicit attention if edged by pointed remarks. The writer will perform one of those operations which are often admired in Nature, by eliciting a steady, broad, and beautiful light, from rottenness and corruption.

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "But ill and scandalously."

She went directly to live, at a cheap rate, with a judge, who probably gave her directions how to act, instead of saying, as a more honest man would, '*You have done a greater mischief than you have received: I cannot countenance you in your prosecution.*' The manservant who caused her dismissal, was called to declare that she had received some dozen blows on the breast: he swore so: it was proved by an Italian marquis and an English gentleman, who were present, that he was not in the room: neither he nor the girl was reproved for perjury and subornation to perjury; the one being a spy, the other living with a judge. The matter was then brought before three judges: they decided unanimously against her. It was tried again before three others: two were of the same opinion. The youngest, a friend of the girl, and of whose protection she boasted openly, gave his sentence in her favour. It was tried a third time, before three friends of the protecting judge; and they, as might be expected, reversed the former sentences, remarking that the gentleman might recover, from the hundred livres he was condemned by them to pay, as much as should, *after another legal process*, appear just and reasonable for the injury his family had sustained, his wife in thirty-six days of fever and convulsions from her fears, his child in a scald, on the head, neck, and shoulders, cured within a month. He was condemned to discharge all the costs of the prosecution, *because the girl could not*, and because her lawyer was a very young man and wanted encouragement.

"The salary of a judge in Tuscany is that of a cook in England; the regard to character far lower: yet that the office is considered more illustrious, is demonstrated by the fact, of the president *del buon governo* having been promoted to this station from the former. The English gentleman did not offer to profit by this knowledge.

"More injustice is committed in the name of the mild and virtuous Ferdinand than of the most ferocious and faithless prince in Christendom.

"A courier," etc.

The first paragraph of the note on Lotti appeared in the 1st ed. of "Middleton and Magliabechi."

character of the injured gentleman were imperfectly known to the commissary and the president, who also are ignorant that many of the best families in England are untitled. Here counts and marquises are more plentiful than sheep and swine [1]; and there are orders of knighthood where there is not credit for a pound of polenta.

PRESIDENT. Your predecessors have softened what was already too soft: and your highness must give some consistency to your mud, by exposing and working it, if you desire to leave upon it any durable or just impression. I am afraid it will close upon your footstep the moment you go away.

LEOPOLD. I hope not. Tuscany is a beautiful landscape with bad figures: I must introduce better.

PRESIDENT.[2] To speak without reserve or dissimulation, I have remarked this difference between the gentlemen of Florence and those of other nations. While others reject disdainfully and indignantly from among them any member who has acted publicly or privately with dishonour, these interest themselves warmly in his favour, although they never had visited or known him. It must be from a powerful sympathy, and in the hope, more or less remote and obscure, that they may benefit in the same manner in the same circumstances.

LEOPOLD. I [3] begin with what forms the moral character, however my conduct may be viewed by the Catholic princes. Few among them are better than whipped children, or wiser than unwhipped ones. They are puppets in the hands of priests: they nod their heads, open their mouths, shut their eyes, and their blood is liquefied or congealed at the touch of these impostors. I [4] will lessen their influence by lessening their number. To the intent of keeping up a numerous establishment of satellites in the church militant, a priest is punished more severely for performing twice in the day the most holy of his ceremonies, than for almost any violation of morality. But the popes perhaps have in secret a typical sense of the mass, permitting the priest to celebrate it only once, in remembrance that Christ was sold once only. When we arrive at mystery, a single step

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "swine, families have orders of knighthood who have not credit for a pound of polenta, and the bravest of whose members would tremble to mount a goat, in their worst breeches."

[2] From "PRESIDENT" to "LEOPOLD" added in 2nd ed.

[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "must begin."

[4] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "I must lessen."

farther and we tumble into the fosse of fraud. The Romish Church is the general hospital of old and incurable superstitions from the Ganges to the Po. It is useful to princes as a pigsty is to farmers: but it shall not infect my palace, and shall do as little mischief as possible to my people.

PRESIDENT. Your highness, by diminishing the number of priests, will increase the rate of masses. A few days ago I went into San Lorenzo, and saw a clergyman strip off his gown before the altar with violence and indignation. Inquiring the reason, I was informed that four *pauls* had been offered to him for a mass, which he accepted, and that on his coming into the church, the negotiator said he could afford to pay only three.[1] There are offices in the city where masses are bargained for publicly. Purgatory is the Peru of Catholicism: the body of Christ in some of our shops is at the price of a stockfish, in others a fat goose will hardly reach it, and in *Via de' Calzaioli* it is worth a sucking-pig.

LEOPOLD. The Roman states are [2] worse in proportion.

PRESIDENT. There are more *religious* in that territory than slave-masters in our American islands, and their gangs are under stronger and severer discipline. The refuse of manhood exercises the tyranny of Xerxes in the cloak and under the statutes of Pythagoras.

LEOPOLD. It [3] is curious and interesting to observe the fabrication of those insects, which from the bottom of the Sea of Galilee have been adding, year after year, particle on particle, and have ulti-

[1] In 1st and 2nd eds. is the following footnote:—

"The Italians were always, far exceeding all other nations, parsimonious and avaricious; the Tuscans beyond all other Italians; the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans. So scandalous an example of it, as occurred a few months ago, is, I hope and believe, unparalleled. Prince —— married a woman of immense fortune, by whom he has a family of eight children. He took a mistress: the wife languished and died. He gave orders that all her cloaths should be sold by auction in his palace; old gowns, old petticoats, old shifts, old shoes, old gloves; even articles at the value of one penny, such as excited the derision of some, the blushes of others, the horror of not a few.

"There had been no quarrel between the wife and husband. She was beautiful, engaging, sweet-tempered, compliant, domestic. She sank from the world which her virtues had adorned, and had been seven days in her grave, when prostitutes paraded the street before her palace, wearing those dresses in which the most exemplary of mothers had given the last lessons of morality to her daughters. The prince is one of the richest men on the continent: he is supposed to spend about a tenth of his income: and the sale produced fourteen pounds."

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "are sadly worse."

[3] From "It" to "corallines" added in 3rd ed.

mately filled up almost the whole expanse with their tortuous and branching corallines.

When[1] violence and usurpation were distracting the Roman empire, can we wonder if the possessors of knowledge and the lovers of quiet clung together, and contrived the best and readiest means possible of preserving the little they retained? The sanctuaries of religion, abandoned by the old Gods and old worshippers, served the purpose well. Persecution rendered the new guests only the more united: pity at their sufferings, admiration at their virtues, drew many toward them: miracles were invented, encouraged, propagated. There is something of truth in everything. Like gold, it is generally found in small quantities; and, as is said of gold, it is universal: even falsehood rests upon it. Contrivances, which at first were requisite and necessary, for the security of a weak and unprotected religion, now began to multiply for its extension and aggrandisement. The credulous, the rich, the slothful, stood prepared for the mark that was to be impressed on them, by the coarse indiscriminating letters of the age. The literary now chose their emperor, as the military chose theirs, only giving him another title, inaugurated by religion. A quieter craft, observing the instability of power, devised and executed at leisure the institutions best adapted to its maintenance; and by degrees such barriers were erected about the church, as neither in extent nor in strength had ever surrounded the pretorium. The pious, who came from a distance to venerate the simple edifice, the house of a God born in a manger, could not pass nor even look over the ramparts, and were driven away or punished as criminals if they inquired for it. Somewhat earlier, when the name of pope had not yet been invented, instead of surprise at any worldly advantages the pastors derived from the tractability of their flocks, it might rather be excited at their moderation. This, however, soon was over; and such rapacity succeeded, as no other religion, no other government, no tyranny, no conquest, hath exemplified. In our days, the commander of the faithful in the west is contented if we pay and clothe his military, permitting them to be taken off our lands for him, and allowing him to discipline them, even in our streets and houses. The more virtuous our subjects are, the less contented is he. Every execution-day is a rent-day to him: no fellow is hanged but the halter is his purse-string. The most notorious robber that ever infested

[1] From "When" to "excommunicated," p. 165, added in 2nd ed.

Tuscany, was no sooner upon the gibbet, than forty or fifty idler thieves, in white surplices half-way down the hams, ran about our streets, soliciting the eleëmosynary *paolo* from citizen and peasant, to liberate the sinful soul earlier out of purgatory. Can we imagine that crimes will be rigorously reprehended by those who derive a revenue from the multiplicity and magnitude of them?

President. What purgatory may be to any of the dead, I can not tell; but I see it is a paradise to a great portion of the living. How many dormitories and refectories are warmed with it! how many gardens, lined with orange and citron, are brought into blossom by its well-directed fires! Not Styx, nor Acheron, nor Phlegethon, but Pactolus is now the river that runs through the infernal regions, leaving its golden sands on the papal shore, the patrimony of Saint Peter.

Leopold. What do you imagine was the reason, M. Du Paty, why celibacy was imposed on the priesthood, not when it was chaste and virtuous, but at a time when neither the heads of the church nor her other members were any longer pure?

President. There can not be conceived a better reason for so extraordinary and unnatural an ordinance, than that the concubines and wives of such dissolute men were, as you may suppose, eternally at variance; and ecclesiastical polity was well aware that they would arouse by degrees, and excite to inquiry, a supine and dormant world. The pope therefore put down, and suppressed under the piscatory signet, the more clamorous of the parties. Among the first Christians all things were in common but their wives; among those of the papal reformation, the wives seem the only things that were so.

Leopold. I am apprehensive, M. Du Paty, you will be thought here in Italy to entertain but little reverence even for those higher authorities (if any are higher than the pope) on which the foundations of our faith repose; it being known that men of letters in France, including the dignitaries of the church, are inclined to philosophy.

President. Sir, I wish they were: for then they would teach and practise Christianity, which is peace and good-will toward men. The partisans of popery have evinced by their conduct, that either the book whereon they found their religion in itself is false, or that those dogmas are which they pretend to draw from it; otherwise they would not forbid nor discountenance its circulation and publicity. In copying the worst features of every religion, they should at least have

omitted this. The Egyptian, the Hindoo, and other priesthoods, kept their sacred books secluded from the people, and said perhaps that they were thus commanded, whether by dog or by calf, or some such deity: but if the pope believed in the gospel, or ever read it, he must know that his predecessors, as he calls the apostles, were commanded to disseminate it among all the nations of the universe.

Leopold. Catholicism does not appear to be quite so polytheistical among you Frenchmen as among us.

President. An Italian, a Spaniard, or a Portuguese, has no thought whatever of praying to God. The expression, common in our language, is unknown in theirs. Desirous as I always was of finding out the opinions of men on this subject, I accosted one who had been praying, at the entrance of a village, to an image of earthenware in a niche against a cottage.

"You pray then, my good young man! I am happy to observe that you think of your Creator in the days of your youth!"

He looked at me with wonder.

"Were not you praying to the Father of mercies?"

"O now I understand. I was praying, sir, to his mother and Saint Zenobio."

"Excellently done! but do you never offer up a prayer to God himself?"

His reply I must give in his own language.

"Mi canzona! Ad Iddio medesimo! solo solo! ma davvero non sono si poco garbato."

Accustomed, as the people of these countries have been for centuries, to ask favours by means of valets, who speak to the lady's maids, and they to their mistresses, whence the petition goes up to the husband or *cavaliere serviente*, they pursue the same steps in their prayers to heaven: first a prayer to Saint Zenobio; then, with his permission, to the Virgin; who again is requested to seize a suitable opportunity of mentioning the matter to her son; or, at her option, to do it herself, and let him know nothing about the business. Such are the thoughts of those who think the most deeply.

Leopold. What can be the reason why the pious in your country, and sincere Catholics, speak oftener of God than of his son or parent?

President. The reason I presume is, that our ancestors the Gauls worshipped one superior Being, though, from indifference to the

truth in such matters, Cæsar asserts the contrary ; and that hence, we still talk as monotheists ; while other nations, who were formerly polytheists, retain the language of such ; and would perhaps, although the religion of the country had retained no shadow or resemblance of it.*

Leopold. No prince ought to be indifferent to religion ; but everyone ought to the forms and sects of it, so long as they abstain from pretensions of interference with the state. This is an offence which, at the least, should be punished by their suppression. I am supposed to exercise an arbitrary power in this country : yet my interference in the affairs of religion is less extensive than that of your Louis XIV. In his Declaration of 1682, he says, " Pour l'intérêt de l'Eglise de notre royaume, de laquelle nous sommes premier et universel protecteur." According to the former of these words (premier) he takes precedency of the pope in the church ; and according to the latter (universel) he quite excludes him.

President. Many of our bishops think otherwise, although the most acute and clear of reasoners, and the most eloquent of expositors, Bossuet, was in this campaign the champion of the king.

Leopold. Of your bishops there are many who think otherwise ; first because many of them think little, and possess no learning ; and secondly and mainly, because they have a better chance of being cardinals by adherence to the papacy, certain that they can not lose their bishoprics by it. Surely I have as much power in my monasteries, as the popes have in my music-shops.

President. That is clear.

Leopold. Nevertheless they have forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to copy the *miserere* of Allegrini, which is only to be sung in the pope's chapel, and by eunuchs. This is an order more conformable to the taste of Nero than to the office of Christ's vicar.

President. A countryman of mine, Choron, infringed the edict, and may have his throat cut for it ; the offender being excommunicated.

Leopold. Although [1] I would admit but one system of laws and one head of them, I would willingly see several religions in my states, knowing that in England and Holland they are checks one upon

* If Du Paty were now living, what would he say about the report on the project of a law in France against *sacrilege*, in which the reporters use the word *deicide* (God-killing) and are guided by the Jesuits, who would burn you alive for materialism !—W. S. L.

[1] From " Although " to " them " added in 3rd ed.

another. The Quaker inverts his eye and rebukes his graceless son, by observing how industrious and tractable is the son of some fierce Presbyterian: the Catholic points to the daughter of a Socinian, and cries shame upon his own, educated as she was in the purity of the faith, in the religion of so many forefathers. Catholicism loses somewhat of its poisonous strong savour by taking root in a well-pulverized, well-harrowed soil. As competition levels the price of provisions, so maintains it the just value of sects. Whatever is vicious in one, is kept under by the concourse of others, and each is emulous to prove the superiority of its doctrines by honesty and regularity of life. If ever the English could be brought to one opinion in politics or religion, they would lose the energy of their character and the remains of their freedom. In England the Catholics are unexceptionably good members of society, although the gentlemen of that persuasion, I hear, are generally more ignorant than others, partly by the jealous spirit of their church, and partly by an ungenerous exclusion from the universities. They keep a chaplain in their houses, but always a man of worth, and not combining as in Italy a plurality of incongruous offices. Here a confessor, in many instances, is tutor to the children, house-steward to the father, and *cavaliere serviente* to the mother. He thinks it would be a mockery of God to call her to confess, without a decent provision of slight transgressions; and he cures her indigestions by a dram, her qualms of conscience by a sacrament.

PRESIDENT. Both morality and learning require the sound of feet running fast behind, to keep them from loitering and flagging. When [1] Calvinism had made and was making a rapid progress in France, the Catholic bishops were learned men; indeed so learned, that Joseph Scaliger, himself a Calvinist, acknowledged in the latter part of his life their immense superiority over the rising sect. At present there is only one bishop in France capable of reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, which every schoolboy in England, for whatever profession he is intended, must do at eleven years of age. I would then recommend a free commerce both of matter and of mind. I would let men enter their own churches with the same freedom as their own houses; and I would do it without a homily on graciousness or favour. For tyranny itself is to me a word less odious than toleration.

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "When Calvinism was making a progress."

LEOPOLD AND PRESIDENT DU PATY

LEOPOLD. I am placed among certain small difficulties. Tuscany is my farm: the main object of proprietors is their income. I would see my cattle fat and my labourers well clothed; but I would not permit the cattle to break down my fences, nor the labourer to dilapidate my buildings. I will preserve the Catholic religion, in its dogmas, forms, discipline, and ceremonies: it is the pommel of a sovereign's sword, and the richest jewel in his regalia: no bull however shall squeeze out blood under me, no faggot sweat out heresy no false key unlock my treasury. The propensity will always exist The system has been called *imperium in imperio*, very unwisely: it was *imperium super imperio*, until it taught kings to profit by its alphabet, its ciphers, and its flagellations. You complain that I have softened my mud: this is the season for treading and kneading it: and there are no better means of doing so, none cheaper, none more effectual, than by keeping a gang of priests on the platform. America will produce disturbances in Europe by her emancipation from England. The example will operate in part, not principally. Wherever there is a national debt, disproportionately less rapid in its extinction than in its formation, there is a revolutionary tendency: this will spread where there is none; as maladies first engendered in the air are soon communicated by contact to the sound and healthy. Various causes will be attributed to the effect; even the books of philosophers. All the philosophers in the world would produce a weaker effect in this business than one blind ballad-singer. Principles are of slower growth than passions: and the hand of Philosophy, holden out to all, there are few who press cordially. And who are those? the disappointed, the contemplative, the retired, the timid. Did Cromwell [1] read Plato? did the grocers of Boston read Locke? The true motives, in political affairs, are often very improbable. Men who never heard of philosophy but to sneer at it after dinner, will attribute to it those evils which their own venality and corruption have engendered; and not from a spirit of falsehood, but from incompetency of judgment and reflection. What is the stablest in itself is not always so in all places: marble is harder and more durable than timber: but the palaces of Venice and Amsterdam would have [2] split and sunk without wooden piles for their foundation. Single government wants those manifold props which are supplied

[1] 1st ed. spells "Cromwell" as "Cromwel"—and so usually.
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "would have sunken into the deep."

well-seasoned by Catholicism. A king indeed may lose his throne by indiscretion or inadvertency, but the throne itself will never lose its legs in any Catholic state. Never will a [1] republican or a mixed constitution exist seven years, where the hierarchy of Rome hath recently [2] exerted its potency. Venice and Genoa afford no proofs to the contrary: they arose and grew up while the popes were bishops, and ere mankind had witnessed the wonderful spectacle of an inverted apotheosis. God forbid that any corrupt nation should dream of becoming what America is. If it possesses one single man of reflection, he will demonstrate the impracticability of citizenship, where the stronger body of the state, as the clergy must morally be, receives its impulse and agency from without; and where it claims to itself a jurisdiction over all, excluding all from any authority over its concerns. This demonstration leads to a sentence which policy is necessitated to pronounce, and humanity is unable to mitigate.

PRESIDENT. Theories [3] and speculations always subvert religious, never political, establishments. Uneasiness makes men shift their postures. National debts produce the same effects as private ones; immorality and a desire of change; the former universally, the latter almost so. A man may well think he pays profusely, who pays a tenth as an insurance for his property against all the perils of the sea. Does he reason less justly who deems the same sum sufficient for the security of the remainder, in his own lands, in his own house? No conquered people was ever obliged to surrender such a portion of its wealth, present and reversionary, as in our times hath been expended voluntarily, in the purchase of handcuffs and fetters for home-consumption. Free nations, for the sake of doing mischief to others, and to punish the offence of pretending to be like them, have consented that a [4] certain preparation of grain shall be interdicted in their families, that certain herbs shall never be cultivated in their fields and gardens, that they shall never roast certain beans, nor extract certain liquors, and that certain rooms in their houses shall admit no light. Domitian never did against his enemies what these free nations have done against themselves.

[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "any republican—any mixed."

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. omit "recently."

[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "Theories . . . which always subvert religious, never subvert political," etc.

[4] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "the preparation of grain."

The sea-tortoise can live without its brains; an old discovery! Men can govern without theirs; an older still!

LEOPOLD.[1] I indeed see no reason why different sects in religion should not converse in the streets, as they are walking to their churches and chapels, with as much good-will and good-humour, as schoolboys of different ages and classes, going up at the same hour and for the same purpose to their appointed forms and respective teachers. Both parties are going for learning and improvement: the younger is the wiser: how long shall it continue so?

PRESIDENT. I can calculate the period to a day. It will continue while the clergy is a distinct body; while a priest is a prince; while he who says at one moment, "I am a servant, the servant of servants," says at another, "I am a master, the master of masters!"

So long as society will suffer these impositions, and toil under these tax-gatherers, and starve and contend and bleed for them, animosity and hatred will deface and desecrate the house of prayer and peace. The interest of the class, and above all of the chiefs, requires it: for from the moment when men begin to understand and support one another, they will listen to them no longer, nor endure them.

LEOPOLD. I am influenced little by opinions: they vary the most where they are strongest and loudest: here they breathe softly, and not against me; for I excite the hopes of many by extinguishing those of a [2] few. What I have begun I will continue: but I see clearly where I ought to stop, and know to a certainty, which few reformers do, where I can. Exempt from all intemperance of persecution as from all taint of bigotry, I am disposed to see Christianity neither in diamonds nor in tatters: I would [3] sell her red and white, to procure her a clean shift and inoffensive stockings.

I must persuade both clergy and laity that God understands Italian. Ricci, the Bishop of Pistoja, is convinced of this important truth; but many of his diocesans, not disputing his authority, argue that, although God indeed may understand it, yet the saints, to whom they offer up incense and in whom they have greater confidence, may not; and that being, for the most-part, old men, it might incommode them in the regions of bliss to alter pristine habits.

[1] From "LEOPOLD" to "them" added in 2nd ed.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. omit "a."

[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "would take down her toupee and sell her rouge-box."

Warmly and heartily do I thank you, M. Du Paty, for your observations: you have treated me really as your equal.

PRESIDENT. I should rather thank your imperial highness for your patience and confidence. If I have presented one rarity to the Palazzo Pitti, I have been richly remunerated with another. There are only two things which authorise a man out of office to speak his sentiments freely in the courts of princes; very small stature and very small probity. You have abolished this most ancient institution, in favour of a middle-sized man, who can reproach himself with no perversion or neglect of justice, in a magistrature of twenty years.[1]

[1] 1st ed. contains the following appendix:—

"Italy has been reinstated in all her priviledges and enjoyments; and the beneficent hands by which they have been rescued and restored are preparing the same for the rest of Europe. In the following verses may be found something like the sentiments attributed to the interlocutors in this Conversation.

"Italia! omnigenis salve ditissima divis!
Scirem, utinam, quando eis genitura viros.
Te quondam populosque tuos urbs una subegit,
Maternæque dedit viscera secta lupæ:
Et nunc obtinuit Capitolia Noricus hostis,
Castraque Taurini, Parthenopesque sinum;
Imposuit profugos sua post perjuria reges . . .
Accipe . . . sunt meritis præmia digna tuis.

"The same poet five years ago wrote these iambics.

"Fugit Tyrannis exulatque; vicinans
O milites civesque! nunc lætamini,
Nunc certa nectite orbis omnes incolæ,
Amoris omnes viva serta nectite!
Eia! unde triste vos tenet silentium?
Respondeas, Ibere! quid mussas, Tage!
Bæti! at beata rura tu certe colis . . .
Argute Minci, cur fleas, cur ingemas?
Avena quia vult illa quam sic abjicis?
Tuque ante cunctos, magne divorum comes,
Cælo fluenta solus educens tua,
Eridane! vultum cur paternum averteris?
Sequar fugacem in ultima ostia, in mare
Sequar, latentes proderunt parum Hadriæ
Specus . . . Quid est quòd, immemor tot urbium
Utrâque ripâ, non poetarum choris,
Non montibus juvenis, aut campo, aut freto?
Quocumque vertor orbe terrarum, simul
Videtur eloqui omnium indignatio . . .
'O Servitutis execranda hæreditas,
Vel hâc vel illâ (quàm parum refert!) manu
Impertienda es! Neu neque immerentibus!
Promissa, sed promissa regibus novis,
Lux liberorum ubi occidit! mortalium
Non es, futura semper es, Felicitas!
Tu verò amica hos qui locos deveneris,
Poeta, faustam gratulaturus vicem,
Apud . . . idque crede, ne nimis serò scias,
Culpa est fuisse conscium nostri statûs.'"

XIX. MARCHESE PALLAVICINI AND WALTER LANDOR

(*Imag. Convers.*, i., 1824; i., 1826; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

At Albaro near Genoa I rented the Palace of Marchese Pallavicini. While he was presenting the compliments of my arrival, the wife of his bailiff brought me fish and fowl from the city, and poured upon the table a basketful of[1] fruit.

Landor. The walk has tired you, my good woman. The hill indeed is rather steep, but it is short, and you appear, like the generality of Genoese countrywomen, strongly built.

Pallavicini. She has been frightened. When the Neapolitans and English landed here in the Bay, she was in childbed.

Landor. Poor woman! the alarm must have been great indeed, before you knew that the general was an Englishman.

Ah sir! was all she replied.

Signor Marchese, do inform me what she means.

Pallavicini. It[2] is better to forget if we can the calamities of war, which usually are the heaviest in the most beautiful countries.

Landor. Indulge me however in my request. Curiosity is pardonable in a stranger, and, led by humanity, is admissible to confidence.

Pallavinici. You had begun, sir, to say something which interested me, in reply to my inquiry how you liked our scenery. I shall derive much more satisfaction from your remarks on our architecture and gardens, than you can derive from my recital of an inhumanity. It is fair and reasonable, and in the course of things, that we should first arrive at that which may afford us pleasure, and not flag toward it wearied and saddened, and incapable of its enjoyment.

Landor. I am pleased, as I observed, by the palace opposite, not having seen in Italy, until now, a house of any kind with a span of turf before it. Like[3] yours and that opposite, they generally

[1] 1st ed. reads: "fine fruit."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "Sir, it is better for all parties to forget the calamities of war, which always are greatest in the most beautiful countries."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "Like yours and your neighbour's."

encroach on some lane, following its windings and angles, lest a single inch of ground should be lost; and the roofs fight for the centre of the road. I[1] am inclined to believe that the number of houses of which the fronts are uneven, is greater than of the even; and that there are more cramped with iron than uncramped. These deformities are always left visible, though the house is plastered, that the sum expended on the iron and labour may be evident. If an Italian of[2] condition spends a lira,[3] he must be seen to spend it: his stables, his laundry, his domestics, his peasants, must strike the eye together: his pigsty must have witnesses like his will. Every tree is accursed, as that of which the holy cross was fabricated, and ought to be swept away. You are surely the most hospitable people in the world: even that edifice which derives its existence and its name from privacy, stands exposed and wide open to the stranger,[4] wherever it stands at all.

When I resided on the Lake of Como, I visited the palace of Marchese Odeschalchi. Before it swelled in majesty that sovran of inland waters; behind it was a pond surrounded with brickwork, in which about twenty young goldfish jostled and gasped for room. The Larius had sapped the foundation of his palace, and the Marchese had exerted all his genius to avenge himself: he composed this bitter parody. I inquired of his cousin Don Pepino who conducted me, when the roof would be put on: he looked at me, doubting if he understood me, and answered in a gentle tone, "It was finished last summer." My error originated from observing red pantiles, kept in their places by heavy stones, loose, and laid upon them irregularly.

"What a beautiful swell, Don Pepino, is this upon the right," exclaimed I: "the little hill seems sensible of pleasure as he dips his foot into the Larius."

"There will be the offices."

"What! and hide Grumello? Let me enjoy the sight while I can. He appears instinct with life,[5] nodding the network of vines

[1] From "I" to "evident" added in 2nd ed.
[2] "of condition" not in 1st or 2nd ed.
[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "*livre.*"
[4] In 1st and 2nd eds. sentence ends at "stranger."
[5] 1st ed. reads: "life. How he nods . . . upon his head beckoning and inviting us while . . . cypresses, stand waiting and immoveable around. His playfellows beyond . . . push forward," etc.

upon his head, and beckoning and inviting us, while the fig-trees and mulberries and chesnuts and walnuts, and those lofty and eternal cypresses, stand motionless around. His joyous mates, all different in form and features, push forward ; and, if there is not something in the air, or something in my eyesight, illusory, they are running a race along the borders. Stop a moment : how shall we climb over these two enormous pines ? Ah, Don Pepino ! old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command.[1] Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it ; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding ; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. What a sweet odour is here ! whence comes it ? sweeter it appears to me and stronger than of the pine itself."

"I imagine," said he, "from the linden [2] ; yes, certainly."

"Is that a linden ? It is the largest, and, I should imagine, the oldest upon earth, if I could perceive that it had lost any of its branches."

"Pity that it hides half the row of yon houses from the palace ! It will be carried off with the two pines in the autumn."

"O [3] Don Pepino ! " cried I ; "the French, who abhor whatever is old and whatever is great, have spared it ; the Austrians, who sell their fortresses and their armies, nay, sometimes their daughters, have not sold it : must it fall ! Shall the cypress of Soma be without a rival ? I hope to have left Lombardy before it happens ; for, events which you will tell me ought never to interest me at all, not only do interest me, but make me (I confess it) sorrowful."

Who in the world could ever cut down a linden, or dare in his senses to break a twig from off one ? To a linden was fastened the son of William Tell, when the apple was cloven on his head. Years afterward, often did the father look higher and lower, and search laboriously, to descry if any mark were remaining of the cord upon its bark ! often must he have inhaled this very odour ! what a refreshment was it to a father's breast ! The flowers of the linden

[1] 1st ed. reads : "command. Palaces and temples and acqueducts and amphitheatres rise up before it readily : but it must either wait, or pass away before venerable trees. What a sweet," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads : "linden-tree."

[3] From "O" to "Cæsar," p. 174, added in 2nd ed.

should be the only incense offered up in the churches to God. Happy the man whose aspirations are pure enough to mingle with it!

How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! how many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure all-seeing heavens! what similitudes to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy! from those who now are earth; they, and their shrouds, and their coffins! The [1] caper and fig-tree have split the monument. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to the passer-by in vain.

To see this linden was worth a journey of 500 miles. It looked directly up the lake, in the centre of its extremity, and facing the boundary mountains of the Val-Tellina.

The cypress of Soma, where the first battle was fought between Hannibal and Scipio, is, in my opinion, the object most worth seeing in Italy, unless it be the statue at the base of which fell Cæsar.

PALLAVICINI.[2] One would imagine it must surely be the patriarch of the vegetable world.

LANDOR.[3] Lest, Signor Marchese, you should remain in doubt whether any other tree may be older, I shall refer you to Pietro della Valle, a lively, sensible, and veracious traveller, and credulous only where credulity is necessary to salvation. He mentions a terebinthus with three trunks growing from one root: and St. Jerom writes that it was there in his time, and that it was holden in great veneration by the people round. I do not believe the terebinthus to be so durable as the cypress; not being so slow in growth, and the branches more easily broken by the wind, whence the rain is admitted, cracks and crevices are made, and insects lodge in them and enlarge them. The antiquity of this terebinthus must have been extra-

[1] 2nd ed. reads: "The caper and fig-tree have split their monuments, and boys have broken the hazelnut with their fragments. To see this linden," etc.

[2] From "PALLAVICINI" to "world" added in 3rd ed.

[3] From "LANDOR" to "Valle" added in 2nd ed., which then reads: "Valle. I do not believe that in England we have any oak or yew (for cypresses do not flourish with us) older than about a thousand years. There is one of the latter on my estate at Lanthony; near the abbey, which the oldest of the inhabitants tell me, they never heard of being different in its condition. The decay must have begun two or three centuries."

ordinary in the time of St. Jerom, to be so distinguished from other trees, and held even then in veneration; and its appearance could have become but little changed in the twelve centuries between his visit and that of Pietro della Valle. Not[1] many years ago, a tree even of higher antiquity was living and flourishing at Patras. It was a cypress, mentioned by Pliny, and seen by Spon, who visited the country in the year 1676. He represents it as of that species which here in Italy you call the *female;* a more beautiful tree than the other, but generally thought to be of shorter duration, from its horizontal branches (when extremely long) being subject to be broken by the weight of snow. The trunk, in the time of Spon, was eighteen French feet in diameter.

PALLAVICINI. You passed by Soma in going to Milan on your way to Como. I would gladly see that lake, which detained you three whole years among a people so rude and barbarous.

LANDOR. Barbarous[2] do not call it, though indeed it may be too much so. It was in Como I received and visited the brave descendants of the Jovii: it was in Como I daily conversed with the calm philosophical Sironi: and I must love the little turreted city for other less intrinsic recollections. Thither came to see me the learned and modest Bekker, and it was there, after several delightful rambles, I said farewell to Southey.

PALLAVICINI. If[3] ever I should again have business at Milan, I might almost be tempted to visit the Lario, greatly as I should be ridiculed at Genoa for a journey of curiosity. We Italians study more the works of art than of nature; you Englishmen the contrary.

Our[4] towns, to continue the subject on which we began, are in much better style than our villas.

LANDOR. They[5] indeed are magnificent, and appear the more so after the wretched streets[6] of France. In that country almost every-

[1] From "Not" to "Como" added in 3rd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "Barbarous is that city, think you, which contains two families of friends? It was in Como I received the brave descendants of the Jovii, and my bosom feels at this moment that there I pressed to it the calm philosophical Sironi. I must love that city too for other recollections. Thither came to visit me the learned and modest Bekker, and it was there I shed my last tear when I said farewell to Southey."

[3] From "If" to "contrary" added in 3rd ed.

[4] 1st ed. reads: "Our cities are in much better taste than our villas."

[5] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "They are superb, and appear," etc.

[6] 1st ed. reads: "towns."

thing animated is noisy, and almost everything inanimate is misshapen. All seems reversed[1]: the inhabitants of the north are darker than those of the south: indeed the women of Calais are much browner than any I have seen in Italy: the children, the dogs, the frogs, are more clamorous than ours; the cocks are shriller. But[2] at worst we are shocked by no contrast; the very language seeming to be constructed upon stinks; and dirt and ugliness going together. While in Italy we cannot walk ten paces without observing the union of stateliness and filth, of gorgeous finery and squalid meanness; and[3] the expressions of vice and slavery are uttered in the accents of angels. The churches are fairly divided between piety and prostitution, leaving the entrance and a few broken chairs to beggary and vermin. Here always is something of misapplied paint and importunate gilding. A couple of pepper-boxes are mounted on St. Peter's, which[4] also exhibits the incredible absurdity of two clocks in its front: a dozen of mass-boxes range the Colosseo: the Pantheon is the tomb of a fiddler.

PALLAVICINI.[5] I have been in London, and was much surprised at the defects of architecture in your capital. Not only Rome, Genoa, Venice, Verona, Vicenza, Milano, but Paris itself, excels it: and how incomparably more magnificent must have been the public works of Athens!

LANDOR. Those both of Paris and London would not constitute a third of the Piræus alone, of which the length exceeded six miles; the height was sixty feet, not reckoning the foundation, and the breadth at top about twelve. It was of square stones, fastened together by cramps of iron and by molten lead.

PALLAVICINI. Being begun and carried on in the greatest haste, I wonder how the Athenians had leisure for the squaring of stones, each of which weighed several tons.

LANDOR. This question has never been discussed. In my opinion,

[1] 1st ed. reads: "reversed: the women have hoarse voices; the men squeal. The children, and the very dogs and frogs are more clamorous than ours; . . . shriller."

[2] From "But" to "stinks" added in 2nd ed., and from "and dirt" to "together" added in 3rd ed.

[3] From "and the" to "angels" added in 2nd ed.

[4] From "which" to "front" added in 3rd ed.

[5] From "PALLAVICINI" to "plants," p. 181, added in 3rd ed. Much of this was published as a note in 1st ed. (1824, ii. 96), "Pericles and Sophocles," and 2nd ed. (1826, ii. 137).

those of the greatest bulk were taken from the ancient walls of the city, which not only were useless now its boundaries were quadrupled in extent, but which obstructed the communications and deformed the beauty of the place. These originally were erected by one of those societies of itinerant masons, which, like many colonies, are called Pelasgian. I suspect they were Etrurians ; a people more early on the road to civilisation than the inhabitants of Hellas, although they never carried it to the same extent. They indeed were the Chinese of Europe.

PALLAVICINI. Surely you undervalue them.

LANDOR. Far from it : I was speaking of the ancient : Greece alone, of all the nations on the globe, rivals the modern. But there is no evidence or probability that the arts in old Etruria ever equalled the same in China ; where moreover the powers of imagination and reflection raise our wonder in their earlier writers. The great wall of China quite obscures the Piræus by its magnitude, unequal as it is in its utility and its beauty ; which may be imagined, although faintly, if we recollect that to the main walls of the Piræus were added two others ; one four miles long, the other somewhat shorter, each adorned with statues.

PALLAVICINI. This work then exceeded any the Romans themselves have built.

LANDOR. The Romans did less in their city than in the conquered territories. The greatest of their labours was the wall against the Caledonians : the most solid and majestic was the bridge across the Danube. In theatres they excelled the Athenians : those at Athens were worthy of Pollio and Seneca ; those at Rome, of Æschylus and Sophocles. The Romans, in ancient times as in modern, found plenty of materials among the ruins. A band of robbers and outcasts saw on the banks of the Tiber a city so little dilapidated that it served them to inhabit. They repaired the roofs with sedge and rushes, deposited their plunder within the two fortresses dedicated to Saturn and to Janus, grew thrifty and religious, with no abatement of enterprise or stint of spoliation, found order more and more necessary, and consented to elect with more regularity and ceremony their captains and arbitrators. Gods and priests were imported from all quarters after every foray, together with oxen, sheep, swine, grain, and household utensils. As, however, from their habits of life, they had brought no women with them, and female captives were in

insufficient number, they took others by fraud and violence from the villages around. The pastoral and unwarlike inhabitants were as submissive to them as they are at present to the native bandits, and perhaps gave them the same assistance and information on their excursions. The Sabines, who afterward became more courageous, from the necessity of discipline forced upon them by incessant aggression, were at this time among the least martial and the least enterprising of nations. Unable to recover their wives and daughters, they soon made peace.

PALLAVICINI. We Ligurians long withstood the Romans: and their historians and poets for this reason, while they extol the Sabines, show us no mercy. From your account of our conquerors, it appears that they were at least as uncivilised as any inhabitants of the Peninsula.

LANDOR. More so than any. No spacious and commodious mansion, no august temple, was erected in 500 years: so uncouth was the genius of the people. The magnificence of Syracuse and of Corinth, the most elegant and splendid cities in Europe, left little impression on the destroyers. Their cups were (as they termed it) of barbaric gold, while their temples and the Gods within them were of clay. Captured Veii soon supplied Rome with a large assortment of richer images. Lucullus was the first of the nation who had any idea of amplitude in architecture. Julius Cæsar, to whom glory in all her forms and attributes was more familiar than his own Penates, meditated the grandest works of utility and decoration, in the city and out: but he fell a victim to insatiable ambition, and left nothing memorable in his birthplace but Pompey's statue. Augustus did somewhat in adorning the city: but Augustus was no Pericles. Tiberius, melancholy at the loss of a young and beautiful wife borne away from him by policy, sank into that dreadful malady which blighted every branch of the Claudian family, and, instead of embellishing the city with edifices and sculpture, darkened it with disquietudes and suspicions, and retired into a solitude which his enemies have peopled with monsters. Such atrocious lust, incredible even in madness itself, was incompatible with the memory of his loss and with the tenderness of his grief. Nero, in the beginning of his government, and indeed five entire years, a virtuous and beneficent prince, was soon affected by the same insanity, but acting differently on his heart and intellect. He never lost sight of magnificence, and

erected a palace before which even the splendours of Pericles fade away. Plutarch, in the Life of Publicola, tells us that he himself had seen at Athens the columns of Pentelican marble for the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter; that their thickness was reduced at Rome, to the injury of the proportions; after which he informs us that the gilding of the whole edifice cost 12,000 talents. Now, the hall in the palace of Nero was as large as this temple; the ground on which it stood was thirtyfold the extent, and the gilding so general that it was called the *Golden House.* At the decease of Nero, the masters of the world trembled to enter it; removed from it the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Scopas and Lysippus, of Zeuxis and Apelles, of which probably all that were extant were assembled here; poured forth the lava of the precious metal from its ceilings, its architraves and its arches; and constructed out of its kitchens and stables a bath and amphitheatre for the whole Roman people.

PALLAVICINI. Nero seems to have pacified them surprisingly, after burning down their houses.

LANDOR. The conflagration I believe to have arisen from the necessity of purifying the city after an endemical disease, and of leaving no narrow streets in the centre for its recurrence. The extreme love which the populace bore toward Nero long after his death, is a proof that they did not attribute the fire to his cruelty or caprice; and they were abundantly recompensed by his liberality. Nothing was left for the Flavian dynasty but to demolish and reconstruct: nothing for Trajan but to register on marble his rapid victories, leaving his virtues to be inscribed on materials less perishable: nothing for Hadrian but to imitate the finer works of the Athenians. Architecture then sank for ages. The Moors introduced a style of it more fanciful and ornamental, which beside had this advantage; it brought with it no recollections of deterioration and decay. The cathedrals in Spain are the most exquisite models of it: and illuminated manuscripts, which the Arabs, Turks, and Persians prize highly, gave, I imagine, those ideas on which the French, the Germans, and the English, raised many noble edifices, correcting the heavier and more depressed masses of Italy.

PALLAVICINI. With Saint Paul's and Saint Stephen's before you, cottages are built like castles, and palaces like cottages; and where the edifice is plain and simple, the window is a hole knocked in the wall, looking like an eye without an eyebrow or eyelashes; or else it

is situated in the midst of an arch, as if a ruin had been patched up to receive it.

LANDOR. This idea we borrowed from Florence, and very lately. The Florentines turned their shops into palaces when they turned the name of silk-merchant into that of marquis: and the patchwork is equally visible in the house and in the master.

PALLAVICINI. Since I was in England, I understand that absurdities even more ludicrous are come into fashion, and that your architects fall back again on what they denominate the Elizabethan style. In fact, condemned by nature to perennial twilight, you wainscot your apartments with the darkest oak, and impanel it in your ceilings; your windows are divided and traversed by thick stone-work; and the panes of glass, extremely small, are sometimes made darker by green and purple, and are held together by almost an equal quantity of lead.

LANDOR. True enough: and when we attempt to be more classical, we run into as gross absurdities. Some of us would be Grecian in our houses, forgetting that the Greeks made a wide difference between the construction of a house and of a temple. Even if they had not, still the climates of the two countries are so different, that what would be convenient on the shores of the Ægean Sea, would be ill placed on the shores of the British Channel. Exposed to our biting winds, the Corinthian acanthus would soon shed its beautiful foliage. And what, indeed, have we to do with the ram's skull and horns belonging to the Ionian? We, who slay no rams for sacrifice, and to whom, therefore, such a decoration is without a memorial and without a meaning. But Ionian pilasters are admissible to the fronts of our houses, and Ionian columns to our public edifices. However, the ornaments of the capitals should be taken from what is indigenous and appropriate. The portals in England are despicably poor; whereas to these is greatly owing the dignity of the exterior; and the dignity of the interior to the staircase. In this, likewise, the best houses of London, with very few exceptions, are deficient.

PALLAVICINI. We Genoese are proud of our door-ways.

LANDOR. They are magnificent; so are many in Rome, and some in Milan. We have none in London, and few in the country; where, however, the staircases are better. These are usually oak. I inherit an old ruinous house, containing one up which the tenant rode his horse to stable him.

PALLAVICINI AND LANDOR

Let us now reflect again a moment on Athens, which I think will be somewhat more to our satisfaction. A city not larger than Liverpool, and whose inhabitants might almost have been lost in Syracuse, produced, within the short period of two centuries, reckoning from the battle of Marathon, a greater number of exquisite models, in war, philosophy, patriotism, oratory, and poetry ; in the semi-mechanical arts which accompany or follow them, sculpture and painting ; and in the first of the mechanical, architecture ; than the remainder of Europe in 6000 years. She rises up again as from a trance, and is pushed back by the whole company of kings. The rulers of nations seem to think they have as much interest in abolishing the traces of her, if they can, as Alexander thought he had to demolish what were considered to be the monuments of the Argonautic Expedition. Darius felt differently. He believed that there is policy in content, both in keeping and causing it ; he established by Mardonius a republican form of government in the Grecian cities of Ionia.

PALLAVICINI. Hush ! do not speak of republics : the sound may blow a man's head off. We are safer among the trees. And now, if you have said all you proposed to say upon our buildings, let us return again to our plants.

LANDOR. Enter the gardens and approach the vases : do you perceive the rarity, the beauty, the fragrance of the flowers ? In one is a bush of box, in another a knot of tansy. Neptune is recumbent on a bed of cabbages, and from the shell of a Triton sprout three turnips, to be sold.[1]

PALLAVICINI. Our first object in the garden is profit. The vicinity of Genoa produces a large quantity of lemons, and many

[1] 1st ed. reads : " sold. We English in our gardens, the most beautiful in the universe, are not exempt from absurdities. Inhabiting . . . gravel." From " PALLAVICINI " to " ours," and from " but " to " inconveniences," and from " the shallow " to " nice," added in 2nd ed., largely from the following footnote, which appears in the 1st ed. :—

" In the shadiness of the English garden, it is the love of retirement that triumphs over taste, and over a full sense and experience of its inconveniences.

"SEPTIMIUS

"Probum piumque ego ex ephebo noveram
Septimium ; at illud in viri virtutibus
Primum juvabat, quod casam, quod hortulum
Describeret parentum amore ludicro,
Locoque fratrum buxeas imagines
Complecteratur, toto operto pectore.
Invisere istas cogitabam sæpius,

families are supported by renting, at about thirty crowns, half an acre or less of lemon ground.

Sciens eundem hunc esse, mitis indolis,
Vitæque agresti non agrestem deditum.
Odium quod in me est, et fuit semper, domûs
Alienæ ob hoc repello, et evinco brevi . . .
Anquiro ubi ædes Septimî . . . 'vides,' ait,
Herbas salubres colligens vicina anus.
Dico paternas, quasque Septimius colit,
Cerasus caminum contegit, laurus forem.
'Verum . . . ecce easdem!'
Non moror diutius
Quin tortuosam carpo et insequor viam;
En ipse! jussa fortè villico dabat
Quo tortuosa tortuosior foret
Via illa, quærerentque fallentem domum
Fenestrâ apertâ quærere auditi hospites.
Benignitate pristinâ concurritur . . .
At buxus, O mî Septimî! quonam loco,
Arcus sagittae?
'Jure ridenda optimo'
Respondit . . .
Atqui non meâ sententiâ
Ridendus ulli est ullus innocentiæ
Custosve, testisve; hæc videre pervelim,
Itasque fructu annisque convexas nuces,
Sub queis repertus semimortuus lepus
Cruore primis jam rigente naribus,
Causa ambigendi seriis parentibus
An edere fas nefasne, tam incertâ nece.
Illuc eamus protinus.
Prensat manum,
Suspirat . . . 'eruuntur!'
Ut fit?
'Atqui ita est!'
Bellam fatebor reddidiste villulam.
Munit recurvum certiùs ferrum gradus
Quam ros marinus, nec fides huic abfuit,
Annos ducentos usque servanti locum:
Sed quæso, amice Septimî, magis placet
Priore? nec quid inter haec desideras?
'Immo omnia! et me poenitet facti mei
Et poenitebit: hostis haud tantum malum
Inferret: hunc ornare gestibam situm;
Ipsum sepulcrum primi amoris obrui.'

"The neighbourhood of Geneva produces a great quantity of lemons, and many families are supported by renting, at about thirty crowns, an acre or less of lemon ground. I mentioned the fact at Pisa, with some doubt and hesitation, and there I learned from Don Luigi Serviti and Signor Georgio Salvioni, both gentlemen of Massa di Carrara, the following most extraordinary fertility of a lemon tree. A wager was laid in the year 1812 by Signor Antonio Georgieri of Massa with Marchese Calani of Spezia, that, at Croscello, half a mile from the former place, there was one which would mature that year fourteen thousand lemons. It exceeded the quantity. In Spain I was informed that a large tree in favorable seasons might ripen three thousand: in Sicily the same, or nearly so. The fruit however of the tree at Croscello is small, of little juice and bad quality. I presume it to be a wildling. This and the celebrated vine at Hampton-Court are the two most extraordinary fruit-bearing trees on record; they have quintupled the most prolific of their species in Europe."

LANDOR. I mentioned the fact at Pisa, with some doubt and hesitation ; and there I learned from Don Luigi Serviti and Signor Georgio Salvioni, both gentlemen of Massa di Carrara, the extraordinary fertility of a lemon-tree. A wager was laid in the year 1812 by Signor Antonio Georgieri, of Massa, with Marchese Calani, of Spezia, that at Croscello, half a mile from Massa, there was one which would mature, that season, 14,000 lemons ; it exceeded the quantity. In Spain I was informed that a tree in favourable seasons might ripen nearly 3000 ; in Sicily the same. The fruit, however, of the plant at Croscello is small, of little juice, and bad quality : I presume it to be a wilding. This, and the celebrated vine at Hampton Court, are the two most extraordinary fruit-bearing trees of their kind on record ; they have quintupled the most prolific.

We Englishmen talk of *planting* a garden ; the modern Italians and ancient Romans talk of *building* one.* Ours, the most beautiful in the universe, are not exempt from absurdities : but in the shadiness of the English garden it is the love of retirement that triumphs over taste, and over a sense of the inconveniences.

Inhabiting a moist and chilly climate, we draw our woods almost into our dining-rooms : you, inhabiting a sultry one, condemn your innocent children to the ordeal of a red-hot gravel. The shallow well, called *pescina*, in the middle of every garden, contains just enough water to drown them, which happens frequently, and to supply a generation of gnats for the *villeggianti*. We again may be ridiculed in our turn : our serpentine ditches are fog-beds.

You should cover your reservoirs ; an old hat or wig would do it ; and we should invite our Naiads to dance along the green a good half-mile from our windows.

The English are more zealous of introducing new fruits, shrubs, and plants, than other nations : you Italians are less so than any civilised one. Better fruit is eaten in Scotland than in the most fertile and most cultivated parts of your pensinula. As for flowers, there is a greater variety in the worst of your fields than in the best of your gardens. As for shrubs, I have rarely seen a lilac, a laburnum, a mezereon, in any of them : and yet they flourish before almost every cottage in our poorest villages. I now come among the ordinary fruits. The currant, the gooseberry, and the raspberry, the

* Cui Cneius noster locum ubi hortos *ædificaret* daret.—Cic. ad Atticum. Ep. xvi. l. ix.—W. S. L.

most wholesome and not the least delicious, were domesticated among you by the French in some few places: they begin to degenerate already. I have eaten good apples in this country, and pears and cherries much better than ours; the other kinds of fruitage appeared to me unfit for the table, not to say uneatable; and as your gentlemen send the best to market, whether the produce of their own gardens or presents, I have probably tasted the most highly-flavoured. Although the sister of Buonaparte introduced peaches, nectarines, and apricots from France, and planted them at Marlia near Lucca, no person cares about taking grafts from them.

We wonder in England, when we hear it related by travellers, that peaches in Italy are left under the trees for swine; but, when we ourselves come into the country, our wonder is rather that the swine do not leave them for animals less nice.

I have now, Signor Marchese, performed the conditions you imposed on me, to the extent of my observation; hastily, I confess it, and pre-occupied by the interest you excited. I[1] may justly call on you to speak as unreservedly and explicitly.

PALLAVICINI. If you insist upon it, I will. Across the road, exactly four paces from your antechamber, were the quarters of your general: exactly forty-eight from his window, out of which he was looking, did this peasant woman lie groaning in labour, when several soldiers entered her bed-room, and carried off the articles most necessary in her condition. Her husband ran under the apartment of the general, which faced the wife's, entreating his compassion. He was driven away.

LANDOR. Was nothing done?

PALLAVICINI. A few threats were added.

LANDOR. Impossible, impossible!

PALLAVICINI. Since, sir, we are in the regions of impossibility, do look again, I entreat you, at the palace just before us: and I am greatly mistaken if I cannot fix your attention upon something of higher import than a span of turf.

LANDOR. It is among the most magnificent and, what is better, the most elegant, that I have hitherto seen in Italy; for I have not yet visited the Venetian territory, and know merely from engravings the architecture of Palladio. Whose is it?

PALLAVICINI. It belongs to the family of Cambiagi, to which our

[1] From "I" to "will" added in 3rd ed.

republic, while it pleased God to preserve it, owed many signal benefits, as doges and as senators. A private man from among them constructed at his own expense the most commodious of our roads, and indeed the first deserving the name that had ever been formed in Liguria, whether by moderns or ancients, though[1] Marius and Cæsar marched across.

LANDOR. How grand is that flight of steps upon which the children are playing! These are my vases, Marchese, these are my images, these are decorations for architecture, this[2] is ornamental gardening, and suitable to all countries and climates. Take care, blessed creatures!—a fall from such a height——!

PALLAVICINI. Over those steps, amid the screams and embraces of those children, with her arms tied behind her, imploring help, pity, mercy, was dragged by the hair the Marchesa Cambiagi.

LANDOR. For what offence?

PALLAVICINI. Because her husband had mastered[3] his prejudices and resigned his privileges.

LANDOR. Signor Marchese! the English general, whatever may be the public opinion of his talents and his principles, could never have known and permitted it.

PALLAVICINI. Perhaps not: I can only declare that his windows were filled with military men, if uniforms make them, and that he[4] was there: this I saw. Your Houses of Parliament, M. Landor, for their own honour, for the honour of the service and of the nation, should have animadverted on such an outrage: he should answer for it.[5]

LANDOR. These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two Houses. A pen! he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?

[1] From "though" to "across" added in 3rd ed.
[2] From "this" to "climates" added in 2nd ed.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "mastered all . . . resigned all."
[4] 1st ed. reads: "he was amongst them."
[5] 1st ed. adds: "he should suffer for it."

XX. FLORENTINE, ENGLISH VISITOR, AND LANDOR [1]

(*Imag. Convers.*, iii., 1828; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

DESCENDING the staircase of Palazzo-Medici, which I inhabit, I observed the venerable old gentleman, its proprietor, walking up and down [2] gravely before his own apartment. He seemed to avoid my salutation; whether the most modest of men did not wish to speak while a stranger was with me, or whether he was returning to his room for anything. However, as he had seen me, I went up to him, inquired after his health, which has been long declining, and then after the Granduke's, who had been confined to his bed four days, as I learnt the day preceding. I now saw the reason why the Marchese turned away: tears were in his eyes and running down his cheeks copiously. He took my hand, lifted it between his on a level with his heart, and said, "He is in his last agonies!"

While I stood silent, for I was affected deeply at seeing in tears an old man, majestic in gait and stature, and cordially my friend, I fancied I heard more footsteps in the street than usual, and that people walked faster and stopped oftener. I heard no songs. It was probably the first hour, by daylight at least, since the building of the city, unless in the time of siege or plague or under the duke of Athens, that you could have heard none; for the Florentines by nature are joyous and noisy as grasshoppers. I turned, and seeing the porter at the gate, who had been asking some questions, I called to him. He must have heard me, yet he went into his lodge and said nothing. I followed him, and wishing to hear a more favourable report, inquired how the Granduke was.

"Sir," said the porter, "I hope you do not think me wanting in respect: I can hardly tell you."

"Let us hope then he is better."

[1] Drastic and disastrous changes were made in this Conversation after the 1846 edition. See note in Appendix to the present ed. of *Imag. Convers.* But it is impossible to secure the reader against confusion.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "down before."

"He is with God."

He turned his back on me: his grey hairs glimmered with the tremulous motion of his head, until he rested his brow against the wall. Not wishing to pursue my walk, nor deeming it decorous, I proposed to my visitor that he should return and sit down again. At this instant a young man overtook us with a quick step.

"Better it had been me, ten thousand times," cried he.

"Luigi!" said I, knowing his voice, "stop a moment: is it quite certain?"

"I am happy you stopped me," replied he. "I was running to my father: it would have half-killed him."

Few more words passed between us, and we went our way. When my visitor and myself were up-stairs again and seated, "Really," said he, "I am now of your opinion: there is no sincerity in this people: I don't mean the old gentleman, whoever he is."

LANDOR. And what think you then of the porter?

ENGLISH VISITOR. I did not see him, nor hear what he said; you went alone into the lodge. But the young man carries it too far.

LANDOR. The Granduke has given him nothing; and which of his ministers, think you, is not proud of saying to himself, "I can withhold an office worth a crown a day from the descendant of our first Granduke!"

ENGLISH VISITOR. What! and are these two gentlemen of that family? Is it possible they can be thus affected at the decease of one who occupied the throne of their ancestors? I should as soon have expected it from you. And truly I never saw you less disposed to talk on the meeting of an old acquaintance, or less capable (you must excuse me) of saying something worth hearing.

LANDOR. I never said anything in my lifetime so worthy of making an impression on the mind, as what you heard from that young man. Treasure it up in your recollection: lose nothing, as you hope for heaven, of that which may give you a better opinion of your fellow-creatures, a just and worthy one of God's great work. How good and glorious when the right affections are unsuppressed by the perverse; when love, pity, gratitude, are in vigour; when Death himself warms our hearts and elevates our affections. Then are we indeed redeemed from our fallen state.

ENGLISH VISITOR. You are coming round, I perceive: I shall see you a *king's friend* ere long.

LANDOR. God grant it!

ENGLISH VISITOR. Well! at least you have no hypocrisy: but, upon my soul, I did not think you so very—let me say at least—unguarded. You would really (don't be angry) be bribed then?

LANDOR. Really and truly.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Your smile is a fixed one; and must I believe you? I would have sworn that you never would have changed your principles; not even to be prime minister.

LANDOR. Swear nothing.

ENGLISH VISITOR. No, after this, indeed. You have acted very inconsistently; not only in the change of your principles, but in the management of your talents. In the time of Castlereagh, there was indeed but little hope from a fellow who never read a book through, even at school, and who was once proved by a friend in joke not to know the latitude of England by ten or any other number of degrees. Canning, however, is a scholar, and, what is more to the purpose, he is obliged to pick up *sad sticks.*

LANDOR. They resemble the dragon-fly: I see his hard eyes and heavy body (heavy it is for a fly) and see not what it is that bears him up above my hedge: so filmy and apparently so inadequate is the finer part of him. Such are the insects now in office. Canning is himself an understrapper; a Gil Blas turned sour, and with a tendency to the vapid.[1]

ENGLISH VISITOR. What would you have? Public men and public women may alike be designated by one trisyllable. Ministers come into office by giving as a pledge their virtue, their judgment, and their sentiment. They resign themselves bound hand and foot to the faction that hoodwinks the crown; a faction existing in every kingly government; and they distribute employments according to the lists

[1] 1st ed. reads (after "vapid") as follows: "But in his fidelity, to do him justice, he is sparkling and racy as he came from Walcheren, and cool and fresh as ever. ENGLISH VISITOR. He may not possess the eloquence of Pitt or Fox. LANDOR. Sir, he possesses more eloquence than either, and is wiser. ENGLISH VISITOR. Well, then, what would you have? In honesty all men are alike. They come into power and office by giving as a pledge . . . distribute places and employments . . . envoy; but leaving room on each side of the latter for another to range his secretary, a third to horse his courier; then comes forward a fourth to stipulate that his friend Leader shall build the carriage, and a fifth suggests that the service of plate should be ordered from Rundel and Bridge. LANDOR. Surely no man of the most ordinary attainments," etc.—Landor's speech being in the later version portion of the speech of the English Visitor.

presented to them, being permitted to insert out of their own families and partisans a limited assortment of names. Here they may stick in a bishop, here they may prick a judge, here they may cushion an envoy; but leaving room on each side of him for another to bench his secretary, and a third to boot his courier.

FLORENTINE.[1] The court of England has not been quite so observant of merit in its appointment of diplomatists to the smaller courts, as, no doubt, it has to the higher. We Tuscans have been more amused by some of them than edified or flattered. One Sieur Dorkins, a secretary of legation, no sooner found himself in possession of his hundred pounds a year, than he bought a pony, hired the best saddle and bridle that were to be let out, presented a bunch of flowers (when the season was somewhat advanced) to the lady of highest rank he met at the *Cascine*, and manifested his resolution to be *cavaliere serviente* wherever he found beauty and cookery. He soon introduced himself to Madame Mozzi, a lady of great personal attractions, good-humoured, witty, well-informed, and whose house enjoys the reputation of an admirable kitchen. The next morning he addressed a billet to her, declaring that she had pleased him, and desiring to know at what hour she would be ready to receive his visit. She answered him frankly, and proposed that the interview should take place in the evening. Sieur Dorkins ran to the milliner's, bought a frill; to the perfumer's, a bottle of *Eau-de-Cologne*; to a friend's, and borrowed a cambric handkerchief. Observing that his gloves bore the marks of the bridle, he put them into his pocket before he knocked at the door. This he did once and softly. It opened as by magic: and a servant in a rich livery, with a lively salutation ushered him up-stairs. He passed through an ante-chamber filled with fine pictures: every countenance in the portraits seemed to smile on him, every landscape bloomed before him. He had little taste or time for them: onward he followed the valet: the folding-doors of the drawing-room flew open: the whole family were there assembled. Sieur Dorkins being loudly announced, all eyes were instantaneously fixed on him. Madame Mozzi and her *aja* rose from their seats: and the

[1] A long passage, from "FLORENTINE" to "German clock at the hour," added in 2nd ed. Another version of most of this passage will be found in the footnote on Gianni in the Conversation of Peter Leopold and President Du Paty, where "Sieur Dorkins" appears as "Sieur Dorcas." He was Edward James Dawkins, eventually British Minister to Greece. See Molloy's *Lady Blessington*, i. 198, for Landor's opinion of him.

former, smiling graciously, turned again to the company, and presented "the Illustrissimo who would have done such honour to them all, had he not fixed his attentions on the least worthy of the family." They bowed to the sieur. "And now," said Madame Mozzi to the *aja*, "you will do me the favour, my dear friend, to read aloud the elegant note of the British secretary." The *aja* wiped her glasses, placed them across the slender ridge they befitted, and, without any change of voice or physiognomy, read it slowly through. The husband took Sieur Dorkins by the hand, apologised for the necessity he was under of leaving him so soon after his introduction, and wished him all possible success in his negotiation. The other relatives complimented him on the peculiar frankness of the English character, of which they protested they had never seen before so charming a specimen: the lady told him with an air of sweet concern and tender reproof, that she only lamented to find him somewhat colder than his note had promised. In reply to the smiles that were lurking and trembling in the unsteady dimples of her lips, he bit his angrily, twitched up one side of his shirt-collar, bowed as well as he had learnt to bow, and withdrew. He found the servants ranged upon the staircase. His conductor told him it was customary in Tuscany to give a *mancia* on the first good-fortune, and hoped his Excellency would remember it.

ENGLISH VISITOR. I believe the story to be true in all its parts and circumstances: for I have heard it frequently, even in England: and indeed wherever a tale of consummate impudence is related, the Sieur Dorkins comes forward as regularly as the sentinel in a German clock at the hour. But no man of the most ordinary attainments among us has reason to despair of office, if that man possesses a lucrative and a high one who came from Ireland half-naked, offered his services to the publisher of a periodical work at two guineas a week, and, writing in defence (as he tells us) of our laws and religion, shocked a good old woman in her hospitality, which at that time he found very useful, by seasoning her leg of lamb and pigeon-pie with the coarsest and stalest of irreligion.[1] I dare not repeat the allusion to the *Lamb of God*,

[1] Mr. Stephen Wheeler suggests that the reference may be to John Wilson Croker. 1st ed. reads: "aweek, and who hath acquired so little sense of decency in the pride of place, as to link himself with a fellow brought back in chains, out of a British Colony, for embezzling and purloining money from a place of public trust. Associated with this worthy, he has instituted a journal in defence (as he tells us) of our laws and religion. ENGLISH VISITOR. I know a good old woman,

nor need I remind you what and on whom descended the similitude of a Dove. Referring to the ribald, the only friend worthy of Lord Hertford, Cumberland said he was the most vulgar man in the least elegant and least decorous of nations ; but that he could forgive him if he were not also the most malignant in the least spiteful. I can account for it only from the facility with which his old associates despise him, and the violent effort he makes at mutual disdain.[1] I dare to profess myself a christian ; in belief a very sincere, in conduct a most defective one : but if any ratiocination led me away, a fugitive from my father's house, and deaf to the reclamations of my dearest friends, still what could so harden me, as that I should turn into ridicule one who had warned me of danger, and who had offered to accompany me in adversity ? I leave him without thanks ; I abandon him without regret ; and am I never to be reminded of his innocence and gentleness, but when hunger or fortune has led me, "nothing loth," to the "warm precincts" of a pigeon-pie ? Afterward I hear of him insulted by the ignorant, persecuted by the bigot, dragged before the judge, delivered to the executioner. What then if this person, whom (say I know no more of him) I know to be the purest, the gentlest, the most beneficent of men, should be ready to die, nay, should have died, for *me !* Do I want a godhead to shake my heart at this ? Humanity, at the report of it, feels it through all her fibres, and drops on the earth in tears.

LANDOR. Preserve this character : foster and encourage these thoughts, which must render you happier and better than any other can do. Nothing of envy will follow them ; much of gaiety may ; particularly if they assist you in recollecting of what materials our modern greatness is composed, and that the only thing in which monarchs now imitate God, is in forming their first men out of the dust. Better stuff was required for court-equipage in ages esteemed far more barbarous. We had then our knights of the pink or the lily or the daisy ; pleasant, alert, companionable, jovial ; at present we have knights of the eating-house, baronets of the whiskey-bottle,

whom he shocked in her hospitality, which he at that time found very useful, seasoning her leg of lamb and pigeon-pie with the coarsest and stalest of cyder-cellar impiety. Cumberland said," etc. Crump identifies the "ribald" with Theodore Hook, Hertford's parasite.

[1] 1st ed. reads : "disdain. I never saw this fellow ; but my phlegm is somewhat moved at the things I know, and at some future time will relate of him. I dare," etc.

lord-provosts of the letter-press, and lords of session at the gazette and magazine. Certain hands, patient (you would swear) of everything but a glove, are armed with clubs and cudgels that seem cognate with them; and certain eyes are peeping forth from their lattices at every inlet of literature, that those who enter without the watchword may be well smitten or well splashed. Formerly titles were inherited by men who could not write; they now are conferred on men who will not let others. Theirs may have been the darker age; ours is the duller: in theirs a high spirit was provoked; in ours proscribed: in theirs the bravest were pre-eminent; in ours the basest.

ENGLISH VISITOR.[1] One objection to your *Imaginary Conversations* is, that you represent some living characters as speaking with greater powers of mind than they possess, vile as they are in conduct.

LANDOR. It can not be expected, by those who know of what materials the cabinets of Europe are composed, that any person in them should reason so conclusively, and with such illustrations, as some who are introduced. This, if it is a blemish in a book, is one which the book would be worse without. The practice of Shakespeare and Sophocles is a better apology for me than I could offer of my own. If men were to be represented as they show themselves, encrusted with all the dirtiness they contract in public life, in all the debility of ignorance, in all the distortion of prejudice, in all the reptile trickery of partisanship, who would care about the greater part of what are called the greatest? Principles and ideas are my objects: they must be reflected from high and low, but they must also be exhibited where people can see them best, and are most inclined to look at them.

ENGLISH VISITOR. You, by proper attention, or even by abstinence from attack, might have gone out among the Commissioners [2] to America.

LANDOR. I go out nowhere: here I live, here I die perhaps. A sea-voyage of very few days, although I suffer no sickness, makes me weary of life itself. What a situation is that in which, next to the sight of port, a tempest is the thing most desirable! I would not be

[1] From "ENGLISH VISITOR" to "look at them" added in 2nd ed. From "It can not be expected" the passage is almost identical with a note of Landor's to the Conversation of the Emperor Alexander and Capo D'Istria.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "the rest as a Commissioner to America; for I cannot think your knowledge of the language or your connexions in the country would be impediments. LANDOR," etc.

embarked two months, to possess the kingdom of Montezuma united with that of Aurungzebe.

ENGLISH VISITOR. You appear to have no ambition, at least of this kind: you live upon a fifth of your income, willingly or unwillingly, and live handsomely and hospitably: what do you want then?

LANDOR. That which I told you before—to become a *king's friend.* Peace, freedom, independence for nations, these shall buy me: and, if nothing but the humiliation of their betters can win the hearts of rulers, I would almost kiss their hands to obtain them. Had avarice or ambition guided me, remember I started with a larger hereditary estate than[1] those of Pitt, Fox, Canning, and twenty more such, amounted to; and not scraped together in this, or the last, or the preceding century, in ages of stockjobbing and peculation, of cabinet-adventure and counterfeit nobility. My education, and that which education works upon or produces, was not below theirs: yet certain I am that, if I had applied to be made a tide-waiter on the Thames, the minister would have refused me. In the county where my chief estate lies, a waste and unprofitable one, but the third I believe in extent of any there, it was represented to me that the people were the most lawless in Great Britain; and the two most enlightened among the magistrates wished and exhorted me to become one. It would have been a great hinderance to my studies; yet a sense of public good, and a desire to promote it by any sacrifice, induced me to propose the thing to the duke of Beaufort, the lord-lieutenant. He could have heard nothing more of me, good or evil, than that I was a studious man, and that, although I belonged to no society, club, or party, and never sat in my life at a public dinner, I should oppose his family in elections. The information, however probable, was wrong. I had votes in four counties, and could influence fifty or sixty, and perhaps many more; yet I never did or will influence one in any case, nor ever give one while Representation is either cheat or coaxer. The noble duke declined my proposal.

These bells recall my attention from what is personal and from what is worthless.

FLORENTINE.[2] How they clatter and jingle! The ringers are

[1] 1st ed. reads: "than what those of Pitt, Fox, Canning, Chateaubriand, Capo D'Istria, and twenty more such put together amounted . . . nobility with a person or two of distinction (whom, however, I hardly visited) among my connexions. My," etc.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. assign this speech to the English Visitor.

pulling every bell-rope in the whole city as fast and as furiously as they can.

LANDOR. The sound of one only, the largest in the place, tolling slowly at equal intervals, makes a different impression on the hearer. We are impatient of these, which are rung in the same manner to announce a festival: instead of impatience at the others, we wait in suspense for every stroke, and the pulse of the heart replies to it. No people but the English can endure a long continuation of gravity and sadness: none pay the same respect to the dead.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Here[1] not only the poorer, but householders and fathers of families, are thrown together into a covered cart; and when enow of them are collected, they are carried off by night, and cast naked into the ditch in the burial-ground. No sheet about them, no shroud externally, no coffin, no bier, no emblem of mortality; none of sorrow, none of affection, none of hope. Corpses are gathered like rotten gourds and cracked cucumbers, and thrown aside where none could find if any looked for them. Among people in easy circumstances, wife, children, relatives, friends, all leave the house when one of the family is dying: the priest alone remains with him: the last sacrament solves and sunders every human tie. The eyes, after wandering over the altered scenes of domestic love, over the silent wastes of friendship, are reconciled to whatever is most lugubrious in death, and are closed at last by mercenaries and strangers.

LANDOR. My children were playing on the truly English turf before the Campo Santo in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the dead, and whose house is in one corner, walked up to them, and bade them come along with him, telling them he would show them two more such pretty little ones. He opened the doors of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained (I hear) several dead bodies, stark-naked: in the smaller were two infants, with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the foundling-hospital the night before. Such was their posture, they appeared to hide their faces one from the other in play. As my children had not been playing with them, this appearance struck neither: but the elder said, "Teresa! who shut up these

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Here the common people and not only the poorer, but householders . . . Corpses are gathered together like . . . and cast aside . . . sacrament solves every . . . strangers. My children . . . two more such pretty children," etc. The speech in the 1st ed. is Landor's, not distributed between himself and the English Visitor.

mimmi? I will tell papa. Why do not they come out and play till bed-time?"

The "mimmi" *had* been out, poor little souls! and *had* played —till bed-time.

ENGLISH VISITOR. And "papa," though he could not alter the thing, has been collecting a rod in every walk of his, in high-road or by road, for those whose negligences and inhumanities are greater in greater matters; which rod some years hence will scourge many backs, and be laid on by many hands, amid the shouts of nations.

LANDOR. So be it! although he who tied the twigs be never thought of; although he be cast before his time into the cart-house.

ENGLISH VISITOR. The death of Ferdinand must be felt as a general and great calamity, thus fixing, as it does, or strongly checking, the levity of the Florentines; a people far indeed from cruel, the least so perhaps of any in Italy, where none deserve the name; but the most selfish, the most ungrateful, the most inconstant.[1] Pardon me, sir, if you have any relatives in the city. A ruler of the Romans, sick and weary of their baseness, wished they had but one neck. I have often wished the Florentines had as much as one heart among them. To-day I think my wish is accomplished.

FLORENTINE.[2] Although there is hardly one of us who would not with whatever ignominy flee from death, were flight possible, yet the appearance of it in others has little terror, little awe. The reason is, the sight is familiar, and unaccompanied by solemnity or decorum. The priests[3] and family, even when the wealthy and distinguished are carried to their last home, walk rapidly along with the bearers of the body, and seem only to be thinking how they shall soonest get it out of the way, and do some other business.

Religion[4] in fact does not demand much anxiety from us for those who sleep; and Philosophy is indifferent whether the pace with which the defunct are carried to the grave be quick or slow.

Christianity is so kind, that one objection to it, the worst indeed and the weakest, is the impracticability of performing all the kindness it enjoins. It demands no anxiety; it demonstrates on the other hand how every one may be removed.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "inconstant. A ruler . . . Romans, tired and," etc.

[2] 1st and 2nd eds. give this speech to Landor himself, reading "one of them" for "one of us," and "(as I have shewn)" between "unaccompanied" and "by."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "priests and others."

[4] 1st ed. gives from "Religion" to "slow" to the English Visitor.

LANDOR. Our English burial service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion, old or recent: it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it. I have seen every other part of clerical duty neglected or traversed; but I never saw a clergyman who failed in this, when he consigned his parishioner to the grave. As for philosophy, if our philosophy tell us anything which shocks or troubles or perplexes our humanity, let us doubt it, and let us put off the examination of it a long while.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Did you know the Granduke?

LANDOR. I am the only Englishman in Florence[1] who did not attend his court, and the only one he ever omitted to salute.

FLORENTINE. Upon my word, you might have expected it: and yet I hear he received the exiles of Naples, and, when it was told him that his Neapolitan Majesty could not be present at it the few days he was here, if such rebels were admitted, he replied, "It would be hard if kings had not as much liberty as their subjects."

LANDOR. Equitable, humane, incomparable prince! Whatever you hear good and gracious of him, you may well believe. I saw him first at Pisa, where he resided in winter, without pomp and state, and walked about the streets, and in the country, with his son or any other friend. The Pisans, accustomed to meet him every day, noticed him only as they notice a brother or father: he drew no crowd about him. At the extremity of the principal square is an ancient church, dedicated to Saint Catharine; and in this church there happened to be a festival. As I lose no opportunity of hearing music where people are silent, observing the red silk festoons float over the church-door, I went in. There were few present: within the rails I saw only the officiating priests, the Granduke, and Savi the professor of botany, who had entered with him, was seated by him, and spoke to him from time to time. The service being finished, the Granduke bowed with peculiar courtesy, and only to one person; it was in the direction where I stood. Two or three days afterward, a worthy priest who had thrown aside his gown and had taken a uniform, in the course of conversation with me, said gravely, "But really, my dear friend, we may extend too far our prejudices and dislikes. If you could be prevailed upon to go but once to court,

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Florence who has two coats (as I have or had lately) that did not attend his court: and I am the only one whom he ever," etc.

you would find him the best soul in the world. Savi tells me you did not return the salute of the Granduke."

My heart sank within me, deeper than ever any courtier's did, at the charge of inattention: for it has more room to work in, and takes it all. Ferdinand still continued to notice with his usual condescension and affability my wife and little boy, whom he met every day in some place or other, but always turned his eyes from me.[1]

Nevertheless I persevered in repairing my fault, in my own eyes at least. I elevated my hat above my head long before I met him, and passed without a look toward him.

He soon forgave me, or forgot me: which answered the same purpose.[2]

FLORENTINE. Princes are more offended at a slight inattention than at almost the worst thing you can do or say or write against them.

LANDOR. A dead thorn or the smallest pebble may hurt or molest a Wellington for a moment, according to the part it acts upon: and I, who amid the powerful of the earth am no better, may have pained in my ignorance a tenderer bosom than beats among the surviving masters of mankind.

FLORENTINE. May Leopold, who applies his studies to the history of his country in order to write it fully and faithfully, illustrate by his life the last pages of it, and, after a longer course, be succeeded by a son as virtuous and affectionate!

. . . A long silence followed. I was little disposed to converse, or my visitor to go away. We heard a voice of inquiry at the antechamber door, and I started to give orders that no person should be admitted, when there stood before me a worthy man, who had offered my family a window in his house yesterday, to see from it the procession of *Corpus Domini.* After expressing the hope that no accident or indisposition had prevented it, "You have heard, no doubt, the distressing news," added he. "Even those who were unfriendly to Ferdinand and his government, lament his loss, and speak becomingly[3] of his character."

[1] 1st ed. continues: "Neither Bub Doddington nor any other Bub was ever half so solicitous in bowing as I was: in vain: nevertheless," etc.

[2] 1st ed. continues: "Princes . . . them. I feel to this hour as if I had been ungrateful. A dead thorn . . . mankind. May Leopold . . . affectionate."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "handsomely of his character. We are . . . prodigies of genius."

English Visitor. We are pained at hearing ill of the living, and at hearing good of the dead: of the recently dead at least.

Florentine. You do not appear to unite with us in our regrets: your mind is abstracted, your ideas and thoughts absorbed: you want stupendous men, prodigies of genius.

Landor. Not I indeed, my friend: I want honest ones: and Ferdinand was both honest and wise. If his wisdom did not fly off perpetually in sparks and splinters, it was only the better and the more useful for it.

The [1] greater part of geniuses may be measured by pocket-rules: others require a succession of triangles, must be surveyed from stations upon mountain-heads, and the exact computation of their altitude is to be determined but after some ages.

Of these Alps and Ararats, in the various regions of the world there may be five or six perhaps. The heavy stick their poles in them, clamber up, and protest they see nothing extraordinary: the lighter one, more disappointed still, cries, "I thought they were above the clouds! however, I will cut my name upon the summit, and break off something."

Florentine. I was about to mention that Ferdinand was not indeed a subject for trigonometry. In abilities he was on a level, or little more than on a level, with the greater part of mankind: but I believe that no man living had so accurate a judgment where judgment is of most importance. His sense of justice and right was perfect. It was perfect from an exquisite fibre and most delicate tact, and from an early and uninterrupted practice of it. Sovrans are thought not to have the whole of their *apanage*, unless they have some embossed pieces of wit placed beside them. Ferdinand was not facetious; on the contrary, he was rather grave, and would not have fathered the best joke in the world. And truly I know not how it happens, but we Florentines, who are famous for feigning all other things, never feign wit for anyone.

English Visitor. Your Machiavelli, I think, can not be fairly accused of doing it; who, wishing to attribute a few smartnesses, practical and theoretical, to Castruccio Castracani, rather than invent them himself, went back to the ancients for them, and poured them into his *havresac* dry as date-fruit.

Florentine. Valets and chamberlains, and other attendants on

[1] 1st ed. assigns "The greater . . . ages" to the English Visitor.

Ferdinand, have related to their friends and acquaintances many of his sayings, which would seem witty and sharp, if good nature did not cover them from point to hilt. The other day, as you know (for I remember you laughed heartily at it), his remark was excellent. The wit was, like the ananas, sharp, sweet, refreshing, beautiful; and it was safely tangible from its seasonable ripeness.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Sir, our friend Landor here is a fond lover of wit, but, like many fond lovers, is without the object of his affections. I am sure he will gladly hear the thing over again, if you will favour me by giving us it.

FLORENTINE. When the only son of Marchese Bartolomei had taken [1] a wife without the consent of his family, the father, as you may suppose, was indignant. He ran to Palazzo Pitti, demanded an audience of the Granduke, and was admitted. After he had particularised the whole affair, with comments, no doubt, in abundance, "Well, my friend, how can I serve you?" said his Highness; "what can I do in the business?"

"Highness! it is against the law," answered Bartolomei.

"My dear Marchese, now the thing is done, and can not be undone or altered, would it not be better to be reconciled to the young people?"

"Never, never, never, while I have breath in my body."

"Patience! my good Bartolomei! Consider a little! reflect a moment! pray of what age is your son?"

"Old enough to be wiser."

"We all are; people say so at least: and yet——"

"He is near upon eighteen."

"A mere boy: unfortunately for him just one remove beyond boy's chastisement. I hope you would not punish him, as matters stand."

"I came for justice, Highness!"

"The laws, you say, will give it: you shall have it; do not doubt it. Be calm; be comforted; think again upon it."

"I have thought again and again and more than enough about it. I am resolved to punish him."

"Let him have her then. Come Bartolomei, I am going to my piano-forte: would it amuse you?"

[1] 1st ed. reads: "had married, without the consent or knowledge of his family, the sister of Lady Weymouth, the father," etc.

"Highness! I take my leave."

The last of his public acts admitting to view the gait and whole gesture of his character, was displayed by him about a month afterward, that is, about a month ago. A person now in Florence had been expelled by their Holinesses of the Sacred Alliance, from France, Spain, and Piedmont, and perhaps from other kingdoms. He came hither without a passport, and was ordered by the president of the *buon governo* to leave the city. Disconsolate, desolate, desperate, he resolved to present a memorial to the Granduke. "From the various states I have passed through, I can show nothing," said he, "but orders to leave the country." The mild prince sent immediately for the president of the *buon governo*, who thinking, on such occasions at least, that expedition was best, would have banished the stranger. "If he is, or if you think him to be, a bad subject," said Ferdinand, "it is your office to watch him narrowly. Would you drive him out to save trouble? Shall the whole earth be interdicted to him because he has been troublesome in one part of it, or suspected in another? If he were worthy of imprisonment, there is little doubt that he would have been imprisoned; or if of death, that he would have been executed. They permit him to live, and would leave him no place to live in. He must be somewhere. To hunt and pursue the poor creature through the world, is worse than any sentence of condemnation. Let him rest where he is, and be, like others, amenable to the laws."

LANDOR.[1] At my arrival on the continent, it retained among its ruins two public men of worth, Kosciusko and Gianni: the one I had seen in England, the other I visited in Genoa. He was in his ninetieth year: an age to which no other minister of king or prince or republic has attained. But the evil passions never preyed on the heart of Gianni: he enjoyed good health from good spirits, and those from their only genuine source, a clear conscience. Accustomed, as I had been, to see chattering mountebanks leap one after another upon the same stage, and play the same tricks they had exploded, first amid the applauses and afterward amid the execration of the people, I was refreshed and comforted by the calmness and simplicity of this venerable old man. Occasionally he displayed a propensity to

[1] A lengthy passage, from "LANDOR" to "baptismal name," p. 203, added in 2nd ed. Compare Landor's note on Gianni appended to the Conversation of Peter Leopold and President Du Paty.

satire, not broad-faced buffoonery, not washy loquacity, but the apposite and delicate wit which once sparkled in the better societies of Athens and of Paris. He has left behind him a history of his own times, which never will be published in ours. If any leading state of Europe had been governed by such a minister, how harmless would have been the French revolution *out* of France, how transitory *in*. Patient, provident, moderate, imperturbable, he knew on all occasions what kind and what intensity of resistance should be opposed to violence and tumult.

Florentine. I will adduce two instances, in which my friend here will correct me, should I anywhere fall into an error. Ricci, bishop of Pistoja and Prato, had excited the indignation of his diocesans, by an attempt to introduce the prayers in Italian, and to abolish some festivals and processions. The populace of Prato, headed by a confraternity, broke forth into acts of rebellion : the bishop's palace was assaulted, his life threatened : the church-bells summoned all true believers to the banner : the broken bones of saints were exposed, and invited others to be broken. Leopold, on hearing it, shocked in his system of policy, forgot at the moment the mildness of his character, and ordered the military at hand to march against the insurgents. Gianni was sent for : he entered the instant this command was issued. "What disturbs your Highness ?" said he mildly.

"You ought to have been informed, Gianni," answered the Granduke, "that the populace of Prato has resisted my authority and insulted Ricci. My troops march against them."

"I have already despatched a stronger force than your Highness has done, which by your permission must remain in the city."

"On free quarters until the madmen are quiet. But how could you collect a stronger force so instantaneously ?"

"Instead of two regiments, I despatched two crosses ; instead of cannon and balls and powder, a nail-box, a hammer, and a napkin. If reinforcements are wanted, we can find a dice-box and a sponge at Corsini's, on good security. At this hour, however, I am persuaded that the confraternity is walking in procession, and extolling to the skies, not your humanity but your devotion." It was so.

The *maximum* or *assize* had been abolished by Gianni : lands and provisions rose in value : the people was discontented, broke into his house, drank his wine, cut his beds in pieces, and carried off the rest of his furniture. Leopold, who had succeeded to the empire, and

was residing at Vienna, decreed that the utmost severity should be exercised against all who had borne any part in this sedition. It was difficult to separate the more guilty from the less, as every man convicted of delinquency might hope to extenuate his offence by accusing his enemy of one more flagrant. Gianni, who could neither disobey nor defer the mandate of the emperor, engaged Commendatore Pazzi to invite some hundreds of the people to a banquet in the court-yard of his palace.

Now while the other families of those our Florentines, who in ages past had served the bustling little city, were neglected for their obscurity, shunned for their profligacy, or despised for their avarice and baseness, that of Riccardi was still in esteem with the citizens for its splendid hospitality, that of Pazzi for its patronage of the people. The invitation was unsuspected. They met, they feasted, they drank profusely; every man brought forward his merits; what each had done, and what each was ready to do, was openly declared and carefully recorded. On the following morning, before daybreak, forty were on the road to the galleys: but most of them were soon released. The people is never in such danger as from its idol.

Scarcely anything is more interesting than the history of this central hive of honeyed and stinging little creatures, our Florentines. Although they have now lost their original figure and nature for the most-part, and possess not even their own lily to alight on, yet they hum, and show wonderful instinct. They were not created for the gloom of Dante, but they are alive and alert in the daylight of Petrarca and Boccaccio. They live under a government not oppressive, nor troublesome, nor exacting; and in this warm security they inform us that there is in Italy a petty state governed by a woman, who constantly sends after the Opera to the innkeepers of her city, and demands a portion of what has been spent among them within the day by strangers. If many carriages have stopped at their doors, in passing through the place, the same visit is made, the same tax imposed. She has forbidden the exportation of pictures, offering to purchase them at the value: she has taken several to herself, and has never paid for them. Is it not as proper for the Saints of the Holy Alliance to exercise the duties of high police in such instances, as against the public, where great nations, and such as were never subject to them, rise unanimously and demand a reform of government?

English Visitor. England maintains a minister at the court of this woman, whose revenues from the territory are little more than his appointments, and whose political influence is weaker than that of one who keeps a gin-shop in Wapping.

Landor. What reed or rush, in its rottenest plight, but serves for the spawn of our aristocracy to stick on! Let us leave the thievish sister of the *Rey Netto*, and return to a prince who had nothing in common with him but the baptismal name. It was feared by the friends [1] of an eloquent pleader, whose conduct in the parliament of Naples gave no party satisfaction, that, at the instigation of the Austrian or French ambassador, he would be excepted from the asylum granted here to the Neapolitan constitutionalists. Whereupon, although I seldom speak on politics, I could not refrain from saying in the presence of a court-lady, "Constitutionalists are unpardonable: we Englishmen have abandoned them in Sicily to the sword and dungeon, and we have deluded and betrayed them in Naples and in Spain: their ruin comes in all directions from us: yet in regard to this gentleman, I can not believe he will be expelled from Tuscany for thinking with every wise and honest man of his country—I will add, of Europe. True, he expressed his thoughts better than others: but it is as unreasonable to dislike a man because he is eloquent, as it would be to like one because he is a stammerer."

Florentine.[2] It was mentioned to the Granduke, not in malice, but as the best thing or among the best said the day before. "*Dice bene*" was his answer.

English Visitor. I never could discover the reason why people in authority should exert more power (in other words should give themselves more trouble) in molesting and plaguing their fellow-creatures than in helping them. This is too common in the world, indeed almost general; and I may say with hardly an exception in those who have risen to high station from obscurity.

Florentine. I would not voluntarily illustrate your thesis, if the reflection did not fall upon another admirable feature among his who now is lying under the canopy of death.

Our archbishop, three years ago, ordered his six best horses to be

[1] 1st ed. reads: "friends of the eloquent Poerio that at the instigation," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads, after "stammerer," as follows, the speech being Landor's: "It was . . . answer. I could," etc. The reading in the 2nd ed. is: "It was . . . answer. English Visitor," etc.

harnessed for the richest of his state-carriages, went in it to the palace, remarked to the Granduke that Lent was approaching, that luxury was enormous, that immorality was universal, and that nothing could arrest it but a rigid observance of the ancient fasts, which had of late times been grievously neglected. In fact, it pained him to report it, the Florentines were known, in that holy season, to eat flesh!

"The fault is in great measure mine," said Ferdinand, "who have enabled them to do it. Immorality, which I hope is not so universal as your lordship thinks, must be discountenanced and checked. Let you and me try—*legumes*."

The archbishop, the fattest man in Florence, or perhaps in Italy, and accused of excesses which go beyond the stomach a little, reddened at the insinuation, and took his leave.

I could recount (for memory in hours like these is not inactive) many other things characteristic of our lamented sovran. But humour and facetiousness are the appurtenances of a light heart rather than of a kind one, and rebound for the greater part from something hard about us. We look for them however when much better things are before us; as we turn our attention from fields of ripe corn and rich pasturage, sustainers of life and comfort, to any sparkling mineral.

Did not you, M. Landor, reside one summer at the Villa Catani, just behind Poggio Imperiale?

LANDOR. I did. The distance is so short and the situation so elevated, I could see the family from my terrace, and hear the music; to which I always listened in the evening. For music has another effect when it comes from a family no less in concord: and it is delightful to think that those who govern us, taste in common our purer delights. Such are the sources of happiness to these good people! Do any such rise from the fields of Austerlitz and Jena?

FLORENTINE. Excuse me; you must have heard about the mason.

ENGLISH VISITOR. What is that?

FLORENTINE. The Granduke was much occupied in building, and was often out of doors among the labourers. He was watching them one day (for masons of all workmen want watching the most) when a bucketful of rubbish was thrown down, and covered him from head to foot. Something of pain was added to his surprise, and, uttering one exclamation, he walked toward the palace door on the side of the

garden. The labourer heard a voice; and looking down, and seeing a hat on the ground covered with mortar, he descended the ladder from curiosity. Turning his body from it, the first object he beheld was the Granduke, standing against the wall under the scaffold, and wiping his shoulder. The labourer threw himself on his knees—implored forgiveness—prayed the Virgin to soften his heart—could never have supposed that his Highness was below.—"It is well it was I," replied the good man in the midst of this, and still wiping his shoulder and his sleeves; "say nothing about it." For he knew that, if it had happened to a prime minister or a prime menial, the poor creature of a mason would have been dismissed. And perhaps he suspected it might happen: for, some days afterward he asked "how many were at work"; and (when it was told him) "whether the same number had been there constantly."

LANDOR. Inquisitive man! how he idled and trifled! and at a time too when the first princes and opera-dancers in the world were at the Congress of Verona, fixing the fate of nations!

FLORENTINE. You probably know Nicolini; if not personally, at least by character.

LANDOR. Although I avoid the society of literary men, desirous of taking no part in their differences, and to receive no displeasure or uneasiness at the recital of their injuries, I have twice met him; as modest a man as he is a distinguished poet.

FLORENTINE. You may also have heard the anecdote I am about to relate, but this gentleman may not; and I think I remember you declaring that the repetition of a tale in favour of anyone gives you as great pleasure as the first hearing.

ENGLISH VISITOR. That is curious.

LANDOR. My reason is this; there is the proof that a good action is not forgotten at once. Tell the story, if you please, for I know not what it may be.

FLORENTINE. Nicolini, our dramatic writer, no less enthusiastic in his politics than in his poetry, was librarian to the Granduke. He requested his discharge. "Why so, Nicolini?" said Ferdinand. "Highness! my sentiments are adverse to the occupation," answered he.[1] The Granduke was surprised, but knowing that Nicolini was an

[1] 1st ed. continues: "'and I never mount this staircase but with abhorrence. Let me plainly say it, I detest the service of princes.' The Grand Duke was surprised at a language so intemperate, but," etc.

irreproachable man, and that nothing was remoter from his character than ingratitude, he replied, "Well, Nicolini, if you insist on your discharge, you must have it. I have nothing to say when your conscience and feelings will not permit you to retain the office." Within four or five days his younger brother was promoted to the rank of captain; and going to court on the occasion, the Granduke asked him very particularly how the elder did, without the slightest reference to what had passed, and mentioned him as one whose talents do honour to his family and his country. Soon afterward a new place was created for the republican, more congenial to him; that of lecturer to the Academy of Painting and Sculpture.

In this manner did Ferdinand treat his subjects whose sentiments were adverse to his form of government. Never has any man approached so near to a command which no one has executed, "Love those who curse you."

Good nature, patience, forbearance, reconciliations of one family to another, the reverse of what is assumed for a motto by many rulers, were his daily practices.

If our laws are defective, the fault is nowise his. On his return in the plenitude of power, he desired the people to decide by which code they would be governed, his father's or Napoleon's. The most celebrated jurists in Tuscany were convoked: the ministers and judges, who had served the three or four past governments, did what such men will always do; they took, as more conducive to their power, the looser. Ferdinand abstained from every remark upon their judgment; but no man in his dominions was less pleased with it.

English Visitor. The patriotic party——

Florentine. Congratulated the choice.

English Visitor. O Sismondi! what a bottle of ink have these fellows been shaking up for thy admirable pen! How[1] think you, Landor! what a garner is the study of a man like this?

Landor. Nothing is more useful than the study of such a philosopher: he is legible to all, and intelligible, and impressive: no doubtful dogma, no wayward fancy, no love of wrangling or schooling, no mystery to veil his ignorance, or to aggrandise by an uncertain

[1] 1st ed. reads: "What think you, Landor? The study of such a man as this—— Florentine Visitor. He knows not what or whom he talks about—he has dropped his grammar and forgotten his antecedents. Landor. Nothing . . . any philosopher," etc.

light the factitious and dressed-up spectre of his importance. He bore (let me say it) an ephod on his breast, inscribed with one word—GOD. Whatever could be commanded from on high, or suggested from hence below, to render those about him peaceful and contented, he took, and carried into execution.

FLORENTINE.[1] We preferred him in general to his father. But there is less agreement on the character of reformers than on any other, and Leopold was a reformer. His enemies accuse him of avarice, and support their opinion by insisting on the inadequate education and slender maintenance of his natural children.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Irony may say of Leopold what Flattery said of Cosmo III., that he was *pater pauperum.*

FLORENTINE. The charges both of parsimony and imprudence may, I think, be substantiated against him, in the vast damage he did to the pastures and climate, by cutting down the extensive forests in the Tuscan Apennines. Hence many fountains and streams are dried up, which are much wanted on the declivities, and almost as much on the plains; and the soil is carried away by the thawing of the snows in spring, and by the heavy rains and frequent thunder-storms in summer and autumn. Thousands of sheep and goats were pastured formerly where at present there are only rocks and ravines: and an honest inoffensive pastoral population is succeeded by plunderers and contrabandists. He too frequently, but not always, neglected the education of his progeny. Still, though liberal he may not have been in some private transactions, he was singularly so to his people at large: and if he was not prodigal to his own offspring, he was enabled to be the more beneficent to the sick and poor. The hospitals were abundantly supplied and carefully attended. Since his decease, the lands belonging to them have been granted on perpetual leases, their income much diminished, and their superintendence much neglected. At Pisa the indigent and afflicted are so reluctant to enter the hospital, that the number of patients is reduced to half, and the accommodation to less. At Florence the public is permitted to send subsidies of food twice a week, and instances have occurred of patients suffering fatally by the sudden effect of a nutritious meal.

ENGLISH VISITOR. The less contemptible princes love money for

[1] From "FLORENTINE" to "injustice, but," p. 208, added in 2nd ed., the passage being almost identical with a note of Landor's on the Conversation of Peter Leopold and President Du Paty, 1st ed.

the sake of power; the more contemptible love power for the sake of money. Avarice is condemned in them from a sentiment of avarice. Other faults injurious in a greater degree to public morality are overlooked or forgiven.

FLORENTINE. The principal one of Peter Leopold was his employment of spies and informers. Curiosity and lust were the motives, not cruelty nor suspicion. He and Lord Cowper divided the beauty of Tuscany; and in such a manner that neither should be jealous. In every family, high or low, one of the domestics or one of the children communicated to the agents of the Granduke a detail of its most minute affairs. No harm probably was perceived in these communications, which never led to punishment and seldom to inconvenience, but in reality they did greater mischief to our national character than the best institutions could remedy or compensate. Hence venality, bad faith, suspicion, cowardice; hence the prostration of private and the extinction of public virtue. A thief-taker walked into our societies, unchecked, unmolested, unquestioned. Age lost its dignity, manhood its serenity, youth its vivacity, in his presence. All bowed before the grand Informer. This creature, by name Chetani, has formed the manners of two generations, and perhaps the national character for centuries to come. Peter Leopold was in such security by his means, that on his departure from Tuscany he left behind him not a soldier in his capital. I wish I could dismiss him with merely a charge of unwise curiosity, unworthy suspicion, or a vague indulgence in vulgar sensuality: I wish he had always maintained in himself the justice he enforced in others.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Did he not? We never heard any complaints against his impartiality.

FLORENTINE. Hear one then. The counts Del Benino, for services to our city, inherited certain advantages, by no means injurious to the community: Leopold cancelled them. Del Benino petitioned him that he might appeal to a court of justice; Leopold assented; the judges fancied they should flatter the prince by displaying in their decision a luminous proof of his equity, and accordingly gave a sentence for the plaintiff. Leopold disregarded it, and refused him any satisfaction.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Not only no such injustice, but no vice of any kind ever was suspected in Ferdinand[1]: no virtue, I hear, was

[1] 1st ed. reads: "him."

deficient, if energy be excepted, which in princes is one, and among the first, although in other men it is but the agent of principle.

FLORENTINE. Englishmen, I know, are apt to censure him for his adherence to the French.

ENGLISH VISITOR. I am one of those.

FLORENTINE. He found a large portion of his people led away by theories and promises; all the men of talents, all the men of enterprise. Could he oppose his cooks and the canons of the cathedral to these and French armies? Undesirous of reigning, he was ardent in his love of concord, and was ready to make any sacrifice to ensure it. He commanded his faithful friends to obey the stronger. Napoleon, who knew him, esteemed and loved him; which he never did the selfish or the insincere. On the fall of that usurper, the Tuscan officers, who had served under him, applied to Ferdinand for half-pay: the Austrians opposed it. "I will not consent to it," said Ferdinand. "Gentlemen, you fought for the French government: you swore to defend it: and you did defend it to the last. That government has ceased: you will serve me with the same fidelity. Continue to enjoy the pay you receive, the rank you have merited: but be contented, I pray you, with your past victories."

ENGLISH VISITOR. No prince, not even the most warlike, ever had troops more devoted to him. I do not form my opinion in those places only where I have dined among his officers, as I have done most days for the last two years; but experiencing on every occasion, in my travels through the country, the civility of his soldiers, I have always been induced to converse with them about him. I talked the other evening in the fortress with a captain now in garrison at Pistoia, who had accompanied Bonaparte in most of his campaigns, and who returned with him among the few from Moscow. Confirming the universal sentiment, he added, placing his hand upon my shoulder, "There is something of the Napoleonesque in that man's heart, though it lies so quiet."

FLORENTINE. It does indeed lie quiet! and it is the only one in Tuscany that does!

There is however some consolation in knowing that his sufferings had ceased before his death, and were assuaged by everything he heard or saw about him. Yesterday he sent for his family, and talked privately and separately with each: to-day he desired they would come together. He alone was calm: he alone could utter one word:

he consoled them in few. He told them that his Maker had called him, that he was ready, that he was going, that he knew the road.

"Leopold! take care of my wife, of your poor sister here, and of my people." Then, after a pause, "On these occasions the theatres are usually shut a long time: many live by them: shorten the period."

Leopold fell upon the floor: the women were carried from the apartment. They yielded to necessity; but sense had left them; and he, who was so soon to be a corpse, was the least like one. Reason and affection with him had no contest for mastery; each kept its own, nor went one step beyond it. For there was a higher power that controlled them in their spheres: they were to enlighten the earth, but they were to move apart from it.

Even in this moment, insupportable to those in health and youth, insupportable to those accustomed to the sight of sickness and sufferance and agonising death, he opened his eyes again, and said, "I have yet one duty: call my physicians." They entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "three nights of watchfulness at my bedside, where you, together with my beloved wife, have been constantly, ought to be followed by some repose. But I wished to tell you with my own lips, how certain I am that everything you have done for me has been done wisely. I thank you."

Yet [1] he knew it was by their mismanagement he was dying.

The efforts he had made, to perform whatever duty his heart could dictate, at last exhausted him; and his mind, before it left the body, wandered with him.

"I have been in Austria and in Bohemia," said he, after what seemed insensibility and torpor, "and now I have seen all my friends."

Beloved [2] Ferdinand! thou hast not seen them half, even in vision: but thou shalt see them hereafter: they will press around thee from all countries, in all ages.

Nothing can be spoken so gloriously of any prince in modern days, as this of Ferdinand; that, although he had to apprehend the authority of a relative, who on other occasions had sacrificed the members of his family on the altars of bad faith and blind ambition, he nevertheless stepped forth, in the calmness of courage and in the strength of virtue, to comfort the menaced, and to alleviate the oppressed.

[1] From "Yet" to "dying" added in 2nd ed.
[2] In 1st ed. this is the beginning of a speech by Landor.

LANDOR. The greatest power on earth, or that ever existed on earth, is the power of the British public ; its foundation morals, its fabric wisdom, its circumvallation wealth. Yet this mighty power, which could overawe the universe, and (what is better) could fix its destinies, was, in less embarrassing circumstances, almost inert. Far am I from the inclination of lighting up a fire to invite around it the idle, the malevolent, the seditious : I would however subscribe my name, to ensure the maintenance of those persons who shall have lost their country for having punished with death its oppressor, or for having attempted it and failed. Let it first be demonstrated that he hath annulled the constitutional laws, or retracted his admissal or violated his promise of them, or that he holds men not born his subjects, nor reduced to that condition by legitimate war, in servitude and thraldom, or hath assisted or countenanced another in such offences. No scorn, no contumely, no cruelty, no single, no multiplied, injustice, no destruction, is enough, excepting the destruction of that upon which all society is constituted, under which all security rests, and all hope lies at anchor, faith. Public wrongs may and ought to be punished by private vindication, where the tongue of Law is paralysed by the bane of Despotism ; and the action which in civil life is the worst, becomes, where civism lies beneath power, the most illustrious that magnanimity can achieve. The calmest and wisest men that ever lived were unanimous in this sentence ; such men were Algernon Sydney and Milton : it is sanctioned by the laws of Solon, and sustained by the authority of Cicero and Aristoteles. The latter, mild and moderate as he was, goes a great way farther than I have ventured.* Teachers, the timid and secluded, point it out to youth among a thousand pages ; colleges ring with it over chants and homilies ; Piety closes her thumbed lesson and articulates less tremulously this response. The street cries *Cæsar*, the study whispers *Brutus*. Degenerate men have never been so degenerate, the earth is not yet so effete, as not to rear up one imitator of one great deed. Glory to him ! peace, prosperity, long life, and like descendants ! †

* *Δεῖ τοὺς ἀδικουμένους ὑπὲρ ἑαυτῶν πολεμεῖν, ἢ ὑπὲρ συγγενῶν, ἢ ὑπὲρ εὐεργετῶν, ἢ συμμάχοις ἀδικουμένοις βοηθεῖν.*—W. S. L.

† From the time of Cæsar's death unto the present, the sentiment against usurpers hath been so strong and general that scarcely a question has been raised whether Cato and Brutus and Cicero were not actuated by jealousy of his power and genius.—W. S. L. [Note added in 3rd ed.]

Remember, brave soul! this blow fixes thy name above thy contemporaries. Doubt not, it will have its guard to stand under it, and to fill the lamp that shows thy effigy. Great actions call forth great eloquence, as great eloquence calls forth great actions. There have been those who, after the battle, could raise the dead above the living, the unfortunate above the prosperous: there have been those who could give even to the trophies of Marathon a fresh and livelier interest: there have been those who, in the midst of this interest, could turn the eyes of the city away from them, to the despoiled and unsepulchred on the plains of Cheroneia. With us let there be the will; and let the failure (if failure there must be) lie with higher powers. In that thought alone is all-sufficient consolation.

Ours is the time for associations to reward the extinction of despots, since it is certain that none such as those I have pointed out, is now living to be offended or alarmed. If the richer of our patriots would offer an asylum and a subsistence, in America, to him who should punish them on their rising, no doubt can be entertained that every gazette in Europe, royal and imperial, will be ordered to announce the resolution: for what service can be rendered to monarchs, equal to that of making them respectable?

So well known to me is their liberality, I should not be surprised if, for this proposal, they consign to me through their ambassadors more crosses and stars than would cover the convexity of the most Christian King, and more ribbon than would surround it; a fortune of itself, and not unmerited (let me say it) at their hands.

ENGLISH VISITOR.[1] Perhaps they may entertain some idle doubts concerning your veneration for their institutions.

FLORENTINE. On the Continent men have ceased to dispute about the different forms of government, and care only about the difference in its administration. The Milanese think theirs the worst; the Parmesans doubt; the Modenese dare not do even that, for fear of their wives and confessors. The name of the Emperor Francis is incessantly eulogised by your English ministry, who know about as much of the popular opinion in Europe as of the popular opinion in the planet Saturn. I will tear out one page from his history, and give it you. Count Gonfaloniere threw himself at the empress's feet, in Milan, and requested her intercession, that, having lost the use of his limbs, he might be conveyed to his son's prison, to know whether he

[1] From "ENGLISH VISITOR" to "present and heard it" added in 2nd ed.

were alive or dead, and, if living, bless him once more, and bear the consolatory tidings to his wife and children. The empress told him she was unable to influence her husband in political affairs. However, she did exert the powers of which she doubted; and she prevailed. The supplicant could not but consider his admittance to the emperor as an act of clemency, and began to hope that he might again see the face of a beloved son, if indeed the prison were one of those into which daylight ever entered.

"O sire! spare the life of my child!" cried he, spreading one hand on the floor, and raising the other to conceal his tears, "if Heaven and your Majesty have preserved him so long, in pity to my years and infirmities, my prayers and sorrows. Few days of existence are now left me: let him think (for he was ever the most affectionate of sons) that my sufferings have not shortened them. It may be a crime in him to love his country, too ardently, too hopelessly, too inconsiderately; but he has injured and would injure no one." "Your son, Count Gonfaloniere," calmly replied his Apostolic Majesty, "is in a better condition than I should have been in, if I had fallen into his power." He ceased, and looked aside.

The old man had strength to rise, and courage to walk away. Those inhabitants of Milan who retained some respect for the imperial dignity, ceased to salute the Emperor of Austria, slipped into any shop, or house, or gateway, when they saw his carriage, and recollected another speech as humane of another dignitary as exalted;

"Let him die, so as to feel he is dying."

At his arrival, two days before, a loyal Frenchman congratulated a loyal Milanese on the applause his Majesty had received at the theatre: the Milanese replied, "All very well! all very well! but we are poor; and it costs us a great deal of money to applaud so." * I was present and heard it.

English Visitor. You, sir, I presume are a literary man: you then can inform me whether the report is true, that Ferdinand was no great favourer of letters.

Florentine. I am afraid there is some foundation for it. We have many among us capable of reflecting lustre on our city, if they were properly encouraged.

Landor. Encourage then one another: this is the properest of encouragement, and the most effectual. The best princes are often

* Sta bene, sta bene; ma siamo poveri e ci costa gran dinaro.—W. S. L.

bad judges of literature: would you wish them to give what is not due? to encourage what is not worthy?

ENGLISH VISITOR. Landor, do not wantonly make yourself enemies in the literary world: you will hardly find two authors in England who can endure to hear your name mentioned, you are so illiberal. The Tories [1] hate you for your abhorrence of the Holy Alliance, the Whigs for your contempt of Napoleon.

LANDOR. This Holy Alliance will soon appear unholy to every nation in Europe. I despised Napoleon in the plenitude of his power no less than others despise him in the solitude of his exile: I thought him no less an impostor when he took the ermine than when he took the emetic. I confess I do not love him the better, as some mercenaries in England and Scotland do, for having been the enemy of my country; nor should I love him the less for it had his enmity been principled and manly.

FLORENTINE. At least he patronised the arts, the sciences, and literature in general.

LANDOR. He had this merit, and much more, above the other potentates of the age; but not enough withal to raise him above contempt, if falsehood and subterfuge, if envy and malice, if dastard cruelty and deliberate murder deserve it. Usually even the worst men are friendly to those who have adopted their principles. In what manner did this cruel wretch treat his enthusiastic admirer and humble follower, Toussaint L'Ouverture? He was thrown into a subterranean cell, solitary, dark, damp, pestiferously unclean, where rheumatism racked his limbs, and where famine terminated his existence. Few can think those of their contemporaries great who never have trampled on them. Greatness must have a fierce or a mysterious air, a sounding title, a swaggering gait, a swollen purse, a priest before, a lawyer at the side, and a hangman after him. You terrify me less by conjuring up this phantom before me, than by opening to me my dangers on the side of literature. In England, it seems, an author is forced to pay out of his integrity for even a narrow and incommodious seat in it, and only a few receive free tickets. In countries where there is less honour, generally there is incomparably more in this quarter. A literary man in France, for example, feels for the honour of his order, as a woman feels everywhere for the honour of her sex.

[1] From "The Tories" to "vails and perquisites" added in 2nd ed.

ENGLISH VISITOR. You would deprive them of their vails and perquisites; you would let them live by sucking and licking one another, like young bears. They can not be fond and loving when they are hungry.

FLORENTINE. Ours are courteous in the extreme, and lend one another praise, ideas, and dresses. We have among the rest some excellent *improvisatori;* a race peculiar to our Italy.

LANDOR. Long be it so! No *improvisatore* ever rose above mediocrity; few have reached it. Poetry, like wine, requires a gentle and regular and long fermentation. What is it if it can buoy up no wisdom, no reflection? if we can throw into it none of our experience? if no repository is to be found in it for the gems we have collected, at the price sometimes of our fortunes, of our health, and of our peace? Your *improvisatori* let drop their verses as a string of mules their morning oats, for miles together. The Italian habit of *conversazioni*, as those assemblies are called where people do anything rather than converse, produces the same effect on the minds of your countrymen as brandy does on the bodies of your greyhounds: it stupefies them, takes away their strength, and makes them little all their lives. The first thing a young person who wishes to be a poet has to do, is, to conquer his volubility; to compress in three verses what he had easily thrown off in twelve; and to be an hour about what cost him a minute. If he has a *knack* for verses, he must break it and forget it. Both the poet and the painter should acquire facility and frankness; but they must be exercised with discretion; they must be sternly regulated, and in great part suppressed. The young poet will remonstrate, and more often scoff: he will appall you by placing before you the *deep mouth* of Pindar and his mountain-torrents. Tell him, and tell older ones too, that Pindar of all poets is the most accurate and the most laborious.

FLORENTINE. Pardon me, sir, for crossing your string of mules, if any are behind: we remember Corilla.

LANDOR. But who remembers her poetry? I have read the best of it, and have read better from our farmers and shepherds, and nearly as good from our bellmen. I could philosophise much upon this subject: but my mind is not framed as most are. They philosophise best when they are grave; I when I am gay; for nothing then exhausts or tires me: when I am grave I go down fast. Drive a guinea-fowl under my window, or but repeat to me several times

the same word in the same key, and in vain do I look for wand or glass: I am in dejection and darkness. I shall defend, as well as I can without much reasoning, the character of Ferdinand, on his imputed neglect of literary men in general.

The school of natural history is close to his palace; and his first conversation on matters of science was with Fontana, the director. It was the custom of this professor, as some of you have told me, when any stranger of distinction visited the cabinet and admired his preparations, to step suddenly into the room, his hands covered with blood or some chemical injection, and to make a thousand apologies for the negligence of his dress, protesting that he was obliged to do everything himself, even the most sordid and the most minute. The poor assistant, an intelligent and scientific man, who had done everything delicate and difficult, heard this month after month; sighed at his obscurity and poverty, and deeplier still at the hopelessness of celebrity, of honest hard-earned reputation, of even thriftless justice; and threw himself into the Arno. What must have been the pangs that swelled to such insanity so unaspiring a breast! *We* take fire and burn out presently: *we* call ourselves the feeling, and feel little: O what must he, unfortunate man! have suffered.

Ferdinand knew the story afterward. He then remembered the odes and sonnets (or at least the baseness of them) addressed to him on all occasions, by those who rejoiced in the same measures on his expulsion from the throne, and saluted his successor as warmly.

Florentine. We are a nation of praisers; we mean nothing by it.

English Visitor. Do not complain then if you get nothing by it.

Florentine. Sir, when you alighted at the inns on the road, did not one poetaster or other bring up a sonnet in your praise, as [1] Fantoni used, ignorant and indifferent who and what you were? Just so do [2] all the rest, whether to princes or private men, and expect to be rewarded in the same manner and proportion. Mr. Landor is prejudiced against the Tuscans in general, the Florentines in particular.

Landor. I hope and believe I am not. I have found at the distance of twenty miles from Florence some of the best people I have ever yet conversed with. The country folks are frank, hospitable,

[1] "as Fantoni used" added in 2nd ed. See *High and Low Life in Italy.*

[2] 1st ed. reads: "do our poets to their princes, and expect," etc.

courteous, laborious, disinterested, and eager to assist one another.[1] I have sat among them by the hour, almost the only company in the nation I could ever endure half so long; and, at the first time of seeing me, the whole family has told me its most intimate concerns. The mother has enlarged on the virtues and excused the faults of her husband; and the daughter has asked me whether I was married; and whether I liked it; as she intended to take a husband in the beginning of the carnival—Stefano—I must know him—and had bought the bed and hemmed the sheets and folded and packed up the *corredo;* telling me that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as the beginning of the carnival—such fun! "Matta!" cries the mother, and smiles at me.

FLORENTINE. O gentlemen, there are girls in Florence that will say a great deal more than that to you in half the time: and I promise you we have as worthy men among us (if you do not want to eat with 'em or ask a favour of 'em) as any upon earth. Selfishness and insincerity are thrown out against us: the worse indeed, in public or in private, are sure to laugh at his simplicity from whom they receive a benefit; but the better (I hope) are disposed to excuse it.

ENGLISH VISITOR. You seem rather shy about the main question, and let the old fact stand. Ferdinand was parsimonious, was he not?

FLORENTINE.[2] Parsimony is the vice of our country. The Italians were always, far exceeding all other nations, parsimonious and avaricious; the Tuscans beyond all other Italians; the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans. So scandalous an example of it as occurred a few months ago, is, I hope and believe, unparalleled. Prince Corsini married a woman of immense fortune, by whom he has a family of eight children. He took a mistress: the wife languished and died. He gave orders that all her clothes should be sold by auction *in his palace;* old gowns, old petticoats, old shifts, old shoes, old gloves; even articles at the value of one penny, such as excited the derision of some, the blushes of others, the horror of not a few. There had been no quarrel between the wife and husband. She was beautiful, engaging, sweet-tempered, compliant, domestic. She sank

[1] 1st ed. reads: "and offended at nothing but the offer of a reward. I have," etc.

[2] From "FLORENTINE" to "defence of Ferdinand" added in 2nd ed. The story was narrated in a footnote in *Imag. Convers.*, i., 1824, p. 219, and i., 1826, p. 307.

from the world which her virtues had adorned, and had been seven days in her grave, when prostitutes paraded the street before her palace, wearing those dresses in which the most exemplary of mothers had given the last lessons of morality to her daughters. The prince is one of the richest men on the Continent: he is supposed to spend about a tenth of his income: and the sale produced fourteen pounds. This example is not necessary for the defence of Ferdinand. He had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune; he had twice been forced from his throne; he had a family to provide for; yet the taxes were equable and moderate; and property and its comforts, in no portion of the globe, are so well distributed and so general as in Tuscany. He did not throw away his money among idlers and sycophants in court or college.

English Visitor. No, no! Quiet and as much in the shade as he could be, he was not to be tickled or intoxicated by a sonnet or a sermon. When he observed them on the surface, he swam down the stream (I hear) and let them founder.

Florentine.[1] Generosity does not rest upon the purse; nor is the sovran most worthy of esteem for liberality who gives most among those about him. Believe me, my friends, novel and strange and uncomfortable as it may appear to you, the generosity of a prince is parsimony. Ferdinand had more pleasure at being praised by villagers in their carts, pressing down their figs and turning their peaches, than by professors in the chair or canonics in the pulpit. He never went out of his way to meet it: it met him everywhere.

English Visitor. That must be an admirable prince whom none of your poets thinks it a good speculation either to praise or libel.

Florentine. Such in his latter days was the felicity of Ferdinand; and those who now extol him, turn their eyes another way, and watch the countenance of the son.

Landor.[2] May he prove his good sense and rectitude, by paying none for praises! As for tears, if they are due, let them flow on. Were I in his place, I would not wipe them away, nor give a pinch of snuff to increase them.

English Visitor. While you are in this humour, and are possessed by the right feeling in all its warmth and fulness, I wish you

[1] 1st and 2nd. eds. assign this speech to Landor.
[2] 1st ed. assigns this speech to the English Visitor.

would compose an elegy on the occasion ; as our critics are of opinion that you are sadly deficient in the true pathetic.

LANDOR. It would ill become me to hold an argument against men of such genius and judgment as our critics ; and it would fare badly with me if I could prove them to be mistaken. I might attempt an elegy, were it possible that persons in the same station as Ferdinand's could be improved or moved by it. But to affect an immoderate grief, as poets do, on the death of princes, is the worst of hypocrisy : it being certain that there can be little or no sympathy between them, whatever respect may be borne by those who are swayed by imagination toward the regal character. I do not assert that my grief remains for days, or even hours, together, violent or unremitted, although it has done so once or twice : but seldom have I thought of a lost friend or unfortunate companion, be it at the distance of thirty or of forty years, that the thought is not as intense and painful, and of as long a visitation, as it was at first. Even those with whom I have not lived, and whom indeed I have never seen, affect me by sympathy, as though I had known them intimately, and I hold with them in my walks many imaginary conversations.[1] If anything could engage me to visit Rome again, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes ; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind ; it would be that I might afterward spend an hour in solitude, where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life ! And does not Mortality of herself teach us

[1] 1st ed. reads (after "conversations") as follows : "Since the time of Chaucer there have been only two poets who at all resemble him : and these two are widely dissimilar from each other, Burns and Keats. The accuracy and truth with which Chaucer has described the manners of common life with the fore-ground and back-ground, are also to be found in Burns, who delights in broader strokes of external nature, but equally appropriate. He has parts of genius which Chaucer has not in the same degree ; the animated and pathetic Keats in his 'Endymion' is richer in imagery than either : and there are passages in which no poet has arrived at the same excellence on the same ground. Time alone was wanting to complete a poet, who already far surpassed all his contemporaries in this country in the poet's most noble attributes. If anything," etc.

how little we are, without placing us amid the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the Gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Cæsar shook the world!

FLORENTINE. I wish, sir, you would favour us with a Latin inscription for the tombs of the gentlemen whose names you mentioned, since the pathetic is not requisite in that species of composition.

LANDOR. Although I have written at various times a great number of such inscriptions, as parts of literature, yet I think nothing is so absurd if you only inscribe them on a tomb. Why should extremely few persons, the least capable perhaps of sympathy, be invited to sympathise, while thousands are excluded from it by the iron grate of a dead language? Those who read a Latin inscription are the most likely to know already the character of the defunct, and no new feelings are to be excited in them: but the language of the country tells the ignorant who he was that lies under the turf before them; and, if he was a stranger, it naturalises him among them; it gives him friends and relations; it brings to him and detains about him some who may imitate, many who will lament him. We have no right to deprive anyone of a tender sentiment, by talking in an unknown tongue to him, when his heart would listen and answer to his own: we have no right to turn a chapel into a library, locking it with a key which the lawful proprietors can not turn.

FLORENTINE.[1] It is rarely we find an epitaph in which the thought, if novel, is not superficial. Where there is only one, it should be striking or affecting.

LANDOR. But it is an error to imagine that every thought must be either. Truth, in these documents and appeals, should oftener be remarkable for simplicity than force. It sinks deeplier into the mind by insinuating than by striking, and is more acceptable for grace than for novelty.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Yet you yourself in these compositions, as in the rest, are more valued for originality.

LANDOR. My valuers in general know not exactly what it is they value me for, and often take for originality what they have heard, and perhaps have said, with some slight difference. I have written things which others have written before, not indeed in the same words precisely, and therefore not affecting the reader in the same manner; and these things I should certainly have conceived, whether they had

[1] From "FLORENTINE" to "above all price," p. 222, added in 2nd ed.

or had not. It is quite impossible that any two men, of intellect and imagination, should reason long on the same subject, and never encounter any similar thought, any similar image. In one the thought will be more complete, the image more compact, more proportionate, more animated. The contrary would be as incredible as that two birds, close to each other in the same field, and striking their beaks and claws into the same turf for nutriment, should not hit upon the same grains and animalcules.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Your enemies, who often call you strange and perverse, never call you superficial.

LANDOR. They know not and heed not what they say. Never have I done anything designedly to attract the public notice, which is ordinarily attracted not by the slow operation of silent power, but by a rapid and incessant display of peculiarities and freaks in the most public paths of literature. But my groundwork, in common with that which brings the crowd about it, must of necessity be superficial. In the matter laid on the superficies, and in the manner of laying it, is all the difference. It is as intolerable to keep reading over perpetual sharpnesses as it is to keep walking over them. What is ample and capacious has room enough for elevation, not what is circumscribed and contracted. What we admire in a park is inadmissible in a cabbage-garden. Taylor the Platonist had resolved on sacrificing a bull to Jupiter: foolish enough: more foolish to select for the place of sacrifice a little back-parlor-floor. The bull whisked his tail in the worshipper's face, inculcating the immediate necessity of a fresh ablution, and burst away through the window.

In composition no highth is attainable without many preliminary steps along much lower ground. That which appears, and really is, plain, humble, and (if you please) superficial, in my writings, may induce other men to think deeply. Whether they are read in the present age or in the next, occupies no more my speculation than whether it be this morning or this afternoon.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Are you certain that in their inferences they are all quite sound?

LANDOR. Indeed I do not know perfectly that they are: but they will give such exercise in discussing them as always tends to make other men's healthier: for questions of religion, on the points that now stick uppermost, are avoided by me, because they produce the contrary effect, in the fostering of scorn and malice.

English Visitor. We are in the full enjoyment of single blessedness when we espouse no party and no church. Among few reasoners, living and deceased, you set us the example of abstaining from controversies; the example of giving truth for nothing, and of valuing it above all price.

Landor.[1] What I write is not written on slate: and no finger, not of Time himself, who dips it in the clouds of years, can efface it. To condemn what is evil and to commend what is good is consistent. To soften an asperity, to speak all the good we can after worse than we wish, is *that*, and more. If I must understand the meaning of consistency as many do, I wish I may be inconsistent with all my enemies.

English Visitor. I have never caught you running after Fame.

Landor. That she may throw up no dust into my eyes, let her follow. Fame often rests at first upon something accidental; and often too is swept away, or for a time removed: but neither genius nor glory is conferred at once; nor do they glimmer and fall, like drops in a grotto, at a shout. Their foundations in the beginning may be scooped away by the slow machinery of malicious labour; but after a season they increase with every surge that comes against them, and harden at every tempest to which they are exposed.

English Visitor. Dress, medicine, poetry, are subject to fashion and variation. Public taste must first be vitiated, and then consulted. To praise immoderately the writer who before was immoderately depreciated, is the easiest way to knock out a gilt nail-head from the coffin. An exploit not very glorious in itself, nor likely in the end to be very satisfactory.

Landor. In my opinion it would be better to carry our *thieves-vinegar* into the places of open corruption on each side of us, than to turn it back to its original use, of enabling us with safety to despoil the dead.

It has been my fortune to love, in general, those men most who have thought most differently from me, on subjects wherein others pardon no discordance. In my opinion, I have no more right to be angry with a man whose reason has followed up a process different from what mine has, and is satisfied with the result, than with one who has gone to Venice while I am at Florence, and who writes to me

[1] See Landor's note on the Conversation of Burnet and Hardcastle, whence he took this for 2nd ed. of this Conversation.

that he likes the place, and that, although he said once he should settle elsewhere, he shall reside in that city. My political opinions are my only ones, beyond square demonstration, that I am certain will never change. If my muscles have hardened in them and are fit for no other, I have not on this account the right or inclination to consider a friend untrue or insincere, who declares that he sees more of practical good in a quarter opposite to that where we agreed to fix the speculative; and that he abandons the dim astounding majesty of mountain scenery, for the refreshing greenness and easy paths of the plain. I have walked always where I must breathe hard, and where such breathing was my luxury: I now sit somewhat stiller and have fewer aspirations, but I inhale the same atmosphere yet.

Why should authors act like children? snatching at the coach and horses across the table, and breaking them and trampling them under foot; rejoicing at the wry faces and loud cries they occasion; and ready to hug and kiss, only at the moment when they are called away! For myself I neither ask nor deprecate; no compacts, no conventions, no confraternities, for me. Let them consider me as a cloud if they will; could they break and dissipate this cloud, which they can not, it would form again upon some other day. The breath of the universe, directed at once against me, could detach from me but some loose atoms, and such only as ought to fall of themselves. Literature is not the mother who should talk so frequently to her children about chastisement; the most favourite word with her ever since her re-appearance among us. If chastisement is to be inflicted, let it fall upon the felon who has no forbearance, no shame, no pity; who attacks the timid and modest, the partner once of his freshest and best assorted opinions, and, holding him by the throat, exults and laughs, and chants to young templars and benchers, in a loud clear voice, the ritual of apostacy as by law established. No; even him let us rather pass quietly; and with patience let us hear others recommend him, for his decorum to be a gentleman of the bed-chamber, for his accuracy a lord of the treasury, for his dexterity a parliamentary leader, or for his equity a judge.

English Visitor. O that crackt bell of the Bargello! it will continue its tale and interrupt us.

If this is the gentleman from whom you promised me a brief account of the campaign in Russia, will you request of him that complaisance? It may throw light upon the character of Napoleon,

of whom our English historians have written no less unfaithfully than inelegantly.

FLORENTINE. Sir, I may be thought unfavourable to a man who forced me away from my studies, and incapacitated me for the profession to which I was brought up. Beside, it was only in the last campaign that I was present. Usually [1] he who is about to describe the character of some remarkable man, considers first how much invention and acuteness he can display, and secondly how best he can bring into order and congruity, or what the painters call *keeping*, his observations and reflections. For which reason, it rarely has happened that we carry in our mind from these writers a resemblance that is not illusory or overcharged. In great men there are discordances, as there are inequalities in great substances. It is only from a collection of facts, generally too minute to be conveyed in the paniers from which public curiosity is fed, that we are enabled to judge fairly and fully.

There is little perfect truth in the most sagacious of historians, and little pure love of it in the best of men. We are as unwilling to exchange our thoughts for another's as our children, whatever more they may possess of strength or beauty; and the way to conciliate our suffrages is not by dictating and teaching, but by laying before us evidences and testimonies, by collecting what may corroborate them from circumstances, and by raising us to the dignity of judges. The ancients drew characters; we discourse on them; a much easier matter. Everything now is compendious and economical: we make soups from bones, and histories from metaphysics.

Bonaparte seems to me the most extraordinary of mortals; because I am persuaded that so much power was never acquired by another with so small an exertion of genius, and so little of anything that captivates the affections; or maintained so long unbroken in a succession of such enormous faults, such scandalous disgraces, such disastrous failures and defeats. I investigate him with the same dispassionate attention, as Lacépède would the spine of a serpent from Surinam, or Cuvier the jaws of a mammoth from the Ontario.[2]

[1] Compare Landor's long note appended to the Conversation of Bonaparte and the President of the Senate, whence much of this passage is derived. See also Landor's note, in 1st ed., to the Conversation of General Kleber and French Officers.

[2] 1st ed. reads (after "Ontario") as follows: "ENGLISH VISITOR. Persons who," etc.

Persons who are elevated to high rank, however modest and virtuous, assume more or less of a fictitious character, but congenial and agnate, if I may say it, with the former. Bonaparte would be whatever he had last read or heard of; Brutus or Borgia, Frederick or Charlemagne. All appeared best that were most striking; no matter for what; and not only a book whenever it fell in his way, or a story when he had patience to listen to it, but even a new suit of clothes, changed him suddenly. If his hair had been clipt in the morning, he was at noon a Marius, at night a Sylla; no sooner had he put on a court-dress, than he took a lesson of dancing; for Louis XIV. danced; no sooner the uniform of a marshal, than he tried to sing; for Villars sang.

LANDOR. Whoever is an imitator, by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stabile: the flexibility which affords this aptitude, is inconsistent with strength.

FLORENTINE. Bonaparte's knowledge of chorography, to which many attribute a certain part of his successes, was extremely limited. In a conversation with Count Giovio at Como,* a few days after the Austrians had first abandoned Milan, he inquired whether the Larius ran into the lagunes of Mantua. The memory of this excellent man is fresh in the gratitude of his fellow-citizens and friends: no one ever doubted his veracity. So long ago as the year 1796, in which his narrative was published, he stated that Bonaparte, in his first campaign, had permitted or ordered his sick and wounded, past service, not to be carried to the hospitals or entrusted to the care of the religious and beneficent, but to be left on the field, or killed, or thrown into the rivers. He informs us that many, on somewhat recovering from their lamentable state, went mad from thirst and hunger, and that among those who were first cast into the water, the hands of many, as they clung in agony to the barks, were broken.

LANDOR. Fortunate! not he who can restrain his indignation or his tears at this recital; but he who, turning his eyes upon a Sidney, as he waves away the water from his own parcht lips to the wounded soldier near him, can say, "This was my country-man, that my enemy."

FLORENTINE. Much hath been repeated of the studious and retired habits of his youth. I had inquired into these matters, long before I perused the narrative I have quoted; the inquiry would

* Published by Ostinelli, Como, 1796.—W. S. L.

otherwise have been superfluous; for no very studious man was ever very cruel; no two things in nature have less affinity than violence and reflection.

LANDOR. M. St. Leger, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment in which he was ensign, told me that he never at that period had heard of his progress in any branch of the mathematics; that he was chiefly remarkable for the dirtiness of his hands and linen, his vulgar pronunciation and phrases, his aversion to the society of the officers, and his propensity toward the least respectable of the privates. This too would have been corrected by study. If Pompey had studied like Cæsar, he might not indeed have possessed the clemency and amenity of that accomplisht man, nor have been in any respect worthy to be called his rival, but he would certainly have been less contracted and self-sufficient, less unsteady and impatient, less arrogant, vindictive, and ferocious.

ENGLISH VISITOR. I remember no general, worthy of the name, reviling the character of those military men who performed their duty against him: for Cæsar in his *Anti-Cato* did not attack the captain, but the senator and the patriot. Bonaparte left unuttered no term of ungovernable rage and vulgar contumely, when Sir Sydney Smith precluded him from the subjugation of Europe by his defence of Acre.

FLORENTINE. Spannochi, governor of Livorno, refused to open the gates to him, then at peace with the Granduke. Intending a surprise, he had made a forced march, and, expecting no resistance, he had brought no cannon with him. He summoned the governor to surrender the town and citadel, who refused without orders from Florence. They arrived the next day; and the brave Spannochi was exiled to Siena, not before the ally of the Granduke had cursed him, called him by that appellation so familiar to the lower French, seized his epaulette, spit upon him, and kicked his shin.

LANDOR. History for her own sake must soften some characters and equivocate on some facts. She treads confidently and firmly upon blood; she follows her clue unhesitatingly through the labyrinths of mystery and of crime; she is embarrassed only by vulgarity and baseness. We feel a deep interest whenever great masses of mankind are moved, and seldom think or are altogether ignorant what trifling things are the movers.

FLORENTINE. Bonaparte was invidious of the dead almost to the

same degree as of the living. One time he asserted that Marlborough owed his successes to Eugene, another that Eugene owed his to Marlborough; and any officer would have been ruined who had suggested that Marlborough was not present at the battle of Belgrade. In a conversation at Varese, just before his visit to Como, he appears to have mistaken Gustavus Adolphus for Charles XII. On hearing that the army of Gustavus had penetrated into Italy by the lake of Como, of which a terrific account is given in the letters of Boldoni, he denied the fact, and added, "That madman never thought about Italy; he had other affairs, other interests; he was *sans tactique, sans calcul*."

LANDOR. And yet Napoleon in his youth was a historian. He took his manuscript to Paoli: it was such as might have been expected from an admirer of Ossian. Paoli, not long before his death, mentioned the fact at Clifton, and said he believed the young man had never pardoned the freedom of his advice, in recommending that the work should be delayed a little, until the impetuosity of his genius had subsided. I should have imagined that the sentences were short, as from the tripod; the general said that on the contrary they were excessively verbose, strangely metaphorical, without any regard to punctuation, or rather to that upon which punctuation is founded; that, when you had come, as you believed, to the end of your march, you were to start again; and often, on setting out, you were suddenly stopt and countermanded. In the latter part of his life he wrote well.

FLORENTINE. His discipline hath been extolled, and examples are cited of soldiers, in every campaign, shot for petty thefts. To avoid an examination into the wealth of his dukes and princes, such as Cambacérès, Fouché, Talleyrand, and several of his marshals and grand dignitaries: the General Mouton, when he dined at the Escurial, which he did every day with the King and Queen of Spain, took away the plate after dinner, until none was left.

LANDOR. This fact, reported in the country where it occurred, was confirmed to me at Florence by my friend Galiano, who was present.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Whatever in different men may have been the difference of punishment for the same offence, where society was interested; however it may have been permitted by special privilege that he who had renounced the deity might renounce the laws, that

he who had abjured the bishop might supersede the citizen; all offences were equally unpardonable which were committed against Napoleon.

LANDOR. Another proof of a weak intellect: not that forgiveness is any proof of a strong one. Offences that can be pardoned should never be taken: Bonaparte took them indiscriminately and voraciously, as his food. There is no trouble or address in finding them, and in showing them there is no wisdom or content.

FLORENTINE.[1] His ideas of a ruling star present a still more signal indication of a vacillating and ill-composed mind. He knew nothing of judicial astrology, which hath certain laws assigned to it, and fancied he could unite it with atheism, as easily as the iron crown with the lilies; not considering that ruling stars themselves must have a ruler, and must obey, far more certainly than they can indicate, his designs and will.

Afterward he laid by the star, and took up the crucifix to play with; on which some sweeter recollections and more delightful hopes might have reposed, if ever he could have brought himself to the persuasion that either a man or a God would suffer pain, or disseminate good, gratuitously. In the same manner and degree as he was inconsistent in principle he was irresolute in action. He lost his presence of mind when he advanced to dissolve the representatives of the people; he lost it at the battle of Marengo; and when the allies were marching into Paris, he appeared to be deprived, not of his judgment only and his senses, but of locomotion.

ENGLISH VISITOR. In one thing he was singular, and altogether different from every other man: when he had accomplished his design, he was as fond of appearing dishonest as he was satisfied with having been so: he was the only pickpocket in the world that ever laid before the people the instruments of his trade, and showed ostentatiously how he had used them. Indeed he had few secrets to keep. He invaded the territory of nations to whom any possible change might reasonably appear a gainful speculation. Neither force nor fraud, nor bribery itself, however largely and judiciously administered, subverted the continental states: it was effected by the credulity of their hopes and the incapacity of their rulers. His attack was against the cabinet: those within cried for quarter, gave

[1] Added in 3rd ed. The next paragraph ("Afterward," etc.) is the beginning of the Florentine's speech in 2nd ed.

a province or two for a ransom, kept their places resolutely (who would abandon them in times so critical?), complimented their master, rang their church-bells, fired their jubilee-cannon, if one was left: for they had surrendered only their country! Austria and Prussia fell; they had kings and kings' servants within. Spain and Portugal, unsuspicious, unprepared, undisciplined, unarmed, resisted successfully; their kings and kings' servants stood without. Where there are interests, real or apparent, distinct from those of the community, that, whatever it be, wherein they lie, should be shovelled down and carried off; for there is the ground upon which the enemy will mount his first maskt battery. Everywhere kings and oligarchies soon seconded Bonaparte; nations spurned and expelled him.

FLORENTINE. If he had been contented to marry in a family no higher, or not much higher, than his own, the graft might have taken and the bark have healed over; but dashing to the earth the light of experience, he took a wife from a stock uprooted and rejected from the land it had exhausted. The canker it bore inherently caused the blight and decay of a plant so recently sprung above-ground. The higher ranks, and the lower equally, turned away with disgust and indignation at the union of a French soldier with an Austrian archduchess. Of his fidelity or infidelity toward his allies I have nothing to remark, other than that, from whatever motive, he did greatly and incomparably more service to several who had fought against him, and after discomfiture and subjugation had become his friends, than some governments, which boast loudly of their good faith and generosity, did to the most faithful and persevering of their confederates. I have truly no leisure for discoursing, and could excite no interest if I did, on princes first degraded into crimp-sergeants, then caparisoned like cooks and ostlers for billets and relays, then running the gauntlet, and drummed from their dominions; on princes in short who felt, and whose conduct has made others feel, that even this was clemency. The description of tyrants is at least a stirring thing: it is like walking over red-hot ploughshares: and the vulgar are not the first in pressing on to an exhibition so strange and antiquated.

When I was at Naples, the Marchese Rodio, formerly a minister in the reign of Ferdinand, received the orders of that king to place himself at the head of some insurgents in Calabria. He surrendered by

capitulation: in despite of which, he was ordered for trial under a military commission, and was acquitted.* He wrote an account of his happy escape to his wife and his friends. But, in the midst of this security and joy, an order came from the emperor that the same judges should bring him again to trial. Such an order could not be misinterpreted: they condemned him: and he was shot from behind, as a felon, a traitor, and a rebel to his *legitimate* prince. This was considered by the army as an assassination †; and it would have been so considered even if the emperor had committed it in his own dominions. Never was an atrocious crime perpetrated from a baser motive. He suspected (and it could only be suspicion) that Rodio, when minister, dissuaded the acceptance in marriage of a Bonaparte by the royal family. It has always been wonderful to me, what sympathy any well-educated Englishman can have with an ungenerous, ungentlemanly, unmanly Corsican.

LANDOR. Eccellino and Borgia lived in ages when religion glared and glimmered fitfully on a benighted world, rendering the darkness the more horrible, and when atheism sat predominant in the Vatican. No feature of crime was novel, no attitude or stroke of violence was unexpected. But Bonaparte lived when Europe was one large jury-box, and when even France, recovering from the leprosy she had bathed with blood, had placed a bench of judges before him. He committed deliberately and slowly the most cruel, cold-hearted

* The words of Courier are, ' et, *chose étonnante*, acquitté." Vol. i. *Mémoires et Correspondance.* He adds other assassinations, with this reflection. " Assurément, monsieur, ces choses-là ne sont ni du siècle où nous vivons, ni de ce pays-ci. Tout cela s'est passé quelque part au Japon ou bien à Tombouctoo." Even a Frenchman, and one accustomed to the judicial murders of Robespierre, cries out aloud in the midst of the army against these darker atrocities, as too inhuman for the age.—W. S. L.

† " Sa mort passe ici pour un assassinat et pour une basse vengeance. On lui en voulait parce qu'étant contraire au mariage que l'on proposait d'un fils ou d'une fille de Naples avec quelqu'un de la famille. L'empereur a cette faiblesse de tous les parvenus; il s'expose à des refus. Il fut refusé là et ailleurs." Such are the expressions of Paul-Louis Courier, *chef d'escadron*, the deepest thinker in all the French armies, and certainly as honest, as calm, as unprejudiced a writer as ever commemorated the actions of Bonaparte. He adds, " Quand le général Vx. commandait à Livourne, il eut l'ordre (et l'exécuta) de faire arrêter deux riches négocians de la ville, dont l'un périt comme Rodio . . . Nous avons vu ici (à Naples) un courier qui portait des lettres de la reine, *assassiné par ordre*, ses dépêches enlevées, envoyées à Paris. L'homme qui fit le coup, ou du moins l'ordonna, *je le vois tous les jours*." Lettre à M. de Sainte-Croix à Paris; Naples, Juillet 1807.—W. S. L.

murder of Toussaint L'Ouverture, while the eyes of a Sismondi, of a Courier, and of a De Staël, were fixed upon him.

FLORENTINE. Bonaparte [1] had perhaps the fewest virtues and the faintest semblance of them, of any man who has risen by his own efforts to supreme power: and yet the services he rendered to society, incommensurate as they were with the prodigious means he possessed, were great, manifold, and extensive. Never had been such good laws so well administered over so large a portion of Europe; never was right obtained with so moderate a cost; never was injury so speedily redressed. Two of the bravest and most orderly nations of the Continent received the benefit of excellent kings at his hands. Bernadotte and Louis Bonaparte, the most upright men of their order, gave no signs, either by violence or rapacity, by insolence or falsehood, that they had been nurtured in the feverish bosom of the French Republic. But by Napoleon's insatiate love of change, by his impatience to *see* anything or to *be* anything long together, his mild, intelligent, and virtuous brother was forced to abdicate a throne, which he mounted amid the curses of the people and descended amid their tears. That he might not be an oppressor he ceased to be a king; and his short unquiet reign is mentioned with gratitude, by the most republican and least sensitive member of the great European family.

ENGLISH VISITOR. Instead of scoring maps and shifting kings, Napoleon could have effected more than Henry IV. designed. The road was paved for him with well-broken materials and well rolled over. There was hardly a statesman in Europe of capacity enough to direct a workhouse, or write a fair copy of a washerwoman's bill. Energy was extinct upon the Continent: in England it was displayed by the crazy fanatics, who wandered from field to marketplace, from marketplace to field, roaring to the people that they were damned: a truth which indeed they might have discovered by themselves, if they had only put their hands into their pockets. While, as Kleber says in your Dialogue, "throughout the whole territory of France, throughout the range of all her new dominions, not a single man of abilities was neglected," in England son succeeded to father in the oligarchy, and expeditions were formed just weighty and durable enough to give fortunes to those who had squandered them. Of our

[1] Compare Landor's note appended to the Conversation of General Kleber and French Officers: "Bonaparte had perhaps the fewest virtues," etc.

generals, the most distinguished was one that rose from bed after mid-day; of which when orders were requested, the first answer was, "His lordship is at breakfast"; the second, "His lordship is at lunch"; the third, "His lordship is at dinner"; the fourth, "His lordship is dead-drunk." The armament had been directed, first against an island where fevers are as periodical as rains under the tropics, and ultimately against a fortified city: neither the climate of the one nor the strength of the other was known by the wisest of the ministers, although there is hardly a gin-shop in St. Giles, where some smuggler or smuggler's boy might not have been found who could have given the information. The want of it seemed so shameful, that one of the ministry*, in that hurry and confusion of intellect which involve all his words and actions, said in parliament, "That he knew it; but that he wished to let his colleague have his own way"; forgetting that the difference cost the nation an army, and heedless that it cost her a disgrace. His colleague was angry, some say ashamed, and was determined to prove that, if he was unfit to direct a council, he was not unable to direct a pistol: a far higher qualification in his country. The choice of the commander was more easily defended: no member of the cabinet blushed at that.

I have dwelt the longer on these characters, from the same principle as the sight, after rocks, ruins, and precipices, reposes upon a flat surface, though fen or quagmire.

Florentine. And I, sir, have thrown together my materials on Bonaparte as I caught them from him, not wishing to represent a whole where no whole existed. He was courtier and postilion, sage and assassin, quicker than the pen could trace the words. Never was he observed in a moment of highly bad or highly good humour, without expressing it by some boisterous sally of ill-breeding. Even those who had seen him daily, and knew him well, stood in astonishment sometimes at the discrepancy between his language and his office, at the disparity between the action of his hands and his embroidered mantle. Be it remembered that, if I have represented him as a thing not luminous in itself, I have forborne to represent him as one in which all light is absorbed, or upon which none can fall. He did both greater evil and greater good than all the other potentates of his time united: the larger part of the evil he did, they

* Canning. His character is given more fully in the letters of Gen. Charles Napier.—W. S. L.

perpetuate ; and nearly the whole of the good they abolish. Priest-craft and oligarchy, the two worst of curses, are restored through Europe, and royalets are only plucked forth from under his coop to be encaged and hoodwinked by their old decoy-men.

LANDOR. You have taken up from one side and the other of this strange phenomenon the brighter parts and the darker, in just proportions :

Treis imbris torti radios, treis nubis aquosæ.[1]

FLORENTINE. In the retreat from Moscow he provided only for his own security : the famished and wounded were without protection. Those (to the amount of forty thousand) who supplied the army with occasional food by distant and desperate excursions, were uninformed of its retreat : they perished to a man, and caused to perish by their disappearance a far greater number of their former comrades. The road was excavated in the snow : the army seemed a phantasmagoria: no sound of horses' feet, no wheel of waggon or artillery, no voice of man. Regiment followed regiment in long and broken lines, between two files of soldiers the whole way. Some stood erect, some reclined a little, some had laid their arms beside them, some clasped them ; all were dead. Several of these had slept in that position, but the greater part had been placed so to leave the more room ; and not a few from every troop and detachment took their voluntary station among them. The barbarians, who at other seasons rush into battle with loud cries, rarely did it. Skins covered not their bodies only, but their faces ; and, such was the intensity of cold, they reluctantly gave vent, from amid the spoils they had taken, to this first and most natural expression of their vengeance. Their spears, although many of soft wood, as the beech, the birch, the pine, remained unbroken, while the sword and sabre of the adversary cracked like ice. Feeble from inanition, inert from weariness, and somnolent from the frost that enthralled them, they sank into forgetfulness, with the Cossacks in pursuit and coming down on them, and even while they could yet discern, for they looked more frequently to that quarter, the more fortunate of their comrades marching home. The gay and lively Frenchman, to whom war had been sport and pastime, was now reduced to such apathy, that, in the midst of some kind speech which a friend was to communicate to those he loved the most

[1] Virg., Æn., viii. 429.

tenderly, he paused from rigid drowsiness, and bade the messager adieu. Some, it is reported (and what is unnatural is in such extremity not incredible), closed their eyes and threw down their muskets, while they could use them still, not from hope nor from fear, but part from indignation at their general, whose retreats had always been followed by the total ruin of his army; and part, remembering with what brave nations they had once fought gloriously, from the impossibility of defeating or resisting so barbarous and obscure an enemy. Napoleon moved on, surrounded by what guards were left to him, thinking more of Paris than of Moscow, more of the conscripts he could enroll than of the veterans he had left behind him. Yet this man lives, and Ferdinand has departed.[1]

[1] Two lengthy passages, impossible to give in footnotes, eventually cancelled by Landor, appeared, the one in 1st and 2nd eds., the other only in the ed. of 1828. These will be found in the Appendix to the final volume of *Imaginary Conversations*.

XXI. POPE LEO XII. AND HIS VALET GIGI

(*Imag. Convers.*, iii., 1828 ; *Wks.*, i., 1846 ; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

GIGI. Coughing and spitting, spitting and coughing, what loving and attentive sons will you make the whole sacred college! Again? nay upon my life, holy father, this sore throat [1] of your Beatitude returns at an awkward season. An ugly thing at best; and ugliest of all at a jubilee: though many more will be caught at it than will be freed. Were I your Holiness, I would excommunicate that nasty Munich girl.

LEO. Gigi! her bones were in the grave twenty years ago.

GIGI. And rotten thirty. I wonder whether the worms would touch her: mayhap they might, having no palates or noses.

LEO. By our Lady! Gigi, few of those who did touch her had any a short time after. I escaped—as you see me though! It being the will of our heavenly Shepherd that I should succeed to the chief guidance of his numerous flocks on earth.

Have you seen the pilgrims?

GIGI. Yes, your Beatitude!

LEO. Are any fresh ones come in, this morning?

GIGI. No, by my faith, your Holiness! There is indeed old Gasparo-Simone, who was whipt after the last jubilee, as they report it, and his daughter Beatrice-Faustina, who is no more of a fresh one than he is.

LEO. I never heard of this Gasparo-Simone.

GIGI. I wonder at that, your Holiness!—as celebrated a pimp as any in the city. He was a veterinary surgeon in the swine department, and used to perform to a marvel those operations on the juvenile objects of his studies, which being applied to new-made Christians, whom he also attended on the occasion, has rendered them the peculiar favourites of the Holy Allies in all the cities upon the Continent, and enables them, by the clearer undulation of their

[1] For the state of Leo XII.'s health at the supposed date of this Conversation, see the *Examiner*, Jan. 18, 1824.

voices, to lift up our souls to our Creator in the Sistine Chapel. But the said Gasparo, having been detected in selling the selections of rams and goats, dogs and cats, among the more delicate ones deducted from the Circéan herds, and suspected of mingling the porcine and the Christian, was obliged to decline the practice of his profession. "I will now take my fee," he says, "to serve his Holiness, although," he adds archly, "I am only a licentiate." As for the Jew, he swears by Abraham he never will recant again, until fifty more ducats are paid him.

Leo. Who is he?

Gigi. The same who was to have recanted to the Queen of Etruria, by her royal command, and who had a hundred ducats for it. His late Holiness could not give her Majesty a bullfight, and was resolute against all flatteries and entreaties to order an *auto-da-fè*: a conversion was the least thing he could do for her, particularly as her children were with her, and she found both sponsor and banker. Gasparo-Simone Levi now protests on his conscience that a jubilee recantation is worth twice as much as a coronation one. We threatened him with imprisonment and cutting his tongue out. "I shall never recant the better for that," said he, "nor make the more converts"; and then, winking his black almond eye, "Ask his Beatitude who brought Serafina Dati to him, when he was made a cardinal."

Leo. Pimp and impostor! does he pretend it was he? Gigi! peace and respect! I desire to hear no more about these idle lusts of the flesh.

Gigi. Idle enough, God knows, at our time of life, your Holiness! They are ugly things to hear of; they cost us many a sigh and many a stock-fish, when they are over.

Leo. There is a service good for the casting out of all other devils but these.

Gigi. Faith! and there is a service good for the casting out of these also, though none for the keeping out.

Leo. I know it not, at present.

Gigi. Nor I neither; but I did when I was younger; and so did your Holiness.

Leo. No trifling, Gigi, no trifling, I desire. The German Lutheran is more tractable, I trust, than that impure man Levi?

Gigi. Much more: he declares that if the pretty Princess of Lucca

would but wash his feet for him, and hold upon her lap the calves of each leg while she is wiping them, he would turn Turk for it.

Leo. Unconscionable varlet! who would not?—I mean catholic. But are there really only thirty-eight pilgrims on this occasion?

Gigi. Your Holiness must forget the four hundred you yourself ordered from your states.

Leo. I do not count those.

Gigi. They have feet that require as much washing, and bellies that want as much filling, as the rest. The fishing-boat that was appointed by his most christian Majesty, to convey the faithful of his kingdom to the patrimony of Saint Peter, arrived last evening. It contains five merry pilgrims from Provence; three nuns of some distinction, if one may believe their stories, for they assert that they come from the Palais-Royal; and a sturgeon; which the nuns, unbecoming their condition and consequence, were fighting for, until the crew separated them with little deference; the captain crying out jeeringly, "You have unction enough about you; and I have a cord of Saint Francis in the cabin, that, with two or three strokes across the buttocks, will bring you, I warrant, into as proper a state of *recueillement* as heart can wish."

Leo. Spouses of Christ! do you pull caps? My sheep! do you eat sturgeon?

Gigi. The heretics in Rome think it a singular kind of jubilee to taste nothing but macaroni, week after week.

Leo. Many of them would fain have milk in their tea, reprobates!

Gigi. They are not terrified by the death of the goat your Holiness commanded to be killed for giving it. If they had seen it done they would have been: for her little kid ran after the soldier who slew her, sometimes licking his hand, at other times twinkling its ears and rubbing them between its legs, in order to clear itself of the blood that dropped on it from the mother, when it leaped up at her teat, and was driven off. The Corsican guard has been called out to repel another of these animals, that was seen crossing the Ponte Molle, and, if the male had not accompanied her, it is thought would have succeeded. The Swiss, coming up opportunely, acted with great vigour on the occasion: both male and female were surrounded and disabled, and are now before the police.

Leo. I will make an example of them. Take instantly my orders, that the male be reduced to that condition whereto the Society of

Jesus reduced the statues of the Prince of Piombino; and I will seclude the female, just as I secluded the Graces which my predecessor (now in purgatory for it) placed in the Vatican. After which holy function, go and prepare for the *pediluvials*.

GIGI. Anon, anon. Ages back the washings from the feet of pilgrims must have poisoned all the fish in the Tiber, from Castel Sant' Angelo to Fiumenica; so that the Holinesses your predecessors could have fed the poor devils at no cost: now your Holiness may wash them indeed with a pasty washball made yesterday, and sell it again to-morrow as though it were never handled; so little wear will there have been upon it; but the fish must be pulled up out of the taxes.

LEO. O unbelieving age! the number of pilgrims is smaller by half than of the choristers and assistants. All their staves put together would not make fiddlesticks enough for my chapel.

GIGI. The greater part have chronic rheumatisms and liver complaints, so cruel and desperate that your Holiness must beware of touching the shinbone; for the rheum and liver have their arches there whence the humours swell and flow out. The twelve pounds of quicksilver which his most catholic Majesty, King Ferdinand the purger, sent for the silvering of such saints as were by father's side or mother's side of Spanish extraction, and hidalgos, and had been duly purged, have been employed in pills and unctions for the brethren and sisterhood, labouring under these bodily infirmities.

LEO. Vile offering of his Majesty! Twelve pounds of mercury are hardly worth twelve crowns, unless the price has risen since—I forget when. These brethren and sisters must not kiss the Virgin: for she would infect the whole city after them. Where are they?

GIGI. They are in that ward of the hospital which the French made so neat and comfortable.

LEO. My commands were that the pilgrims should be seen together in their dormitory, to edify the infidel: and I ordered to be placed there four hundred and fifty beds for them.

GIGI. Only one was occupied: two were ready; but the two pilgrims the most obedient to the ordinances of your Holiness, were found on one pillow, communicating.

LEO. I understand you, Gigi—and without a license? What an age is this! the most licentious!

GIGI. Holiness! my master! I have heard it reported that the

present age is a great deal less licentious than any former one since the establishment of the Popedom.

LEO. Ay truly, less licentious indeed in buying licenses.

GIGI. Licentiousness is not the word, I see, but luxury. Formerly, I have heard, a cardinal would have his dozen of pages: in our days hardly an Eminence has a couple, and one or other of them is sweaty as a running-footman, or stiff and sedentary as a *maestro di casa*. This is, in comparison, as a sprig of syringa to a posy an ell round, fit for a Madonna in a new satin of Lyons.

LEO. I wish they would keep as many pages as formerly, to amuse them in their own palace-yards, with skittles and bowls, or any other game, and not be caught on the staircase of the Quirinal, like his Eminence the other day, sticking a petard into the skirt of my grenadier on duty, to the laughter of the rabble and the scandal of Holy Church. Such idleness and levity.

After all, what most afflicts me is the scarcity of my pilgrims.

GIGI. I think your Beatitude would have had three or four decently good-looking ones out of Tuscany, if the people could have remained in ignorance of your uncourteous answer to the Granduke.

LEO. God's liver! uncourteous! Gigi! what dost thou mean? Is the successor of Jesus Christ expected to be courteous?

GIGI. Pardon me, my master and Beatitude! but of all the men that ever lived upon earth, for man he was, the most courteous was he to whom your Beatitude is successor. He knew who he was as well as we do; yet he was so goodnatured and fairspoken both to high and low, that, God forgive me! but I think him as worthy as the best of the saints; nay, in my mind he is the very next to his sweet mother.

LEO. Do you mean Pius the Seventh?

GIGI. I thought your Holiness had said, by implication, that you were the successor of Jesus Christ?

LEO. Did I? I forgot it. I am so; but times are altered.

GIGI. Saint Peter himself could not improve upon him.

LEO. Much may be said on both sides; but, from the elevation on which it has pleased the Holy Ghost to place me, I can not listen to such subjects. I would remind the powers of Europe that I am their sovran; and that what I condescend to receive from them is my due, as from vassals.

GIGI. But the hundred candied citrons which the young Gran-

duke sent to your Beatitude, had always been sent as an act of mere courtesy. The custom, I have heard, originated with the Medici, who, according to the quaintness of an emblematic age, I imagine, would represent their armorial bearings of the golden balls by a present of citrons. It was customary for the Holiness of our Lord to write a letter of thanks for the politeness shown to him; your Sanctity did not write it, but ordered a secretary to say simply "that your Sanctity had received the citrons, and appeared to be contented with them."

LEO. Well, so I was.

GIGI. Next year, if I may prophesy, your Beatitude must be contented without 'em.

LEO. I suspect as much. The last present I received from Tuscany, by the connivance (I doubt not) of some in power, prepares me for this affront.

GIGI. I should have thought the citrons would have been the last.

LEO. No; while you were on my business at Orvieto, the Archbishop of Pisa sent me three large salmons and three codfish, the latter only salted, the former both salted and smoked, informing me that, according to the directions he had received with 'em, they should not be opened, nor cut to pieces, nor washed, as it would be injurious to the flavour and would damage the flakes. One of each was served up at my table on the third day of Lent, and my appetite was sharper than usual. Maria-Fabrizio, on applying the knife, fell at my feet and kissed them, and asked me humbly, with his eyes closed, whether it was my pleasure that it should be a miracle or not. I wondered what the man meant. He brought before me the two fishes; a strong smell of turpentine invaded my nostrils; the two dainties were of pine-wood, a salmon-skin and cod-skin being drawn over them. For this insult, offered to me in the first instance, I understand, by one Ahab Rigworthy of Connecticut, I will forbid the Americans to visit Rome.

GIGI. My dear master, your Beatitude, if an American should ever wish to visit Rome, it would only be to try his wits against the Jews; or to speculate, in case Saint Peter's should come to the hammer, what may be the weight of lead sheeting and brass nails upon the roof, how many iron cramps in the walls, how much lime the pillars and statues would burn into, and what vent he could open for them. I will answer for it, there is more taste for the fine arts,

and more knowledge of them, among the galley-slaves in Civita Vecchia, than in the most wealthy citizens of the United Provinces.

LEO. That I know; and I am surprised how they could carve a fish so like nature.

GIGI. An Indian carved it: the Indians both carve and paint: they are the Giottos and Cimabues of the Anglo-Americans. Your Holiness may exclude the new company of the pine-fishery, and not hurt them. But could not you have invited some of the Christian princes to be present at this solemnity?

LEO. I pressed the youngest, who are the most ductile, and the oldest, who are the most devout: neither age would yield to me.

GIGI. No! not a Bourbon!

LEO. The Bourbons are either curds or cream: we may lick up a little of them, but they close upon or slip under any impression we would make. Beside, they are never so pious as when they have eaten a good dinner and are going to sleep. The two Infantes of Spain proposed to attend me, on condition that I would lend them each three thousand dollars: this, by advice of my secretaries of the interior and of the finances, I agreed to do on their arrival at Rome. They replied, that at Madrid they could enforce credit, but that in the provinces the people would rather leave their houses than accommodate them with a supper or a night's lodging; and that without the money they and their mules would perish upon the road. The reflections were so extremely just, so notoriously true, that I had no suspicion of a latent fraud, until *one of the faith* informed me clandestinely, being in the king's confidence, that his Catholic Majesty had united with his brothers the Infantes in laying a trap for my money, and was, according to the legitimacy of primogeniture, to have above half to his own share. On renewing the negotiations, I proposed to accept a historical piece by Velasquez and another by Vandyk, as my security for the money. They, finding that the sum was below the value of the pictures, and fearing the reward of their perfidy, expressed the utmost sorrow that they could not attend me, assuring me that apprehensions were entertained, from certain symptoms, that they both had caught the gout, by a constant attendance on their beloved king and brother, and that their physicians had strongly recommended that they should continue in their native air, without which not one of the Faculty could answer for the consequences.

GIGI. If they were not Infantes of Spain, and brothers of Ferdinand the Seventh, one might call them the greatest liars and scoundrels upon earth. Your Holiness would then really have accommodated them, after the first proof-impression of their moral features?

LEO. There is nothing I should not rejoice to do for a Bourbon, unless it be to take his bill of exchange or his word. In other respects hardly one in the family would deceive you.

The two Infantes declare to me, that they would have come into Italy some time ago, while they had in their pockets some of the money they received for promising the pardon of sundry negros, but that they could not find in their hearts the resolution to leave behind them so fine a sight as that of Francesco della Torre, who had just been sentenced, as an acquaintance of Riego, to carry round his neck the portrait of that *traga-perro* to the place of execution, and there to behold it burnt by the hangman.

GIGI. His wife, I read in the gazette, is sentenced to the galleys for ten years, as being her husband's accomplice.* I wish some lawyer could explain to me how this is. Accomplice in what? If she were not the accomplice of her husband, she would sin against Holy Church. If she refused to receive and entertain his acquaintance——

LEO. She might receive and entertain them: such was her duty: but she ought also to denounce them, together with the husband, before the police or the confessor.

GIGI. Ay, ay! now I understand the meaning of reception and entertainment. Without such explanations, from time to time, we should forget our duties and become heretics.

Curse this pin upon my shirt! I needed not to have crossed myself, fool as I was, in talking about these hell-fagots. By Bacchus, it has drawn blood!

Would no prince or princess of Portugal step forward, and lend a hand at the suds?

LEO. Prince Michael would perhaps have favoured me with his presence, if it had not been required at Paris, whither he is gone in order to protect his country from the horrors of a constitution, after valiantly fighting against his father, in defence of legitimacy, under the commands of the Holy Alliance. My regard for the House of

* These are facts.—W. S. L.

Braganza is little less than for the Capets ; and I myself advised the king to delay no longer the wishes of his people, and proposed two constitutions. The first and preferable consisted of *one estate*, namely the king, but subject to the advice of his privy council, removable by him at pleasure, with the sole exception of the archbishop of the realm, perpetual president thereof. The second was of *four estates ;* the king, the clergy, the nobility, the populace. The king, as in other free countries, should at his option lay down or reject any law ; and everyone should originate with him, excepting the ecclesiastical, which are written in heaven from the beginning, and are thence delivered down to me, and from me to the faithful, as occasion may require. The taxes were to be decreed by the king, the clergy, and the nobility ; and their impartiality was certain and unavoidable, since they were not parties concerned. A more extensive power was left to the populace ; namely, that of paying them. This plan however was considered as affording a bad example ; and I was called a *liberal* at the court of Vienna. Hence I was afraid of pressing more urgently a prince or princess of Portugal, lest I should be suspected of an inclination to shake the continental system, which has been declared by all the sovrans the same for the whole body of them, whatever game they may be playing, in one chamber or two chambers, for the amusement of their idle and unthinking vassals. Constitution-houses and card-built houses serve the same purpose, and are erected on the same foundations.

GIGI. Kings sympathise with kings, not with nations. A field of battle, strown with twenty thousand slain, is only a ticket to their ball-rooms : show them a scaffold with one (lately) crowned head upon it, and the bass-viol stands alone in the orchestra.

LEO. This is as it should be, as it always was, and, by the blessing of our Lady, always shall be. I declare to you, Gigi, I am no liberal, doubt me as they may ; and that I proposed a constitution, on the firm conviction that, without it, the royal authority can never reach its utmost highth in safety.

GIGI. Yet your Beatitude stands alone.

LEO. I am the ruler of kings, the vicegerent of God ; I read no other name in his commission.

GIGI. Master, my Holiness, let me look at it.

LEO. Gigi, Gigi ! thine are eyes of the flesh.

GIGI. They can read commissions.

LEO. Not such as ours are.

GIGI. There is nothing that your Beatitude can not see and do: yet I now recollect what I heard the other day: which is, that you and the monarchs your friends and allies, striving to throw back the world upon the remains of Chaos in the bosom of Vacuity, are like the little figures round Greek vases, which strain at one thing and stand in one place for ages, and have no more to do in the supporting or moving of the vases than the worms have.

LEO. This language is not yours, is not an Italian's, is not a continental's: it breathes the bluff air of England. If I had the speaker here, I would cast him into a dungeon.

GIGI. O for God's sake, your Holiness, do not think of it! The first boat's crew that landed upon the coast would lay Rome in ashes.

LEO. I would remove the money and snuff from the custom-house; and the heretics could not keep possession of the country; no, not if there were a hundred of 'em.

GIGI. Alas! sir, a hundred of them would hold all Italy against the devil. On their landing, the *carbonari* would not want fuel: there is nowhere a hill from Como to Taranto that would not have a fire upon it. The old Bucentaur would be alert as Argo. Every soul that is not cowled and cassocked, and two-thirds of these, would make swords out of soup-ladles, encrusted with boiling-hot *menestra*, and bayonets out of spits, though the roast were still in the centre of 'em, phizzing.

LEO. Gigi, it is high time to put down these bad humours, when they prevail in ninety-nine out of a hundred; and yet the princes would not give ear unto me, nor come to my jubilee. A fat boar, weltering in his blood, squeezed an *ave-maria* from my late son of Naples. My late son of France thought of Christ and Paradise after a salmi of ten woodcocks, and would then tell M. Blacas, the Gascon, to feel his heart, how it was beating for the service of the faith. My son of Modena is never so devout as when he thanks the Lord in his mercy, after having taken up and imprisoned a *carbonaro*, who had lost a brother, and who himself had bled, in fighting for the restoration of his most Serene Highness. Other princes boast that they have larger armies in proportion to the extent of their territory than they: my son of Modena boasts that he has imprisoned, or denounced to the emperor for imprisonment, more suspected subjects than all the heretical kings on the whole Continent, although he of

Prussia is a half-catholic in this heroism. He in his vigilance keeps up such a well-directed fire against the philosophical and learned, both within his dominions and without, that I suspect in another year I shall have to illuminate Saint Peter's for him, as a convert to the truth.

GIGI. God forbid! He has not the heart to hold out a single flask of oil toward it. When his wife learned English, he came every day into the room and caught the lessons by stealth, paying only for one scholar, and that meanly. He and his heir apparent have the two poorest purses, in their way, of any two gentlemen living. Were I your Holiness, I would dally with his doubts, until my successor should have the cost of his baptism: or I would demand half-a-dozen pieces of brass cannon from him, apprehensive that the payment of such a sum in coined money would break his heart at the font. I myself would not undertake to teach him his catechism, until I had made him count out upon this palm three dollars of his Majesty's, trying them with my nail whether they were all unclipt. Otherwise I might be disappointed, as your Holiness is.

LEO. The money spent in the city by strangers, throughout the whole time of the jubilee, will not pay for the three conversions, although the Jew should grow reasonable; and people are so little occupied or concerned in it, that the affair of the Englishman and Irishman, on Ash Wednesday, has excited a good deal of idle conversation, I hear. Do you know the particulars, Gigi? I am afraid they have been misrepresented to me; for although this is the seat of Sanctity, it is not invariably the seat of Truth.

GIGI. If it is, her rump has left no mark on the cushion. The story, as I heard it, is this. An Irishman, of somewhat loose habits, had declared his intention to Father Matthew-Roderic O'Rian, of scourging himself in the church among the penitents. Another acquaintance of Father Matthew-Roderic said jocosely, "What will our friend Emmanuel-Roger O'Gorman do? If he lays whip to his body, it must have been knotted by some fair hand; and no hair will touch his skin but what he knows how to smoothen." "Sir," replied Father O'Rian, "though Mr. O'Gorman loves wine and women, and quarrels and swears occasionally, he is an excellent Christian at bottom, and has declared to me his intention to scourge himself."

On this, M. Tatterel, the Englishman, watched and followed his

friend O'Gorman through the crowd, and contrived to place himself just behind him in the church. The candles being extinguished, he heard distinctly the sobs of O'Gorman, for none sobbed louder, and guttural interjections following the most fanciful recommendations (some very pressing and some very fondling) of his sinful soul, to the Virgin and her crucified Son. After which, M. Tatterel heard the scourge ; but it sounded like the ripple of lake Agnano on the softest of its sands * ; and he applied a stout leather, which he had taken down on purpose from behind his carriage, to the shoulders of the Hibernian supplicant. At first O'Gorman thought it was the devil who did it, and cried, " O Christ save me ! Lord have mercy upon me ! " A laugh ill suppressed, and another smart stroke across the shoulders, undeceived him, and starting from his liturgical trance, he exclaimed indignantly, " Damn your blood ! what are you at ? " Seizing at the same moment the offender, he held him, and blasted him every now and then with flashes of oaths, while he repeated the remainder of the litany and lauds. I was not very near, and could only catch a few of his fulminations, as the priests were chanting *Dominus vobiscum ; et cum spiritu tuo :* and *Oremus*. These words, your Holiness may remember, are so long in chanting, that Signor Emmanuel would not let slip so fair and tempting an opportunity of pouring out his choler and comminations. Nor did he suffer the irreligious assailant to escape from his grasp, either in the confusion of the service or at the close of it. At the door he recognised the features of M. Tatterel, who whether from apprehension or from decorum had been silent and hid his face, and there Signor Emmanuel challenged him to pistols the next morning. Some of the young Irish, who were present, told of the abomination, and by order of the police, M. Tatterel, having first been fined three hundred crowns, is sent away from the Roman states. M. Emmanuel Roger-O'Gorman

* Scioppius would have given the pious Irishman a capital piece of information, if he had ever read the *Infamia Famiani*.

" Flagellum ego in monasterio Laurentiano manibus tractavi, et Caroli V sanguine (ut aiebant) adhuc oblitum vidi. Romæ tamen quotannis quinctâ majoris hebdomadæ feriâ complures inveniuntur, flagriones et plagipatidæ, sive plagigera hominum genera, ut Plautus loquitur, qui *tribus solis denariis* conduci possunt, ut in supplicatione publicâ seu processione, longe fortiores Carolo viros se præbeant in tergo flagris concidendo," &c., p. 18.

Perhaps he would have been of opinion that in the year of jubilee one is bound to scourge himself, although in other years this duty, like all the rest, is vicarious.—W. S. L.

has been persuaded by father Matthew-Roderic to forego his vengeance, as likely to become a stumbling-block and a scandal. " Why, father Matthew-Roderic, be easy and contented now," said Signor Emmanuel-Roger. " In my own country I must take notice of him, as you know, or there 's no living; but I do faithfully swear and promise, as a Christian and man of honour, to let him alone while I am in the Holy City, and the mean fellow keeps his distance." The good father praised his resolution, and was quite satisfied, saying, in the voice of an angel, " If all Christians did so ! "

XXII. THE CARDINAL-LEGATE ALBANI AND PICTURE-DEALERS

(*High and Low Life in Italy*, as a serial, 1837; *Wks.*, ii., 1846; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

MARCHESE SCAMPA, CONTE BIANCHERIA, SIGNOR CORAZZA, CARDINAL-LEGATE ALBANI

LEGATE. Most illustrious Signor Marchese! I grieve deeply to have incommoded you. Most illustrious Signor Conte Cesare! I am sorry to have caused you any disturbance. Most esteemed, prized, and ornamented Signor Corazza! I feel somewhat of uneasiness at requiring your attendance.

SCAMPA. Your Eminence may dispose of me purely at Her pleasure.

BIANCHERIA. I am your Eminence's most obsequious, most devoted, and most humble servant.

CORAZZA. I kiss the sacred hem of Her purple, humbly inclining myself.

LEGATE. On my faith, Signors! a pretty piece of pastry you have been making! A fine embroilment! on my body!

SCAMPA. Eminence! all men have had their embroilments.

BIANCHERIA. Pieces of pastry all men have made, Eminence!

LEGATE. Signors! I fear these will stick upon your fingers some time yet, although I pray God you may, with his help, wash yourselves clean.

SCAMPA. We are in his hands.

BIANCHERIA. —And your Eminence's.

SCAMPA. I meant Hers all the while.

CORAZZA. Surely; securely! I am in Hers, the whole of me.

LEGATE. 'Tis well. Now in the name of Dominedio, most gentle sirs, how could you play these tricks? What doings are these? I accuse you of nothing: I am convinced you are innocent, most innocent, more than most innocent. And yet, diamene! they will have it otherwise.

SCAMPA. God and your Eminence with us, our uprightness is not to be disputed.

BIANCHERIA. We know what we know: we are what we are: we can tell them that. Let them mind it. What says Signor Marchese? Do I speak well?

SCAMPA. True; most true; Signor Conte! always under the correction of his Eminence.

LEGATE. Forasmuch as I have understanding in me, there are not two honester gentlemen in Bologna. Very old houses! vastly rich heretofore: rich still. Honey does not run from the pot without leaving some against the sides; ay, Signor Marchese?

(*Aside.*) It sticks hard; but I have a spoon that will scrape it.

You appear to be incommoded by a cough, Signor Marchese! Will my snuff-box relieve it?

SCAMPA. Infinite thanks, Eminence! immortal condescension! It would cure Cairo: it would have stopt the seven plagues of Egypt.

LEGATE. Signor Conte! we are coming [1] to the business. Pardon my habits of dispatch! Only be explicit; be clear: I must do my duty: I may be lenient. Much is left to my judgment and discretion; and you noble personages are the very last in the world who would wish to lead it astray, or make it harsh.

An English gentleman, with more earnestness than——

ALL AT ONCE. As usual with the nation.

LEGATE. —has applied to me personally.

SCAMPA. Personally! to a Porporato!

BIANCHERIA. Personally! to a Cardinal-Legate!

CORAZZA. Ohibo! Personally! to an Eminence of Holy Church! with a maggiorduomo, four cooks, six chaplains, and (Sant Antonio) the six finest mules in all the Patrimony! Cospetto! the heretic!

LEGATE. So it is: by letter to me, I mean.

ALL. Letter! more and more presumptuous!

SCAMPA. No preliminary!

BIANCHERIA. Secretary,[2] even secretary, had been too high. Maestro di casa, maestro di scuderia, cameriere, page, porter, or any other dignitary of the household, might have received it in the first instance, under the form of supplication. But letter! letter! letter! my head turns round with it.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "coming too abruptly to the business."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "Secretary even, even Secretary of State."

SCAMPA. Carbonaro!

CORAZZA. Giovane Italia! disguised as an Englishman.

SCAMPA. Eminence! we are gallant men, men of honour, men of garb, and Her most obsequious. Some regards are due to persons of distinction. Why should he trouble your Eminence with his concerns? petty matters! trifles! trivialities! Law indeed to an Englishman is like his native air: he flies to it as he flies to his ship; he loses his appetite if he misses it: and he never thinks he has enough of it until it has fairly stript him and begins to lie heavy on his stomach. It is his tea, his plum-pudding, his punch, his nightcap.

LEGATE. Happy! if he can throw it off so easily when he wakens. Law in England ought to be in capital condition, if exercise can accomplish it.

BIANCHERIA. There are common laws and common lawyers in Bologna, blessed be his Holiness! And nothing new about them, nothing wild and extravagant, nothing visionary. They are ancient and awful as our Garisenda, and, like Garisenda, lean toward the inhabitants.

SCAMPA. Talk of patriotism! this I call patriotism. We[1] can buy injustice of any tribunal in Italy, and at a reasonable price: it would be hard indeed if we can not buy justice for a little more, in proportion to the rarity, and if we are forced to go beyond our native country for this greatest benefit of a paternal government. I should be sorry to prefer any on earth to my own Bologna, blest as it is with the rule and guidance of the Prince of the Apostles, but more immediately under his delegate the Holiness of our Lord, Leo the Twelfth, now sitting and reigning, and worthily and plenarily represented by your Eminence. But, Eminence! (pardon me if I sob aloud and beat my breast at saying it) there are countries, yes, there are countries in our Italy, where insolent Englishmen are thrown utterly into the shade, their audacity rising beyond endurance. One of them, believe me, had the temerity to take the wall of Don Neri Corsini, a Roman prince, a prime minister. Nobly and worthily did his Highness treat this sacrilege.

LEGATE. I am uninterested in the event: excuse my interruption.

SCAMPA. Condescend to listen. The proud Englishman had bought a villa and a couple of farms under Fiesole; rooting up olives, cutting down vines, the madman! A Frenchman was his neighbour.

[1] From "We" to "Signor Conte and," p. 255, not in 1st ed.

He had a right to the waste water of the proud Englishman's fountain. The proud Englishman, in his spite and malignity, not only shaved every morning, and ordered all his men servants, to the number of five, to shave also just as frequently, but he washed his hands and face several times in the day, and especially at that season when water is most wanted. In like manner did all his children, four of them; and all four bathed: all four, Eminence! all four! every day! the malignant father setting them the example.

LEGATE. Heretics and Turks are much addicted to bathing. It might be superstition, or it might be an idea of cleanliness. The English are malicious one against another, almost universally, but toward foreigners there appears to be more contemptuousness than malice.

SCAMPA. Your Eminence has the eye upon the key-hole, and sees the whole chamber. Pride and malice, the right side and the left side of the Devil, constitute the Englishman. O the persecutor! This, the very worst of them all, excepting the wretch who would, in the presence of your Eminence, deflower the fair fame of innocent men like me, this one committed the injury through wanton extravagance, shaving, washing, bathing, beside watering two hundred orange, lemon, citron trees, and then laurels and myrtles, and rhododendrons and magnolias, and fantastical outlandish flowers innumerable. No wonder there was little waste water. The Frenchman cited him before the tribunals. At first they favoured the Englishman, as was intended. The Frenchman, as Frenchmen always do, shifted his ground a little, and won the second cause. In the third the Englishman had his turn, to prove the fairness of processes in Tuscany. Then a couple of the judges were persuaded to see their error, and voted on the contrary side. Presently more had their eyes opened for them. In vain did the proud Englishman hold in contempt the variations of the opponent and the judges: in vain, over and over, did he offer tenfold the value of the water, supposing the water was the thing wanted, which the Frenchman had declared he never cared about, having plenty on each side of his house. No, this would never serve the purpose of those who patted him on the back. His suit assumed a somewhat different form, term after term, otherwise it could not easily have been so protracted. Nothing was now left for the proud Englishman but appeal to the last resort; but, just before the defection of the two favourable judges was decided on

and arranged, the Court of Appeal in the last resort was purposely suppressed. Such was the fate of the proud Englishman and his waste water.

LEGATE. I hope, Signor Marchese, that the matter ends here; for you must remember that I have other business in hand.

SCAMPA. Patience, Eminence, patience! It does not end here, nor could it reasonably. This arrogant, infuriated man, this devastator of vines and olives, this substituter of grass and moss for cabbages and onions, was sentenced to construct with efficient masonry a competent reservoir in front and within ten paces of his hall-door. Such a sentence, if such a sentence had been possible against a noble Tuscan, would have broken the heart of Conte Gherardesca, the late proprietor, although he resided there but seldom, and enjoyed but few perhaps of the cabbages and onions so unworthily supplanted. Just punishment for this overbearing pertinacious Englishman! reminding him for ever of what is due to a Roman prince and prime minister; such a diplomatist that he had the honour of serving both his native sovereign the Granduke Ferdinand and the Emperor Napoleon at the same time, enjoying the countenance of each, unsuspected by the other. And a shining countenance it was. Faith of Bacchus! it was an omelet well fried on each side, and enough of it to fatten a Carthùsian.

LEGATE. To what does this tend, Signor Marchese?

SCAMPA. It tends, Eminence, to prove satisfactorily the small regard entertained for Englishmen in other quarters of our Italy: it tends to prove, above all things, their contempt of dignities, and how easily, by the grace of your Eminence, they may be disappointed in their extravagant recourse to litigation. The litigant was condemned to a series of lawsuits for nine years, with more variations than ever were composed by Rossini. It was decided from the beginning that some should be won and some lost, and that at last all the costs should be cast upon this proud Englishman. The whole property of his adversary amounts not to the sum expended in the maintenance of what he presumed to call his rights: a favourite word, Eminence, with those islanders. He was a true Englishman, unbending to authority, repulsive to rank, and bearing an abominable dash of charcoal on his shoulders, black, black as Satanasso. He would not have gained his lawsuit even if he had consented to pay down the fair market-price, which his proud stomach would never do.

But *we* are ready, Eminence, *we* are ready; for no men alive observe more strictly the usages of their fathers. We hate revolutionary notions, we hate false doctrines: honour and religion, and love of our neighbour, is our motto.

LEGATE. I wish so great a hardship had befallen no better man than the person you describe: but, remember, I am not sitting here to examine the merits of his case. We have our own laws.

SCAMPA. I call that a happy country whose law is as movable as Easter, and as managable and pleasant as the Carnival. If it is not so in the states of the Church, where upon earth ought it to be? I pay to His Holiness fifteen Roman crowns yearly, for dispensation to eat flesh in Lent.*

LEGATE. You seem strong and healthy, most Illustrious!

SCAMPA. Under the blessing of heaven, by paying the fifteen crowns I continue so. If all would do the same their sins would fall off them as the scales fall from a leper. Ling may help to lift a man out of Purgatory; but Roman crowns, legitimate and unclipt, can alone pave the way to Paradise. I am no niggard, no Englishman: right well do I know, and more especially do I acknowledge, that His Holiness is not only an apostle, but a prince, and that his dignity is to be duly supported by all true Christians. I glory in being one; and God forbid I should ever be so straitened in circumstances for want of protection, as to cry out for an abatement. In Tuscany the judges will hear reason, when the wand of the apparitor is tipped with gold and the litigant speaks in French. It is better he should speak it first to Don Neri, who understands it perfectly.

LEGATE. I do entreat you, Signor Marchese, to come at once to the point.

SCAMPA. I would gladly, triumphantly, ecstatically, shed the last drop of my blood for His Holiness; but, ohibo! what is all a man's blood worth when it is robbed of its vital heat, of its menestra, its fry, and its roast? I am a good subject, a good Catholic, true, faithful, vigilant; I am a gallant man, a brave man; but I have my fears. There are carbonari everywhere: there is carbon under the chair of His Holiness. A hard blow, an angry breath, a humiliating indignity, a cruel unpaternal—what am I saying? what am I thinking of?—may—mercy upon us! may—O holy Virgin avert it! may, alas!

* A *family*, however healthy, may obtain it at that price, and some very pious ones do.—W. S. L.

set his footstool in such a blaze, ay, footstool and canopy, purple and triple crown, as all the tears of your Eminence, and of the devoted servant at your feet, would be insufficient to extinguish.

LEGATE. What would you have, gentlemen?

BIANCHERIA. Eminence! we do not ask more for ourselves, who are Italians, than was graciously conceded to a foreigner.

LEGATE. The French have it always in their power to do a great deal of mischief; and such is their natural disposition. The tiger in his cage is just as restless as in his wilderness, and his keeper must now and then humour him.

BIANCHERIA. We ask to be protected from no Frenchman upon earth, which would be beyond any reasonable hope, but only from our accursed Englishman, who, by his pertinacity and obduracy, has proved himself to be made of the same paste as the other, and drawn out of the same oven. Like the other, he would rather put in jeopardy three thousand crowns than distribute a few hundreds in charity among the faithful domestics of your Eminence, and their virtuous wives and amiable children. What hearts, ahime! what hearts these English carry with them about Italy! In fact, Eminence, an Englishman closes his fist on these occasions as firmly as if he were boxing. The main difference is, that on these if he is beaten he has the folly to complain, whereas on the other he would be silent if you had beaten him half into a mummy. Knock out an eye, and he gives you his hand; mistake a picture in selling it to him, and he delivers you over to the executioner.

SCAMPA. If not quite that, he makes you give back the money; and thus, blemishing your honour, he leaves an incurable wound in the very centre of the heart.

LEGATE. Gently, good Signor Marchese! such hard thumps on the exterior may produce an effect no less fatal. I should apprehend ossification and aneurism. We must bear with human infirmity. All nations have their customs, all individuals their privileges and foibles. As the English fight best upon the ocean, it is probable and presumable that they see best with their heads under water; which opinion some of the pictures bought by them on dry land, at enormous prices, for their national gallery, seem to confirm. Certainly they little know our usages: but they know incomparably more about theoretical law than about its practical administration. Perhaps, as you suggest, they are somewhat too indifferent to the deferential

delicacy of its domestic courtesies. Knowing the weaknesses to which, as children of Adam, we all are liable, I would not animadvert on them severely, nor prejudge them. True it is, the Frenchman is more sociable at all times, and more amiable at most: and if there are seasons when he must inevitably swear and fight, we may charitably believe that he follows the law of his nature in so doing; that God made him so; and we must take him as we find him. And we shall the more readily do this, if we remark his perfect ease and indifference what he swears to, and what he fights for.

BIANCHERIA. For my part, I have no complaint to make against him: no Frenchman ever carried off any of my pictures.

LEGATE. Signor Conte! keep your own secret. Do not imply, as your speech would do, that you never had any worth carrying off.

CORAZZA. Our Italy would rise up in arms against the despoiler and deflowerer. Your Eminence would issue a rescript, an ordinance: we are safe. Ah, Signor Conte! not without an inspiration did you remind his Eminence of our Garisenda, and her maternal leaning toward us. Signor Conte and Signor Marchese would melt Saint Peter and persuade Saint Thomas, when they were stubbornest. I am ready to weep.

LEGATE. At what, Signor Corazza?

CORAZZA. Ca! at what? it lies beyond expression.

LEGATE. Well, in this article of weeping we perhaps may help you.

CORAZZA (*aside*). Per Bacco! it grows serious!

LEGATE. The foreigner threatens——

ALL. The assassin!

LEGATE. —to send the Process before the Ruota Criminale at Rome, first submitting it to the Pontifical Chancery.

SCAMPA. Chancery! we are fresh eggs; we are live oysters; we are swallowed up; the Day of Judgment can not piece us again! If anything reasonable had been offered, then indeed who knows? Eminence! only hear the Englishman's proposals! That the pictures should be sent back; true, at the purchaser's charge; but what compensation for losing the sight of our pictures? Pictures that have been hanging in our palaces from time immemorial; pictures that have made men, women, and children stand breathless under them; pictures that at last were given to the Englishman at his own price; for he would not listen to reason. I told him I had a presentiment of heartbreaking: I clasped my hands: I lifted up my

eyes imploringly to the ceiling, until my sighs carried down a cobweb from a highth of twelve *braccie*, and almost blinded me. I made no complaint; I bring no action for damages. There is one Scampa in the world; only one; here he stands.

BIANCHERIA. Think! figure it! Eminence! he offered us our pictures again, with only one-half of the money! Could a Jew do worse? The Pontifical Chancery and the Ruota Criminale would never tribulate gallant men in this guise. We must go to Rome with sacks in our great coats: and the judges there can smell silver from gold through a Russia-leather portmanteau, mix it as you will. Here in Bologna the judges are our neighbours, and act like neighbours. No pride, no fastidiousness: they have patience and hear reason. Only one word from your Eminence, and all stands well.

LEGATE. Reason too is heard at Rome.

SCAMPA. It goes by the Diligence to the banker's, and (Santa Maria!) makes but a short stay there.

BIANCHERIA. Yes, Eminence! at Rome too they hear reason and have patience: but they require more reason from us, and more patience. Sacks! Eminence! sacks and sacks, Eminence! exterminated mountains! Mexico, Peru, Cordilleras!

CORAZZA. Is money chaff, Signor Marchese? Signor Conte! is money swept off with the beard and suds at the barber's? To me it does not seem so. I am a poor man, but honest. I work, I work hard; ca! if anyone knew it!

LEGATE. At what do you work, most respectable Signor Corazza, my most worshipful master?

CORAZZA. At my business; day after day; all day long. O the life! to gain a crown-piece after years and years, and many and many! To stand and stand, and sigh and sigh, with my hands before me; now straight down, now across; sad variety! Now looking at one Virgin, now at another; now at this Bambino, now at that; never minding me; tiring my heart and tearing it, and gnawing it, summer and winter, spring and autumn; while others are in villa! hosiers and hatters, who can not distinguish a picture from a counterpane, a Porporato from a Pievano. Ca! and these people get more money than they can spend: what livers and brains! what capons! what trout! Their wine comes from twenty miles off; cospetto! One keeps his civettà, another his billiard-table, another his—what not! Here am I! no wine, no billiard, no pallone, no laughing, no

noise! The very carts in the streets grumble to be in it at such a season. All I possess of the country is a grillo in a cage of straw. The blessed Saint who lost her eyes—if she can be said to have lost them when she carried them in a dish—suffered less than mine did when I lost my Guido.

LEGATE. Have you nothing of the kind remaining?

CORAZZA. Providence never abandons the faithful. A Ludovico—pure, sincere, intact; purest, sincerest, intactest—but alas! no menestra in pentola; no more menestra than if there were no rice-ground in Lombardy. This I call enduring fatigue, Signor Marchese! This I call sweating, Signor Conte! This I call tribulation, Eminence! Your Eminence can feel all this for us poor people in the trade. Look now! look now! only look! Here comes an Englishman to the Pelican; a milord; a real milord of London. The fame of the finest pieces in the world reaches him on the steps; not mine; I do not say mine; but the pieces of Signor Marchese and Signor Conte, rimbombing through the universe. He hardly asks for dinner: Signor Perotti, Signor Flavio, your Eminence must know him, padrone of the Pelican, says, "Leave that to me." Now Signor Flavio speaks English as well as milord Beron or milord Scacchesperro. "Do you want cash, sir? I will take any bill upon London, two months, three months." O the ingratitude of the canaglia! The pictures are given; thrown away (do I speak well, Signor Marchese?), packed up, sealed at the custom-house, sent off; Signor Flavio goes along with them, loses his business, his rest, his peace of mind, crosses the Appennines, as Annibal did, and reaches Florence, eviscerated, exossated, with nine great packages! nine! the treasures of Bologna!

BIANCHERIA. We lie near the woods, or we never could have given the empty cases for the money we gave the pictures at.

SCAMPA. I doubt, after all, whether they will cover the carpenter's bill.

CORAZZA. Be tranquil, Signor Marchese! I have calculated that they certainly will, if he waits (as usual) a reasonable while for the payment.

SCAMPA. It was a great inconvenience to me: I made a great sacrifice: I thought of building a palace with the planks. Will your Eminence just look over the ground-plan?

LEGATE. Prodigiously magnificent elevation! Blessed Saints!

SCAMPA. One might imagine that a little of the timber would be left. Quite the contrary. I have ruined the way through my estate by the carriage of supplementary loads; and I should not have regretted it if I could have given satisfaction. I am ready to do the like again for anyone who thinks more liberally.

BIANCHERIA. It must be by particular favour, and with strong recommendations, that an Englishman ever enters my house again. My stock of timber was small: however, if it had pleased His Beatitude the Holiness of our Lord to equip a galley or two against the Turks or Greeks, I had wherewithal at his service. Now, now indeed, not a stick is left me! not a thorn, not a dead leaf on the floor: the packages took all.

CORAZZA. Men of humble condition must be cautious in their resentments. My temper is forgiving; my heart is large; I am ready to press my enemy to it again when he sees his error.

LEGATE. He fancies he has already seen it, my most ornamented friend and worthy patron! His correspondent at Florence assures me, on the authority of the whole Academy, that he has been defrauded.

BIANCHERIA. If this gentleman is a gentleman of the law, he may lie legally: but if he acts merely as a friend, and in private, he acts insidiously. What gentleman in Italy ever took upon himself the business of another, where he fancied the other had been imprudent and might lose by that imprudence, whether life or property? The English alone are discontented with their own dangers, and run into those of other people. They pursue thieves; they mount upon conflagrations. Instead of joining the stronger, they join the weaker, subverting the order of things. Even dogs and wolves know better.

SCAMPA. I am ruined by them; this is all I pretend to know of their doings. Since I sold them my pictures, I am infested and persecuted and worried to death by duns. They belabour and martellate my ears worse than the terza rima of Dante, the next taking up the rhyme of the last. I am not a dealer in pictures: I only sell when anyone takes a fancy to this or that; and merely to show that we in Bologna are as condescending and polite to strangers as the people of Rome or Florence.

LEGATE. Very proper; but this double baptism of pictures, this dipping of old ones in the font again, and substituting a name the original sponsor never dreamt of giving, this, methinks, Signor

Marchese! under correction! is somewhat questionable and exceptionable.

SCAMPA. Under the correction of your Eminence, bending myself most submissively, I have as much right to call my pictures by what appellation I please as my house-dog. He whose son has been christened by the name of Tommaso, may deem it more pleasurable to his ear, or more conducive to his welfare, or more appertaining to the dignity of his beloved heir, to designate him by that of Pietro or Giovanni. Again, I have as much right to ask a thousand crowns as a hundred. Asking does not cut purses nor force open bankers' desks. Beside, have I ever transgressed by laying claim to infallibility? Only one upon earth is infallible; and he not in pictures: it is only in things that nobody in this world can comprehend.

LEGATE. Piously and judiciously spoken.

SCAMPA. Eminence! I am liable to errors; I am frail; I am a man: we are all of us dust; we are all of us ashes; here to-day, there to-morrow: but I stick to my religion; I wear my honour next my heart. I should like to catch this Englishman by twilight: I should like to hear how he would answer an honest man to his face. No subterfuges with me. Accidents have happened; malaria; judgments. Many have fallen sick by holding their noses too close to the ground, like dogs in the grotto at Naples yonder.

LEGATE. Be calm, Signor Marchese!

SCAMPA. My blood rises against oppression and injustice. These proud Englishmen shall never govern us. We are under the Church; God be praised! We are under his blessed Saints and your Eminence. Englishmen! what are Englishmen? In their ships they may do something. Give me one, visage to visage in the shaven field, and, capperi! he should soon see who was before him: ay, capperi! should he. Uh! uh! I almost crack my teeth with my courage.

LEGATE. Spare them! spare them! good Signor Marchese! they are worth their weight in gold at your age. Let us respect our veterans, so sadly thinned by the enemy.

SCAMPA. I have the blood of youth in my veins.

LEGATE. You must feel it very comfortable.

SCAMPA. It boils within me.

LEGATE. Let it; let it; better within than without. Surely it is applicable to pleasanter purposes than broils.

SCAMPA. Stains upon honour——

LEGATE. —May be covered with blood more easily than washed out with it. You are calmer, Signor Conte! Let me remark to you, then, that the Englishman in question has sent to me an attestation on a certain picture, purporting to bear the seal of our Academy: this seal is declared by one of our own Academicians (now in Florence) to be a forgery.

ALL. A traitor! a traitor! a traitor to his country!

BIANCHERIA. The Englishman himself forged it.

CORAZZA. The English are capable. I never saw people write with such ease and fluency.

SCAMPA. Very great forgers; very notorious. Many are hanged for it every year in London; some of the most respectable persons in the whole nation, who spend several thousand dollars a year; milords, bankers, bishops.

BIANCHERIA. Bishops! more shame upon them! Ours in Italy are long-dips; four-and-twenty to the pound; in England they are as substantial as sausages. What the devil should they forge but their credentials?

SCAMPA. I said, and I repeat it, many English are hanged for it every year; not one Italian. Lord Kenyon, the greatest judge in the kingdom, declared it lawful against an enemy: now Catholics are enemies in the eye of the Anglican Church, and the English laws acknowledge and act upon it; therefore, on their own principles, we may fairly and justifiably be guilty of it, at our good pleasure. Not that we ever are.

BIANCHERIA. A secretary, by inadvertency, may affix a seal to a wrong paper. We cannot look to these bagatelles: we cannot light the taper for all our letters: we have extensive correspondences: a good deal of money comes yearly by this way into the Legations.

SCAMPA. An easy quiet liberality; some slight preference to the native; a little more regard to his testimony who is a Christian, than to a Quaker's, a Turk's, a Lutheran's, an Anabaptist's, a Freemason's, may benefit the individual, consolidate the government, and calm those uneasinesses and ranklings which have kept our wretched country——

BIANCHERIA (*whispering to him*). Ohibo! take heed! diamene!

SCAMPA. —wretched, until the arrival of your Eminence, by perpetual insurrections. Only two years ago (horrible to think of!) Cardinal Rivarola was shot in his carriage. God knows why.

Mystery hangs over everything here below. Idle men are seen about, ready to be hired: their work requires but short instruments and short warning.

LEGATE. Pooh! pooh! Signor Marchese! never fear them; we will watch over you. Government can pay them best: they are idle or at work as we judge proper. Englishmen have long purses, but never hire any help in their anger.

CORAZZA. Economical indeed! mean-spirited creatures!

BIANCHERIA. But they carry sticks, and confound distinctions with them.

SCAMPA. Bloody rogues are left yet in the Legations; and not all of them on the mountains. Have a care, Eminence! they pretend to love their country. Such folks are always dangerous: their whistle is heard farther than any. We have seen, O Christ! O holy Virgin!—Surgeon's work does not stand well. I weep at thinking—my eyes overflow—I kiss the feet that represent His Holiness.

LEGATE. Signor Marchese! you overpower me. And, Signor Conte! you also at my other! nay, nay, in the name of—Cazzo!—you go too far. I do intreat you to rise up from my feet: your lips make them too hot: they do indeed. Gentlemen, the pleasure of your company has almost caused me to forget that you do me the honour of consulting with me on business of importance. Forgery is really an ugly thing, in my view of the subject. Swindling sounds indifferently. The Academicians of Florence have formally and unanimously decided that your pictures are not only no originals, but are wretched copies. Fifteen names, the names of all present, are subscribed to the declaration, signed by the president, the senator Alessandri! "Siamo di concorde avviso che il primo sia una copia mediocre, &c.: che il secondo appertenga ad un debole imitatore della scuola Bolognese; e gli ultimi due sieno fatti da un cattivo seguace," &c.

BIANCHERIA. Eminence! let the Academicians of Florence look at the pictures that the most liberal and intelligent of our Italian princes (I mean secular; no offence to our Lord and Master His Beatitude) has bought in their own city, and under their own eyes. How happens it that he has friends about him who recommend to him the purchase, at many thousand crowns, of pieces not worth five figs? Domenichinos! Salvators, Leonardos, Murillos! Is the Guido in

the Tribuna any Guido at all? Would your Eminence give three crowns for it, out of the frame?

SCAMPA. Their Domenichino in the same Tribuna, did Domenichino ever see it? However, it is better than a real work of his in the Palazzo Pitti, which the Granduke's purveyors bought for him at the price of fifteen hundred louis. Eminence! would you give fifty crowns for it? Our Lord would never have talked a half-minute with such a Magdalen as that: he would have thrown her pot of pomatum in her face.

CORAZZA. Under favour, how happens it that they recommend to the Granduke restorers and cleaners who never learnt anything of the art, and never attempted it on their own dirt and rags?

SCAMPA. How happens it that the finest pictures in the world have been ruined within these two years? The friend of His Imperial Highness, who recommended these rascals and their rubbish, has unquestionably his profits.

CORAZZA. And why should not we have ours? We who rub nothing out at all, and put little on——

LEGATE. —Except in price, most adorned sir.

BIANCHERIA. I would not wish my observations to transpire. If the scourers at Florence go on as they have been going on lately, the collections at the gallery and at Pitti will be fit only for the Committee of Taste in London; and the Granduke must have recourse to us for what is unsold in our corridors.

LEGATE. Sorry am I to understand that so zealous a protector, and so liberal an encourager of the Arts, has fallen among thieves.

SCAMPA. However he has purchased some fine pictures. Old pencils are red-hot iron to young fingers: all are burnt at first.

BIANCHERIA. Unhappily, the two purest and most perfect works of Raffael are transferred from Tuscany to Bavaria: his Bindo Altoviti and his Tempi Madonna.

LEGATE. Raffael has been surpassed in portraits by Titian and Giorgione. But Tuscany may weep for ever over her loss in the Bindo Altoviti, which I have often seen in the palace where it was painted. Towns, fortresses, provinces, are won, recovered, restored, repurchased: kings will keep Raffaels; kings alone, or higher dignitaries, should possess them.

SCAMPA. He who would sell his Raffael would sell his child.

BIANCHERIA. Cospetto! thirty.

Scampa. Or his father.

Biancheria. Cappari! All, all, to the last.

Legate. Leonardos, Correggios, rare, very rare: but only one genius ever existed who could unite what is most divine on earth with what is most adorable in heaven. He gives sanctity to her youth, and tenderness to the old man that gazes on her. He purifies love in the virgin's heart; he absorbs it in the mother's.

Corazza. Many allow him the preference over our school.

Legate. Ca! ca! ca! your School! an immondezzaio to a Sistine Chapel.

Scampa. Eminence! in Rome, protected by popes and cardinals, he reached perfection.

Legate. Protected! He walked among saints and prophets, their herald upon earth. What a man! what a man! his shadow in our path will not let lies pass current, nor flattery sink into the breast. No, Marchese! At Rome he thought he could embellish what is most beautiful in sentiment: at Florence, until the scourers brought their pestilence into the city, his genius soared in all its light angelic strength. At Florence he was the interpreter of Heaven: at Rome he was only the conqueror of Michel Angelo: he had left Paradisè, he had entered Eden.

Scampa. In your Rome the great Florentine taught him dignity.

Legate. Strange mistake! Was ever painter so dignified as Frate Bartolommeo, whom he studied before he went to Rome? In amplitude, in gravity, in majesty, Fra Bartolommeo is much the superior of Michel Angelo: both want grace: both are defective in composition. These two qualities were in the soul of Raffael: had he looked for them externally, he might have found them on the gates of the Battisterio. I admire and venerate the power of Michel Angelo: but the boy of Urbino reached the head of this giant at the first throw. He did not strip your skins over your heads to show where your muscles lie; nor throw Hercules into the manger at Bethlehem; nor fall upon Alcmena for Mary.

I know not how it happens, but love of the Arts leads me astray. When persons of intelligence on such subjects are about me, I am apt to prolong the discourse. But the pleasantest day must end; the finest sunset is at last a sunset.

Gentlemen! on the word of a friend, and such I am to all entrusted to my governance, and especially to men of merit, to persons

of distinction, true Bolognese, real professors—Gentlemen! you will find it better to contrive, if possible, that this awkward question do not come before the ordinary tribunals.

SCAMPA. Eminence! what in God's name can they do against us if we are protected?

BIANCHERIA. The milord erred in his judgment; we did not err in ours. If men are to suffer for errors, which, alas! seems the lot of humanity, let those suffer who do err, by no means those who do not. No man was ever brave at this embroidery of picture-fancying until he had often pricked his finger. Now I would advise milord to put his between his lips, and not to hold it up in public with a paltry jet bead of blood on it, as if he endured the sufferings of a martyr. We ought to complain; not he. Is it right or reasonable, or according to justice or law, that good quiet Christians, pursuing the steps of their forefathers—do I say well, Signor Marchese?

SCAMPA. Capitally! admirably! sound argument! touching truth! But I am not to judge—I am a party, it seems!

BIANCHERIA. That good quiet Christians, etcetera; loyal subjects, etcetera; gallant men, men of honour, men of garb, etcetera, etcetera—should be persecuted and ransacked and trodden upon and torn and worried and dilacerated and devoured by these arrogant insatiable English.

SCAMPA. Bravo! bravo! bravo!

CORAZZA. Ancora! ancora! bisse, bisse, bisse!

BIANCHERIA. These arrogant insatiable English, what would they have? I gave them my flesh and blood; would they seize my bones? Let them, let them! since for even one's bones there is no rest on earth; none whatever; not a pin's point; saving upon the breast of your Eminence.

LEGATE. Ohibo! where is the need of weeping and wailing, Signor Conte?

BIANCHERIA. Magdalen wept and wailed, Peter wept and wailed: but they had gone astray, they had slipped and sidled: I have followed my line of duty; I have acted consistently; I have gone on as I began. Why should these infuriated monsters run from under the North Pole against me? why be permitted to stroke up, in a manner, my spinal hair from tail to nape in this fashion? merciful Jesu! eradicating, eradicating! flaying, laying. The acquirer of the pictures, he complain too! he complain! after spoiling his own

speculation. Had he kept his tongue from ringing, his seven hundred louis, the poor compensation for our master-pieces, would have procured him a seat in the Committee of Taste in London, and every piece would have turned out a miraculous loaf; a Christ in the Garden. What power! what patronage! And they eat, Eminence! they eat; or they are much belied. If another man's macaroni is a foot long, theirs is a yard. Fry, fry, fry, all day: the kitchen hums and buzzes like a spring meadow: it frets and fumes and wheezes with its labour: one cook cannot hear another: you might travel as far as from Bologna to Ancona between the boiled and the roast. And what do we get? at the uttermost the scale of an anchovy, with scarcely oil enough to float it——

Corazza. —And perhaps, late in the season, the extremity of a radish, so cursedly tough, you may twist it twenty times round the finger.

Scampa. We are amenable to your Eminence: but what has the Academy of Florence to do with us? Presently, no doubt, we shall be cited before the Committee of Taste on the Thames. Let us discuss a little the qualifications of our future judges, now we have plainly shown what our present are. Has not this glorious Committee paid several thousand louis for a false Correggio, which was offered at Rome heretofore for fifteen crowns, and carried to Milan ere it found so much? Has not this glorious Committee, which snatched so eagerly at a false, rejected a real one at a low price? Have the blockheads not allowed the finest Andrea to slip out of London, and to hang on a banker's wall at Paris? Could they not have bought it at a third less than what the banker paid for it? and will he sell it again for a third more?

Legate. In almost all the works of this otherwise admirable painter there is a vulgarity which repels me.

Biancheria. But what truth, Eminence, what truth!

Legate. The most endearing quality, I perceive, with Signor Conte Biancheria.

Biancheria. It stands indeed high with me.

Scampa. There is no answering any of the Count's questions on the Committee of Taste.

Biancheria. The facts are known all over the world. Not a cottage or cavern, not a skiff or felucca, not a gondola or canoe, from Venice to Van Diemen's Land, that does not echo them.

LEGATE. Indeed!

BIANCHERIA. Upon my faith as a Christian!

SCAMPA. There is a certain duke at Rome, a duke made after buckles were left off, who can always sell what he proposes. He recommends an original: over comes milord, sees it finished, accepts in his condescension an inlaid table, and fills the newspapers with the fine contours, the aerial perspective, the topazes, rubies, and emeralds, of this precious oil-cloth.

BIANCHERIA. We poor Bolognese can not give such dinners as a Roman duke and banker can. We are hungry; yet we invite the stranger to partake with us.

LEGATE. Of your hunger, most illustrious!

BIANCHERIA. With what we have we serve him.

CORAZZA. An honest man would do his business regularly; a good citizen makes no disturbances, and is ashamed of troubling the courts of justice or intruding on his superiors. Peace, concord, faith, veneration, are inherent in the highest and in the lowest of the Bolognese.

SCAMPA. And yet the Academy of Florence makes war against the Academy of Bologna! Would it not be wiser if those who preside over the Arts imitated the conduct of those who preside over the nations? Would it not be better if they agreed that the same system should govern all? Can not our Bologna and Florence come closer, like England and Turkey, France and Russia, Spain and Persia, Portugal and Congo? Are we never to follow our betters? We indeed do: why will not they? Times are very much altered for the worse, Eminence, since we were children.

LEGATE. Ah Marchese! You were a child long after I was one.

SCAMPA. A year; or may-be thirteen months. I have seen forty some time.

LEGATE. I approach eighty.

SCAMPA. In dreams and visions; not otherwise. I am as near to Purgatory as your Eminence is to Paradise.

LEGATE (*aside*). I believe it; on the wrong side too.

SCAMPA. Did your Eminence speak to me?

LEGATE. I was regretting to myself the strength of the Declaration that lies before me.

BIANCHERIA. A mere formulary; signed by fourteen or fifteen

rival Academicians. Our pictures had no such pedantry about them. We too have signatures : the pen trembles with their emotion.

LEGATE. True enough ; few of the names are legible, and those unknown.

SCAMPA. There now ! convincing ! convincing ! The better part of them could not see the paper under them through their tears.

BIANCHERIA. Well might they weep. Such pictures then must leave Bologna ? Our beloved country must lose them for ever ! our dear children must not enjoy what their fathers and forefathers gloried in !

CORAZZA. What could we do ? The English are powerful at sea ; they have a fleet in the Adriatic no farther off than Corfu.

LEGATE. The question is the authenticity of the pictures.

SCAMPA. And, after an attestation on the spot, the Academy of Florence has the impudence to sign and seal against it !

CORAZZA. May not pictures have suffered on the road ? may not malicious men, artists and dealers, jealous of the Bolognese school, jealous of an honest man's good fortune——

SCAMPA. Carpers of titles, revilers of dignities——

CORAZZA. —Ay, ay—have given them a few false touches ?

BIANCHERIA. May not the air of Florence, moister and heavier than ours, have suffused with a duller tint and disturbed the transparency of the glazing ?

SCAMPA. People sign without reflection, Eminence ! My uncle Matteo the Canonico, your Eminence's old worshipper, used to say well and truly, the day of judgment is the last day we can expect on earth, and that he saw no signs of it.

LEGATE. We have no proof of malice in the decision.

BIANCHERIA. Even good men have some. Saint Cyprian said that the face of Saint Jerome, in Correggio's picture, would have done better for the lion, and the lion's for him.

LEGATE. Whether Saint Cyprian said it, may perhaps be questioned.

CORAZZA. O the Magdalen ! what a tint ! what a touch ! The hair ! how it swells ; how it falls ! how it undulates ! how it reposes ! Music to the eye, to the heart, to the intellect, to the soul ! the music of Paesiello ! Then her—— ca ! ca ! ca ! what tongue can reach it ! Eminence ! look ; behold her ! She has kissed the Bambino with the endearing curl of her lip, where it loses itself in the paler roses of

the cheek: and she holds the kiss, one would think, between the lip and the child, afraid to drop it by moving. Tender, tender, tender! And such an ancle there! oh! oh! the heart can not contain it.

LEGATE. Nevertheless, the holy child is a young satyr, and the Saint a wild beast, come rather to swallow than fondle him. Somebody seems to have driven him up into the corner, else his claws might alarm us. As to the lion, he has been in the menagerie from his birth, where some other beast more leonine begot him.

SCAMPA. If this picture has its faults, well may ours have them too. In regard to authenticity, we did not see the artist paint them. We may have been deceived: and because we have been deceived must we be called deceivers? Fine Florentine logic forsooth! turning everything the wrong side upward.

CORAZZA. I have studied the art from my youth, and have made the pot boil with it, although there is not a cinder at present, hot or cold, under it. I do know a little of the matter, if a modest man may say it: a little I do know. These Florentines—my patience escapes me——

LEGATE. We must attempt to catch it again for you in this room, most prized and ornamented Signor Corazza!

CORAZZA. I but humbly follow Signor Marchese. Enter the Tribuna where the best pictures are supposed to hang. The Magdalen's head is more like a boiled calf's. She was flesh and blood, the Magdalen was, I warrant her. She had fingers fit for anything: and here are long sticks, no better than those which some blockhead has stuck upon the Medicean Venus, for Englishmen to admire upon tradition in this age, and Kamskatkadales in the next. We do not read that the fingers of the Magdalen were broken or dislocated at the cross or elsewhere, as these are. How would you manage her heavy stupid head? Guido would have put it in its right position: Guido would have given it expression and grace, tenderness and emotion: it has verily no more of these than an ox's heart at the shambles. Another step, and we stand before the Holy Family of Michel Angelo.

LEGATE. Signor Corazza, my patron! do not pull down this picture: this is genuine: it was painted for the Medici, and was never out of their sight. There is some (however slight) reason to believe that the other is a Guido: but Guido was a youth before he

was a man, and a boy before he was a youth, and often painted a picture by lamp-light, or by none, to get out of a scrape.

SCAMPA. Historical facts! recondite biography! Guido has got drunk upon a Magdalen, gone to a brothel with a Saint Catharine, and gamed upon Christ's coat. In Michel Angelo's Holy Family, why does the Virgin (who looks neither like virgin nor mother) toss the poor Baby so carelessly across her shoulder? And why do those idle vagabonds sit naked on the wall behind her? Have they no reverence? no decency? God's blood! master Michel Angelo! I suspect thy nose was flattened by divine judgment for this flagrant impudicity. In the same Tribuna is another Holy Family; one among the few bad works of Giulio Romano. Beyond it are two Correggios by Vanni of Sienna, and then another Holy Family, also by Vanni, but undoubted for Correggio's.

CORAZZA. Ah Signor Marchese! There is somewhat of his sweetness in the colouring of the landscape.

SCAMPA. But that wench with her twisted face, her twisted hands, and her child sprawling before her, like what has dropped from one's head under the comb! yet our judges, our censurers, our incriminators, firmly believe in the transcendent excellence of those works. They know nothing of any school but their own, and little of that. What a Perugino is there locked up in their Academy! while these inferior pictures occupy the most conspicuous situation, the satellites of the Medicean Venus. They have heard, and they repeat to you, that Perugino is hard and dry. Certainly those who worked for him were so, and so was he himself in the beginning: but what at first was harshness became at last a pure severity. He learned from the great scholar he taught; and the wiser his followers were, the more they venerated the abilities of their master. He had no pupil so great as Raffael, nor had Raffael any so great as he.

LEGATE. Titian ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raffael performed the more arduous work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favourite of tulip-fanciers: but give me the clear warm mornings of Correggio, which his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian; his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, Signors! we may descant on grace and majesty as we will; believe

me, there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-possessed (true attributes of the divine), nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in Raffael. He leads us into heaven; but neither in satin robes nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian, I love Correggio, I wonder at the vastness of Michel Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before, Raffael.

SCAMPA. Eminence! we have Titian, we have Raffael, in our Academy; we want only Correggio. At my decease perhaps—— And yet he, who was quite at home with angels, played but a sorry part among saints: he seems to have considered them as very indifferent company for him. How they stare and straddle and sprawl about his Cupola! But what colouring on his canvas! Would your Eminence favour me with another ray of light on him and Raffael!

LEGATE. Signor Marchese! I am afraid I can say nothing on the subject that has not been said twenty times before; and if I do, I may be wrong.

ALL. Impossible.

LEGATE. Even the colouring of Correggio, so transparent, so pure, so well considered and arranged, is perhaps too rich and luscious for the divine ideas of Raffael: it might have overshot the scope which his temperate suavity attained. The drapery of Correggio is less simple than becomes the modest maid of Bethlehem, chosen by the all-seeing eye for her simplicity.

BIANCHERIA. And yet, under favour, in the Madonna della Seggiola, there is almost a fantastic charm in the vivid colours of the tartan dress.

LEGATE. So much the worse. Let us admire the composition, but neither the style of the drapery nor the expression of the countenance. The Virgin has ceased to be a virgin; and the child has about it neither the sweetness of an amiable infant, nor the mysterious indication of a half-human God. Raffael in Rome had forgotten the tenderness of his diviner love; and the Tempter had seduced him to change purity for power. Nevertheless he remains, far beyond all comparison, the greatest genius that ever glorified the Arts. He was not, like Michel Angelo, a great architect, a scientific sculptor, an

admirable poet: he attempted not universality; but he reached perfection. What other mortal has?

ALL. Oracles! oracles!

BIANCHERIA. I myself possess a little bit of Perugino: honey, sugar, cinnamon.

CORAZZA (*aside*). And a good deal of each; two dollars would not cover it. How he kisses the tips of his two fingers and thumb, all three in a cluster! I wish he would pay me my twelve livres for this honey and sugar and cinnamon, in which however he will never catch the wary old wasp. The thing is fairly worth a couple of zecchins, and he knows it.

LEGATE. Signor Corazza, were you saying your prayers behind me?

CORAZZA. Fervently. Alas! I have no Perugino: I had a Saint Peter: tears like pearls: an ear, you might have put your finger in it up to the elbow: hair, I was afraid of blowing a fly from it. Strangers, when they entered the room, cried, "Signor Corazza! do you keep poultry in your saloon?"

LEGATE. What of that?

CORAZZA. Incidental. The cock in the distance, red, gold, emerald; six, seven, eight crowns' worth of lapis lazuli; wings displayed, neck outstretched, eyes that might have lighted up our theatre; comb—I would never let a cook enter the room, lest he should have cut it off. Everybody fancied he heard him crow; for fancy it must have been. And what became of this picture? Two Englishmen tore it from the wall: I thought they would have carried the house, the street itself, away with it. They stopped my mouth: no stirring, no breathing. England, monopolising England, possesses now Saint Peter! The milords threw down their paltry hundred zecchins, leaving me lifeless at the loss of my treasure, and sacking our Bologna in this inhuman way. O had your Eminence seen that cock; had your Eminence seen that hair, fine, fine, fine as an infant's; the crown of the head smooth as the cover of a soup-tureen; nothing to hide the veins on the temples: he would have been bald within the year, unless by miracle. I had also an Andromeda: Signor Conte knew her. Dignitaries of the Church have stood before her until their knees bent under them.

LEGATE. Did Englishmen dispossess you likewise of your Andromeda?

CORAZZA. Half the nation fell upon her at once: all were after

her: what was to be done! I was widowed of her too: they had her. One would think, after this they might have been quiet: not they: we must bleed and martyrise: no end or remission of our sufferings. The English are very unlike what they were formerly: surely the breed of milords is extinct.

LEGATE. Quite the contrary, I believe.

CORAZZA. Then they are turned into chapmen. No sooner do they come to an inn, than they inquire how much the host asks for so many; and if they do not like the price, they drive off. Formerly if you skinned a milord you only tickled him. Who, in the name of the Holy Virgin! could have begotten the present race? They have shockingly ill-treated our worthy fellow-citizen, the most esteemed Signor Flavio Perotti of the Pelican. He offered them his house; he placed everything before them; all unreservedly at their disposal. He serves his country with consummate zeal and fidelity: much money flows into it through his hands: many pictures that might peradventure do great dishonour to the names of Domenichino and Guido, and the whole family of the Caracci, and sweet Albano—my tears will flow at the name, it so much resembles our illustrious protector's.—Yes, yes, many and many slip quietly from the Pelican out of the country, by Signor Flavio's intervention. Hence there is scarcely an auction, I hear, in England, without a dozen of Domenichinos; while in Italy dukes and princes lie on their death-beds and gasp for one. The milords in Florence conspired against poor Signor Flavio, as an accomplice in what they were pleased to denominate a cheat and forgery. Figure it! your Eminence! figure it! an accomplice! Signor Flavio told me that, unless he had quitted Florence on the instant, the Police would have consigned him to the Bargello. This comes of accepting bills from foreigners! this comes from facilitating business!

BIANCHERIA. Eminence! we live in an ungrateful world, a world full of snares, frauds, and perils. Many saints have said it, and all honest men have experienced it. I gave my pictures to this Englishman, merely not to disgust or displease him. He had them not at my price, but at his own. I abandoned them; I stood in desolation. Recovering my senses, I saw bare walls; Chiusi, Populonia.

LEGATE. Signor Conte! most illustrious! had the purchaser ever any dealings with you before?

BIANCHERIA. He never was before in Bologna. We see many

Englishmen from time to time, but none come twice: the reason is, they take the other road. Beside, they are men of business, and carry off at once everything they like.

CORAZZA. I never heard of one entering the same shop a second time. The French are called inconstant: but in inconstancy the English outfly them by leagues and latitudes. Him whom they call an honest man one day, they call a rogue the next: they are as mild as turnips in the morning, and as hot as capsicums in the afternoon.

SCAMPA. Whenever an Englishman of distinction was inclined to favour me, he always found my palace at his disposal. I began at last to give a preference to the Frenchman. Instead of such outrageous words as *accomplice*, etc., etc., when a Frenchman has rung a few changes on the second and sixth letters of the alphabet, his temperament grows cooler: you may compromise with him: but the *Got-dam* of the Englishman sounds like the bursting of the doors of Janus, and his fist is always ready to give it emphasis. I regret that I have encountered more than once such rudeness, after making him the master of my house and servants.

CORAZZA (*aside to the Secretary*). What servants! they are all the Pelican's. Old Baltazzare-Cincinnato never leaves off his cobbling under the palace-stairs for the best heretic in London. He has orders to the contrary, or the Pelican would stand still in the negotiation. He has other perquisites.

LEGATE. Most prized and ornate Signor Corazza, my patron! I commend your modesty in taking a place behind my chair, while Signor Marchese and Signor Conte do me the honour of indulging me with their presence on the opposite side of the chamber; yet, if you are desirous of whispering any remarks of yours to my secretary, who appears to be an old acquaintance, pray, in courtesy, go as far from my chair as possible; for whispers are apt to divert the attention more than a louder tone.

CORAZZA. Signor Secretary! accept this small cameo.

SECRETARY. Don't mention it; don't think of it; impossible! Not to be observed—— (*pockets it*).

I would render you service for service, my dear Signor Corazza! you are a man of parts, a man of business, my most worshipful patron! I have only my good fortune to boast of, partly in the satisfaction I give his Eminence, and partly in the precious acquisition of your friendship. His Eminence has taken under his protection

a young person, a relative of mine, sage, good, gentle; they call her handsome. She embroiders; she can get up fine linen——

His Eminence wishes her well. There can be no scandal in it; there never was a suspicion; seventeen comes too far under eighty. He would not puff off the girl; but he has told me in confidence that five hundred crowns lie somewhere. And her friends are men of substance; they may come down with what is handsome.

CORAZZA. Signor Secretary! the sooner we are in the midst of these things the better.

SECRETARY. I may misunderstand you, since your impatience seems to have little of the rapturous in it. Why then the better the sooner in the midst of them?

CORAZZA. Because the sooner out?

SECRETARY. Ohibo! no better reason than this?

CORAZZA. My most ornate and erudite Signor Secretary! I love women in canvas better than in linen: they change less speedily, do an honest man less harm, and are more readily off-hand.

SECRETARY. Eh, eh! well, well! I would not build up a man's fortune against his will.

LEGATE. Signor Corazza!

CORAZZA. Her slave!

LEGATE. I have been turning over the papers very attentively, and begin to think the affair looks serious. If anything can be suggested to relieve you, lawfully and conscientiously—reflect upon it; meet half-way. There is nothing that may not be arranged by wisdom and concession.

SCAMPA. Wisdom does much.

LEGATE. Concession helps her materially, my dear Signor Marchese!

BIANCHERIA. The gifted persons, who enjoy the supreme felicity of frequent audiences with your Eminence, admire the prodigious ease with which she performs the greatest actions.

SCAMPA. What a stupendous wisdom falls from the fountain of Her most eloquent lips! As the shallowness of some is rendered less apparent by an umbrageous impenetrability about them, so the profundity of others is little suspected in the placid and winning currency of their demeanour.

CORAZZA. Ah Eminence! She has fairly won her red stockings.

LEGATE. God put them on me only to try me. He has since

visited me with many afflictions. In his inscrutable wisdom, he permitted the French to plunder me of my pictures. I have yet some ; a few worthy friends have been ambitious to sew up the rents and rips of my fortune : one has offered me one fine piece, another another. They only showed the heart in the right place. I am sorry I rejected so many : I might have restored them by my last will and testament, with a slight remembrance, treating some according to what I conceive to be their necessities, and others in proportion to their rank and dignity. But why these reflections ? Gentlemen ! I am involved in a multiplicity of affairs, an account of which must instantly be laid before his Holiness. In obedience to his Edict, I must inquire into the women who wear silver* combs and show their shift sleeves : I must ascertain the number of equally grave offenders whose houses are open in the dusk, and the names of those who enter and go out.

Corazza. Your Eminence turns round and looks at me. Upon the faith of a Catholic, I went out but—that is to say——

Legate. It is indeed, my patron ! it is to say—quite enough. Respectable persons, substantial housekeepers, are allowed an honest liberty ; but Vice must be tributary to Virtue. The Serpent may bite the Woman's heel, as was ordained ; but, if he rises in his ambition, we must detach a golden scale or two from his pericranium. In plain language, gentlemen, the fisc is cracking into chinks with dryness and vacuity : we must contrive to oil it among us.

Corazza. I am no defaulter ; I am no frequenter——

Secretary (*aside*). Why tremble, why hesitate, why excuse yourself, most worthy Signor Corazza ? Nobody can suspect you, my patron ! you stand erect, above suspicion : your Venuses are upon canvas.

Corazza (*aside*). Signor Secretary ! no jeering ! You shall never cram girls down my throat. There are some that might be too large for it ; do you understand me ? Mind, look-ye ! I do not say all are : I do not say one is : no offence to any relative or friend of yours : I had not a thought of the kind in regard to the lady in question ! God knows it !

* There was issued an edict against them by Leo the Twelfth. Creditable women among the poor usually wore them, and they were heirlooms for many generations ! It is reported that his Holiness had received his last serious injury from a person who usurped this matronly decoration.—W. S. L.

SECRETARY. You convince me, my dear patron!

LEGATE. In this life, we must all make some small sacrifices, and the sooner we make them the more certain is our reward. I myself am an instance of it. The enemy had despoiled me of my gallery: but the Virgin opened my eyes the wider the more I wept before her, the more promises I made her, and enabled me to foresee the fall of paper-money. I effected large purchases in it, very large indeed, engaging to repay it in the same kind after six months, with great interest. My blessed Patroness enabled me to perform it, at less expense than a plate of unpeppered cucumbers in August. Nor did her favour and inspiration end here. I went, I remember not on what business, to Massa di Carrara. After passing through all the bed-chambers, at the desire of the Duchess, in order to make my choice, I fixed upon one in which there was a Holy Family by Titian.

A noble picture, Signor Marchese! I do assure you, Signor Conte! the picture is worth ten thousand crowns. Signor Corazza! if you had seen that picture, you would have cut off the head of the Bambino for pure affection. Impossible to resist the idea. I prayed and prayed before it, and took out first my scissors, then my penknife; then I thought it would be a pity to lose the rest; for there are parts about the Virgin, too, most delicately touched. Ah what a carnation! what a carnation! the warmest local colours, the most subtile demi-tints, a glow that creeps on insensibly to lose itself in the shades, making the heart pant and the innermost soul sigh after it.

ALL. I seize it! I seize it! I seize it!

LEGATE. It was no easy matter to put up penknife and scissors; but it was easier than to sleep in such a presence. About midnight I rose and prayed to my Protectress, vowing that, if she would incline the heart of the Duchess to my wishes, I would place a crown of gold over her head, and another of silver over the Bambino's. Whenever, on the following day, any person entered the chamber, he or she found me on my knees before the picture. In the morning I looked pale; I sighed at breakfast; I abstained at dinner; I retired at supper. The Duchess told her chaplain to inform me that her surgeon might be depended on, being a man equally of ability and discretion. I assured him I seldom had had occasion to put any surgeon's ability to the proof, and never his discretion and taciturnity. I rose in her good opinion for both these merits, if we may call them so. I then expressed to him, in confidence, my long sufferings and

exceeding love for the Virgin. Whether he or she informed the Duchess of them, I never have discovered: but her Highness said so many kind words to me on the subject, that I could no longer refuse to eat whatever she recommended. Yet I was obliged to retire immediately after dinner, partly from weakness of stomach, and partly from the rigid devotion which occasioned it.

"What can be the matter with the poor cardinal?" said her Highness. "Highness! the naked truth must out," replied the chaplain. "He does whatever you command or wish: he smiles, however languidly; he drinks, one would almost think, with relish; he eats, I will not say like one with an appetite, but at least as much; to remove all anxiety from your Highness."

"Well, but this naked truth—I have the courage to encounter it," said the Duchess. "There are baths at Pisa and Lucca, both near, and there are minerals and instruments quite at hand." The worthy chaplain shook his head, and answered, "His Eminence does nothing, day or night, but kneel before the Holy Family in his bed-chamber." "Then get the cushion well stuffed," said her Highness, "or let him have another put upon it: bring him the green velvet one from the chapel; and take especial care that no loose gold-wire, in the lace about it, catches his stockings."

When I was going away I began to despair, and I prayed again to my blessed Benefactress.

Signor Marchese! Signor Conte! She never abandons those who put their trust in her.

Both. Never, never. So bountiful is she that she leaves them nothing to desire. She gives all at once.

Legate. On the morning of my departure, the Duchess sent up some fine Dresden porcelain to my room, and several richly bound books requesting my acceptance, she was graciously pleased to say, of the few trifling things she had ordered to be placed there. I humbly told her I could not deprive her of any luxury, to every kind of which I was indifferent and dead. Again she politely asked me if there was nothing I would accept as a remembrance of my visit to Massa. After a pause, and after those protestations of impossibility which good manners render necessary, and indeed after four retrograde steps, it occurred to me as an urgent duty, to declare positively that I would only take the picture; which, if left where it was, might deprive others, equally devout, of as much sleep as I had lost

by it. The Duchess stood with her mouth open—and very pretty teeth she had in those days—I abashed my head, kissed her hand, and thanked her with many tears and tendernesses, for a gift which (to me at least) was a precious one, said I, and a pledge of her piety, although no proof of my desert.

SCAMPA. The Duchess is wealthy, and——

LEGATE. I do assure you, Marchese, she was then a fine woman, little above fifty. Gentlemen, I will visit your galleries, knowing their contents, and will hear your reasonings, anticipating their validity. (*Rises and goes.*)

ALL. We are lost!

XXIII. KING CARLO-ALBERTO AND PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO *

(*First printed as pamphlet in London and Bath for benefit of sufferers in bombardment of Messina*, 1848 ; *Last Fruit*, 1853 ; *Wks*., vi., 1876.)

KING. Permit me, Princess, to offer you my compliment on your entering a new career of conquest. When ladies of such rank and accomplishments condescend to lead the brave volunteers of Lombardy, good fortune must follow.

PRINCESS. Excuse me, sir, it is far from condescension in me : on the contrary, I feel it to be an act of self-elevation ; I hope a pardonable one. I was never proud until now ; for never was I so well aware of my duties, and so resolved to perform them.

KING. Flattery, wealth, station, beauty, were in a conspiracy against you : surely it was a difficult matter to resist their united forces.

PRINCESS. Each of these contingencies has many disadvantages, which its parallel advantages make us too often overlook. The best of men and women have to fill up certain gaps or discontinuities in their character : here is a field for it.

KING. I enter it willingly.

PRINCESS. Italy, sir, had always her eyes on you : she once abased them in deep sorrow : her confidence now returns. Only one man upon earth enjoys power equal to yours : behold how he employs it—the calm, the prudent, the beneficent, the energetic, Pio Nono. At your suggestion all the potentates of Italy would engage in their service a proportionate force of Swiss. Your Majesty and the King of Naples could each afford to subsidize twelve thousand for a single year, a second will not be necessary for the expulsion of the Austrians. It is better to accomplish the great work without the intervention of France, which would create much jealousy in Germany and in England.

* Printed first for the benefit of sufferers at Messina.—W. S. L.

KING. I would rather not see the French again in Piedmont. Already the apprehension of such an event has induced Lord Palmerston to make me a strong remonstrance.

PRINCESS. Sir, Lord Palmerston has lately been very much in the habit of making strong remonstrances; and strong ridicule has always rebounded to the racket. It was only this week that he made one of his strong remonstrances to the Government of Spain; which strong remonstrance was thrown back in his teeth (if he has any left) with derision and defiance. Narvaez stood aloof with folded arms, and left him to be buffeted and beaten down by poor old Sottomayor. His conduct in regard to Portugal has alienated from England all —liberals.

KING. Are there many of them in that country? and are they persons of consideration and respectability?

PRINCESS. Many of the clergy, both lower and higher; nearly all the principal merchants; and not only the best informed, but also the larger part of the nobility; just as they are in ours.

KING. I wonder what could have induced his lordship to abandon his policy and principles?

PRINCESS. Sir, he abandoned no policy, no principles; his lordship is a Whig; these Whigs have neither: protestations serve instead.

KING. It must be conceded that, in the multiplicity of parties and interests, and in the conciliation and management of the two Houses, an English minister is placed in circumstances of great difficulty, and where strict integrity is quite impossible.

PRINCESS. What is to be thought of that man's wisdom or prudence who walks deliberately, and with his eyes open, into those circumstances?

KING. Simpler governments have produced honester ministers than the complex. England has never seen her Colbert, her Turgot, her Necker, her Roland. In the course of the last eighty years, her only minister on whom there was the slightest suspicion of sound principles, was the Marquis of Rockingham, patron of the celebrated Burke. The King never spoke with cordiality to him, excepting on the day of his dismissal. If Lord Palmerston miscarries, it will not be for incompliancy to the wishes of the Court: he has obtained a firm footing there by trampling on Portugal. But as Austria is no fief of Saxony, he might permit me to regulate my own concerns, and not attempt to trip me up in crossing the frontier.

PRINCESS. Your Majesty is defending your own country in defending Italy, and you do not cross the frontier until you cross the Alps. It may be necessary; for certain I am that the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia are awaiting with earnest anxiety to meet the advance of the Russian armies.

KING. They would ruin Hungary and the Baltic provinces.

PRINCESS. The more welcome for that. By such devastation the power of resistance would be annihilated in the refractory. Posen has already been treated like Oporto.

KING. You appear to doubt the Prussian king's sincerity.

PRINCESS. If his Majesty is an honest man, it is a great deal more than his father and his grandfather were; and indeed to find any such character in the archives of Hohenzollern would require an antiquary the most zealous and the most acute. Certainly in the last reign the heir to the throne was considered to be more anti-democratic than the possessor: and since his accession what he has conceded to the people came from him as an emanation of power and wisdom on indigence and imbecility. There are professors in Germany who declare that the kings and upper classes must be taught a purer language, not without an infusion of neology, though most of these teachers are involved in their own smoke and can see no further than the library.

KING. Princess! you must acknowledge that kings, at the present day, are placed in an embarrassing situation; I among the rest.

PRINCESS. Then extricate yourself, sir, speedily. Unless it is speedily, it will never be. You may recover all you have lost of popularity and renown, by valour and determination. Your countryman Alfieri was correct in his assertion that the Italians, both in mental and corporeal power, are superior to all the nations round about. They want only good examples and liberal institutions.

KING. I am afraid, Princess, you want a Napoleon and a republic.

PRINCESS. If I desired the existence of the one, I must desire the extinction of the other. Napoleon would permit no other freedom than his own personal. Never did any sovran, not Louis Philippe himself, so belie his protestations: never did anyone enact so many laws restrictive of freedom in so many of its attributes. The most arbitrary of despots never issued so great a quantity of edicts against the press. Not only was it a crime to call in question any of his actions, but it also was one to omit the praise of them. Madame de

Staël was exiled for it, and an impression of her work on Germany seized by the police, condemning her thereby to a loss of twenty thousand francs. Military men, especially those who believe that all honour lies in the field of battle, may admire him; but they who abhor selfishness, malice, and (what we women think a crime) vulgarity, abhor Napoleon. He did, however, good service to Italy, be the motive what it may, in extirpating the Bourbons, sticking in again only one weak twig which never could take root.

KING. You see then with satisfaction the difficulties which beset the King of Naples?

PRINCESS. Certainly; and so does your Majesty. It is necessary to expel that family from the nations it has humiliated, from the thrones it has disgraced. The Sicilians, the best of our Italian races, have decreed it.

KING. Kings must not place it in the power of the people to decide on their destiny.

PRINCESS. Kings do not place it in their power, but God does. Kings themselves begin the work of delving under their palaces and preparing the combustibles for explosion. They never know where they are, until they find themselves blown into some foreign land. The head grows cooler when the crown is off: yet they would run again after it, as a little girl after her bonnet which a breeze is rolling in the dust.

KING. I am half persuaded that the little girl's loss is the gravest, and that she is the wiser of the two runners.

PRINCESS. Your Majesty has inspired me with confidence to proceed in speaking out plainly. You are now in my country, and you can save it. Unless you do you will lead an unhappy life; if you do, a happy one. Security of dominion is desirable, not extent. There are those who whisper, what I never can believe, that your Majesty is ambitious of being the King of Lombardy. Supposing it practicable, do you imagine that the people of Turin will be contented to see the seat of government transferred to Milan, or that the rich and noble and ancient families of Milan will submit to become the footstools of the Turinese? Never, sir, never.

KING. Would you have the whole world republican?

PRINCESS. In due time: at the present, few nations are prepared for it: the best prepared is the Italian. Every one of our cities shows the deep traces of its *carroccio*, and many still retain their

municipality and their *podestà*. I see no reason why they should not all be restored to their pristine state and vigour, all equally subject to one strict confederation. The causes of their dissidence and decline exist no longer. The Emperor is a powerless creature, tied by the leg to a worm-eaten throne. The Pope, reposing on the bosom of God, inspires the purest devotion, the sublimest virtue. He reigns in the hearts of the most irreligious, and exerts over the most obstinate the authority of paternal love. I have seen proud scoffers lower their heads at the mention of his name : I have heard cold philosophers say, with the hand upon the breast, *This man is truly* God's *vicegerent*. Pio Nono is with Italy. One shake of the hand-bell on his table would arouse fifty millions of our co-religionists.*

KING. Our family hath always looked up with reverence to the Popes : and without the countenance of Pio Nono toward my people I should perhaps have been slower in approval of their demonstrations.

PRINCESS. The English ministry sent over a worthy man to warn the Pope of his danger in giving so much encouragement to the liberals. Pio smiled with his usual benignity. He felt that it was not in man to order the sun to stop or the stars to slacken their courses. The plenipotentiary, in the plenitude of his potentiality, could do nothing at Rome ; and he struggled with like ill-success in the straits of Scylla and Charybdis.

KING. It is piteous to observe with how little wisdom and probity the affairs of England are conducted. She hath utterly lost all her influence in Europe. She can not hold her nearest dependencies : her remoter drop off one after another, and grow stronger from that moment. The preservation of her territories in the two Indies, extensive, fertile, wealthy as they are, brings only debt upon her.

PRINCESS. Pardon me, sir, it does much more than that : it not only exhausts her treasures, but, between the West Indies and Africa, it consumes several thousands of soldiers and sailors yearly.

KING. Yet England enjoys a free constitution and wise laws.

PRINCESS. So it is said by the framers, whose families are cloathed and fed by them : I can only judge by facts. Mythologists tell us

* He soon began to calculate the probable duration of a Pope's life who resists the *Sacred College*. God had inspired him with all but wisdom, truth, and courage.—W. S. L.

that stones were turned into men: perhaps the same metamorphosis may, after a while, be enacted in England.

KING. It was even less probable at Vienna.

PRINCESS. The blow of the hammer which struck out the kindling spark was given here in Italy.

KING. Events may come too suddenly.

PRINCESS. Knowing this, we should be as well prepared as we can be. I myself am a witness to the suddenness of events. One day I was walking on a wild waste in the *maremma* of Tuscany: the next, by enterprise and industry, were excavated the magnificent structures of ancient days. Thus suddenly hath all Italy come forth from sterility to within sight of her glorious institutions.

KING. Ah princess! you make me smile. Those tombs which you mention did indeed open again; but it was only to show the semblances of kings.

PRINCESS. Sir! in one moment they had been visible and had disappeared; in one moment the crown was on their heads and off again; it was lifted up, and only dust was under: but the works of art, of genius, shone down on them bright as ever. It is lamentable that kings should be less powerful than artificers; they might be greatly more so, and without the exertion of labour or the expenditure of apprenticeship.

KING. Lamentable it may be; but is it not equally that people who call themselves liberals should carp at the first shadow of liberalism in princes? A celebrated man of the Whig party in England, and (by virtue of the office he once held) a member of the peerage, tried to be at once an Englishman and a Frenchman, a Tory and a republican.

PRINCESS. The French minister made him understand his duties; no minister or man will ever make him perform them. A shallow scholar, an inelegant writer, an awkward orator, he throws himself into the middle of every road where there is the most passing, fond of heat and sunshine as a viper or a flea. In the gazettes he announced his own death, not indeed to excite commiseration, which, if he cared about it, would be hopeless, but curiosity. It is said that foxes, found in places where they had no means of escape, have simulated death: he has had the advantage of being thrown out after detection, and lives to yelp and purloin. Among the Whigs themselves there is nowhere to be found so whipt a deserter, so branded an impostor.

There is no party which he has not flattered and cajoled, espoused and abandoned. Possessing a variety of talents, without the ability to make a single one available, the learned Lord Stowel said of him on his elevation to office, *He knows a little of everything excepting law.* His lordship might have added, if he had thought such qualities of any importance in his profession, veracity and decorum. He declared it as his opinion that it is the duty of a barrister to defend a client at any expense of truth, even if the crime were shifted off the shoulders of the guilty on the innocent. His opinion was taken by a man as unscrupulous as himself, to screen a murderer. Two virtuous women were inculpated ; one was only ruined, the other was driven mad. The same turbulent and malicious man insulted the Italian people in the House of Lords, and condemned the interference of your Majesty.

King. I am little surprised at it, and feel less the indignity of this brawler than the insolence of the minister who replied. He said, and it was true although he said it, that he would have prevented my step if he could. Italy, now resolved on free institutions, must look in another direction than toward England.

Princess. She calls upon you, sir, in this crisis of her sufferings. In the old heroic ages one man alone slew many wild beasts : it were strange if, in an age far more heroic, many men should be insufficient to quell a single tame one, with his back broken by a mass of rubbish falling down on him in the den.

King. We must not only think of Austria, but also of the other German potentates. The King of Prussia, fond of managing and intermeddling, and having his own way and walking by the light of his own wisdom, has been forced into liberalism. If his people are prudent, they will not allow him to march, as he proposes, at the head of his army into Poland. He might play the same game as the late King of Naples played, when his parliament gave him permission to leave his metropolis for Vienna. He has clever men about him, men of pliant principles and lanky purses, unreluctant to leave sourcrout for French cookery, and to exchange a horn snuffbox for a diamond one with an emperor on the lid. We want experienced diplomatists capable of coping with their sagacity and wariness.

Princess. The less intelligent sometimes baffle them by firmness and integrity. I have seen slender girls support an incredible weight on their heads, because they stood quite upright and walked

steadily. The ministers of kings would persuade the world of their wisdom by vacillation and obliquity: one false step, and they are fallen.

KING. I see many things to disquiet, and some to endanger me.

PRINCESS. The hearts of great men neither collapse in the hour of personal danger nor ossify in that of public distress. It is not to be dissembled that falsehood in the cause of freedom may be apprehended on the side of Prussia: and it is far from impossible that the Prussian king and the Austrian emperor are waiting with impatience to embrace the Tzar. The massacre of the nobles in Gallicia was organized and rewarded at Vienna: the persecution of all classes in Posen is countenanced and commanded at Berlin. Czartoryski, the humane, the charitable, the moderate, the just, the patriotic, writes thus to the prime minister of that country: *I quit Berlin with a heavy heart. Whatever be the cause, it is a fact, that up to this day not one of the promises made to the inhabitants of the grand-duchy of Posen, by the Prussian Government, has been fulfilled.* To what part of its people has that government been true? Stripped and scourged by Bonaparte, tear after tear fell through the king's white eyelashes, and promise after promise from his quivering lips. His nation picked him up, dragged him out of the mire, cloaked him anew, and set him on his horse again. Generals are now sent by him into Posen, with conflicting authorities, to sow dissension, and to exasperate the German invader against his generous host. The Prussian is not contented to occupy the house and the land he hath seized on; he is not contented with an equal share in the administration of laws and taxes; he would split into shreds the country he already has broken into splinters, and would abolish its nationality.

KING. Uncertainty in respect to Prussia, you must acknowledge, is enough to make me cautious and deliberate.

PRINCESS. An English poet says, *that the woman who deliberates is lost*; it may sometimes be said with equal truth of the general and of the prince. Behold, sir, this beautiful city of Vicenza! Even so small a place, being so lovely, is worth risking life for; what then our grand and glorious Italy! Look down only on the portals of the palaces before us. In Paris and London we creep through a crevice in the wall: here a cavalier finds no difficulty in placing his hand under a lady's elbow, at due distance, and in leading her without bruise or contusion through the crowded hall, to the wide and light

staircase, where Heroes and Gods and Graces stand forth to welcome them as they ascend. The inanimate world here outvalues the animated elsewhere. It is worth all that remains of life to have lived one year in Italy. No wonder I am enthusiastic: I have lived here many.

KING. Many? you? the Princess Belgioioso here beside me? The Graces you speak of seem to contradict you.

PRINCESS. I would rather trust the Heroes, as being nearer at hand.

KING. It is a relief to change the subject a little from politics and battles. No subject can support a long-continued conversation, excepting love.

PRINCESS. Love also is the fresher for a short excursion. Seldom do I read a dialogue, even by the cleverest author, without a sense of weariness. Sentences cut up into question and answer on grave subjects, into repartee on lighter, are intolerable. Such is the worst method of instructing a child, or of attracting a man or woman. And there is something very absurd in the supposition that any abstruse question, or matter of deep thought, can be shuffled backward and forward in this off-hand manner. Even where the discourse is upon a subject the most easy and tractable, we are fond of departing from the strait level walk to some narrower alley that diverges out of it: and we always feel the cooler and pleasanter in passing out of one room into another. But the Austrians in Vienna will not allow me to linger here among the orange-trees and myrtles and oleanders of Vicenza, within view of the white uniform. We will revert, sir (with permission) to the serious and substantial.

KING. Of the serious I find quite enough; the substantial, I trust, is somewhere in reserve. My old ministers have perplexed me almost as much as my old allies.

PRINCESS. It is certain that every man in power thinks himself wiser than every man out of power; and the getting into it seems a sort of warrantry for the surmise. Yet it may so happen that these who look over the chairs, and have no seat themselves, shall see somewhat more of the game and of its chances than the gamesters can. Others may be cooler and more disinterested, who do not climb the ladder with the hod upon their heads, but stand at the bottom of the building, and look up and round.

KING. If only a few ladies like you would go into Austria and

Hungary, you could dissuade and detain the leaders of those nations from the desire of invading ours.

PRINCESS. What does any gain by it? All must contribute money and men to hold the conquest in subjection. Kings themselves are none the happier or the more powerful for it. A few noble families are enriched, and rendered thereby in a higher condition to dictate to their master.

KING. There is something in that.

PRINCESS. The greatest victory, the greatest conquest, never brought more pleasure to the winner than a game of chess or whist. Yet what crimes, what miseries, what mortal anguish, not only in the field of battle, but in the far-off home! what curses! what misgivings of a watchful, a just, and a protecting Providence! The Austrians are little better than meal-magots; but surely the brave Hungarians will espouse our cause, instead of denouncing it. They themselves have been contending for the same, and have won it; not against us, but against the very same enemy. Hungary, Switzerland, Tyrol, are the natural allies of Italy: she wants no other.

KING. I am happy to find you delivering this opinion. You have lived much among the French, and perhaps may entertain toward the nation the sentiments of esteem due only to the best societies. You seem to take it little to heart or to consideration, that, if you stand too near the focus of democracy, the flounces and feathers of nobility may be caught and shrivelled.

PRINCESS. In France the titles of nobility are abolished. Important or unimportant, I do not believe the lower orders in Italy will discard the use of them. They address one another as we address your Majesty, by the title of *Signore*. It comprehends alike the lowest and the highest. If a marquis has twenty sons, they are all marquises. Many, indeed most of them, are sadly poor: it is a comfort, no doubt, to receive the whole of the patrimonial title where there is only a fraction of the estate. Already one Italian is on a parity with another. They are the least invidious of mankind, and unite the most of courtesy and cordiality. The scientific and learned, the patriotic and eloquent, are treated in our societies with much higher distinction than persons of birth and title. The French, who have learnt so much from us, have learnt this also; later indeed, but not less perfectly. It will penetrate to Germany and England. In Germany the nobility is ignorant and ancient: in England it is well-

informed and new. There are few families in the peerage whose name, even as knight's or gentleman's, existed on the accession of the Tudors. False shame, trying to support and strengthen the sufferer with a stiff and defiant carriage, snaps asunder the titled new nobility from the untitled old. In our country no clever advocate is caught up by a patron, and seated first in the lower house, presently in the higher. Ancient services to the state, ancient benefits to the people, are the only true and recognised titles of our nobility: those are neither to be taken away nor to be conferred, by a less active hand, a less energetic intellect. I should be what I am whether I were called so or not; the same when my *camariera* has taken off my gown as when she put it on; the insertion or the removal of a pin makes all the difference.

KING. This is talking more philosophically than, by what I comprehend of it, men talk generally.

PRINCESS. Few men are ashamed of mounting upon stilts, in order to raise their heads above the multitude. They are most supported when they are most unsteady, and are most listened to when they speak in a feigned voice through masks.

KING. But where there are ladies there should be courts, distinctions, and festivals.

PRINCESS. We ladies of Milan can do extremely well without them. Happy in our circles, in our conversations, in our music, ready to receive instruction and grateful to our instructors, many of us seldom leave the city but for the vintage-season, or leave it for no further an excursion than to the lake of Como or Varese.

KING. Tranquil is the scene and beautiful round Varese; redundant in the profusion of gifts and exalted in the graces of majesty is the Lario; but eminent over your Lago Maggiore we behold the awful benignity of Saint Carlo Borrommeo. At his prayers and before his omnipresence, Famine and Pestilence fled from Milano; and Gustavus Adolphus, conqueror of Germany, recalled his advancing and irresistible army from the marshes of Gravedona.

PRINCESS. Sir! his descendant is worthy of his name and his protection. Unless the bravery of my friend and the intercession of our patron saint be efficient, we may perhaps ere long be seen pitching our tents in Piedmont.

KING. It is a comfort to believe that you prefer us to our neigh-

bours, and that France is not about to win you from us. I do confess to you, princess, that the remembrance of what happened in the first revolution disquieted me a little at the early rumours of the last.

PRINCESS. The first French revolution was a very vile *preface* to a very noble volume. Opening the *introduction* of the second, we may augur better, but with fear at the side of hope, for its continuation.

KING. It is remarkable that the sober-minded Germans should have committed much greater excesses and much more glaring injustice: and it is not only in these countries of ours, but equally in their own, and along the whole extent of the Baltic. It is seldom or never that hounds worry one another while the prey is before them and the huntsmen are sounding the horn. Really and truly I wish you would compose a *manifesto*, which I may address to the Austrians and Hungarians.

PRINCESS. Perhaps in some places there might be an objectionable word.

KING. You must be less inflammatory than Lord Palmerston.

PRINCESS. I could neither be more hasty nor more inefficient. Touchwood makes but an indifferent torch.

KING. Give us a specimen of appeal.

PRINCESS. It would be like this; "Austrians and Hungarians; why do you wish to impose on others a yoke which you yourselves have shaken off! If they whom you persist in your endeavours of reducing to servitude, had attempted the same against *you*, then indeed resentment might warrant you, and retributive justice would be certainly on your side. It may gratify the vanity of a family to exercise dominion over distant states: and the directors of court-pageants may be loth to drop the fruits of patronage. These fruits are paid for with your blood. Of what advantage is it to any citizen of Buda or Vienna to equip an arch-duke and trumpet him forth to Milan? Extent of territory never made a nation the happier, unless on its own natal soil, giving it room for enterprise and industry. On the contrary, it always hath helped its ruler to become more arbitrary. Supposing you were governed by the wisest, instead of the weakest, in the universe, could he render you more prosperous by sending you from your peaceful homes to scare away order from others? Hungarians! is not Hungary wide enough for you? Austrians! hath Heaven appointed you to controul much greater, much more numerous, much more warlike nations than you ever were; Hungary

for instance, and Lombardy? Be contented to enjoy a closer union with Moravia and (if she will listen to it) with Bohemia. Leave to Hungary what she will take, whether you will or no, Stiria, Illyria, and Croatia. You are not a maritime power, and you never can be, for you are without a sea-board; but Hungarian generosity will open to you the Adriatic as freely as the Danube. Be moderate while moderation can profit you, and you will soon cease to smart under the wounds of war, and to struggle under the burden of debt."

KING. This appeal is very impressive, because it terminates at the proper place. Taxation is more intolerable than cruelty and injustice. The purse is a nation's panoply; and when you strike through it, you wound a vital part. Refusal to reduce taxation by the abolition of inutilities, may shake the broad and solid edifice of the English constitution, which the socialist and chartist have assailed in vain. The debts of Italy are light.

PRINCESS. The lands and palaces of the king of Naples would pay off the heaviest: the remainder is barely sufficient to serve as a keystone to consolidate our interests. There are far-sighted men in England who would not gladly see the great debt of that country very much diminished.

KING. Part of ours will disappear now we are no longer to give out rations to the hordes of Austria. I hope they may be convinced that they can be happier and safer in their own houses than in the houses of other men.

PRINCESS. If they believe, as it seems they do, that they are incapable of governing themselves, and that an idiot is their proper head, let them continue to enjoy the poppy crown, but leave the iron one behind at Monza. Nothing more will be required of them than cöoperation with the other states of Germany against Russia. A force no greater than the peace-establishment will secure the independence and integrity of Poland. Nay, if Germany sends only 150,000 men, Hungary 40,000, Italy 40,000, France 50,000, Russia will break down under them, and Moscow be again her capital. Great states are great curses, both to others and to themselves. One such, however, is necessary to the equipoise of the political world. Poland is the natural barrier of civilisation against barbarism, of freedom against despotism. No potentate able to coerce the progress of nations must anywhere exist. All that ever was Poland must again be Poland, and much more. Power, predominant power,

is necessary to her for the advantage of Europe. She must be looked up to as an impregnable outwork protecting the nascent liberties of the world.

KING. Russia is rich and warlike and hard to manage.

PRINCESS. Her Cossacks and Tartars, of various denominations, might nearly all be detached from her by other means than arms. Her empire will split and splinter into the infinitesimals of which its vast shapeless body is composed. The south breathes against it and it dissolves.

XXIV. GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI

(*Last Fruit*, 1853; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

Mazzini. It was in vain that I represented to you, Garibaldi, the imprudence of letting the French army debark unopposed at Civita Vecchia.

Garibaldi. I now acknowledge the imprudence of it: but I believed at the time that the French soldiers were animated by a love of freedom, the French officers by a sentiment of honour and veracity; and I doubted not that they came for our support. Do you laugh at me, Mazzini? Can there be a laugh or a smile in any Italian at the present hour, when after our citizens had driven from our walls, and rolled on the plain, the most courageous and confident of the hostile army, we experience in turn grave disasters every day, from the superiority of their weapons and the advantages of their experience? Every day their rifles strike down from our cannon on the walls our best artillerymen. True, there are ardent youths who supply their places instantly: but how long can this last?

Mazzini. Believe me, brave and generous Garibaldi, I did not laugh at anything but what all Europe laughs at; French honour, French veracity. Is this the first time they have deceived us? is this the first time our youth have paid the price of their blood for their credulity? Never more can they deceive, never more can they conciliate us. Italy henceforth is divided from France by a stronger and loftier barrier than the Alps.

Garibaldi. Ingratitude is more flagitious in them even than perfidy. Look into our hospitals: three-fourths of the wounded are French soldiers. They were abandoned by their officers and comrades on their ignominious field of battle, partly from indifference toward those who had served and could serve no longer; partly on the calculation of our humanity and the knowledge of our deficiency in provisions.

Mazzini. Even the wildest of the beasts are calculators: the

serpent, the tiger, make no spring without a calculation; but neither makes it wantonly: the one must be offended or frightened, the other must be in search of food.

GARIBALDI. The ambition of one man is the fountain-head of our calamity. Fallen we may be; but never so fallen as the French themselves: we resisted; they succumbed. Can anyone doubt the ulterior views of this impostor?

MAZZINI. He will not rest here: he will claim the kingdom of Rome and the empire of France. He has proved his legitimacy by his contempt of law; in this alone he bears a resemblance to Napoleon. Napoleon, upon several occasions, showed the obtuser part of his triangular hat, but never until he had shown the pointed. The hatter at Strasburg would have taken back at small discount the imitation of it, which he forwarded to his customer for the expedition toward Paris. Already his emissaries have persuaded the poor ignorant population of the provinces that he is the Emperor Napoleon just escaped from an English prison.

GARIBALDI. Presently, I repeat it, he will assume the title. The Dutch are more likely than the French to hold it in derision. They know that his mother did not cohabit with her husband; and they might have expected one much honester from the Admiralty than they received from it.

MAZZINI. Garibaldi! we have other occupations than reference to paternities, to similitudes, and verisimilitudes. The French are at the gates of our city: fire no longer from the walls: let them enter: let Rome be a Saragoza: within the ramparts we have defensible positions, none upon them: all weapons are equal, or nearly so, hand to hand. Roman women have displayed the same courage and devotion as Saragozan: Roman artisans are as resolute as Numantian.

GARIBALDI. Neither in Numantia nor in Saragoza was there any woman who, coming from afar, incited by admiration of freedom and valour, abandoned a luxurious home, the society of the learned, the homage of the chivalrous, to spend her days and nights in administering comfort to the wounded, in tasting the bitter medicine that the feverish lip might not reject it, in swathing with delicate hand the broken and festered limb, in smoothing the pallet that agony had made uneven and hard. Man's courage is of earth, however high; woman's angelic, and of heaven.

A Suetonius and a Tacitus may tell the world hereafter what are our pontifical princesses; a Belgioioso stands before us, and shows by her magnanimity and beneficence what is a Milanese.

Learned men! inquisitorial professors! cold sceptics! violators of the tomb! stumblers on the bones and ashes ye would kick aside! ye who doubt the realities of our ancient glory, of our ancient self-devotion, come hither, bathe your weak eyes and strengthen your wavering belief.

XXV. CARDINAL ANTONELLI AND GENERAL GEMEAU

(*Examiner*, Aug. 23rd, 1851 ; *Last Fruit*, 1853 ; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. General! on the eve of your departure——

GENERAL GEMEAU (*aside*). Sacré! what does the man mean?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. —in the name of the Holiness of our Lord, of the Sacred College, of the bishops, of the clergy at large——

GENERAL GEMEAU. Eminence! come, if you please, to the point. What the devil is implied in this superfine tissue of verbiage and fanfaronade?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. —it is incumbent on me (and never was any duty more gratifying to my heart) to declare to your Excellency the satisfaction of his Holiness at the assistance you have rendered his Holiness, in upholding, under the banner of the Church, and under the Pontifical blessing, the rights and authority of the Holy See.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Parbleu! well may you thank us; but if you take it into your head that we are going, your thanks, supposing them final, my brave Eminence, are somewhat premature.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. —And I am commanded by his Beatitude to place at your disposal one thousand medals and one thousand crosses, decorated with appropriate ribbands, that your Excellency may distribute them among those officers and soldiers most distinguished for their devotion to our true religion.

GENERAL GEMEAU. If your Eminence talks of sending off your deliverers in this manner, they will throw your ribbands and crosses to the Jews and to the smelting-pot.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. I speak from authority, and with the voice of a prophet, in declaring to your Excellency that such a sacrilege would be most detrimental to the perpetrators. But out of evil cometh good: such invariably is the order of Divine Providence. The laws of nature in this instance will bend before it, and a miracle will be the result, to the edification of the believer, and the conversion or the confusion of the unbeliever.

General Gemeau. Eminence! you gentlemen are always quite enough of prophets to foresee a miracle. Favour me with a vision of that which is now impending, that I may either keep the soldiers in the barracks or order them to take up a position, according to the exigency.

Cardinal Antonelli. If such a profanation were offered to those crosses and medals which have received a benediction from the Holiness of our Lord, the fire over which they should be placed in the crucible would totally change their properties, and the metal would be only base metal.

General Gemeau. Name of God! I thought as much. But every metal is base metal which turns a citizen into a satellite, the defender of his freedom into the subverter of another's. Eminence! we were not born to be Mamelukes, we were not educated to be Janisaries. Shall those orders of men which are abolished in Turkey and Egypt be maintained in France, for the benefit of Rome?

Cardinal Antonelli. General! with due submission, this language is novel and unintelligible to me.

General Gemeau. Plainly then; you and your master are ungrateful. We have endured your clerical insolence and your Roman climate long enough.

Cardinal Antonelli. His Holiness is quite of your opinion, and therefore would graciously bestow on you, in the hour of your departure, his benediction and valediction.

General Gemeau. His Holiness, it seems to me, reckons without his host.

Cardinal Antonelli. We are most sensible of the great benefits the French government and the French army have conferred upon us.

General Gemeau. Truly so it seems! We do not want more of this sensibility; we will grant you gratuitously more of these benefits. Have we not sacrificed to you our oaths as citizens, our honour as soldiers? Did we not swear that we entered the Roman States to defend the liberty of the Roman people? And did we not, without delay, bombard the city?

Cardinal Antonelli. To the danger of the palaces and of the churches.

General Gemeau. Which of the princes, which of the cardinals, ever once entered the hospitals where our wounded, to the number

of above a thousand, lay dying? The Roman ladies, old and young, attended them, drest their wounds, sat at the side of their couches day and night, administered their medicines, assuaged their thirst, and frequently, from heat and inanition, fainted on the floor. Often have the tears of our brave soldiers fallen on their inanimate nurses. Nature was exhausted, beneficence flowed on.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. In Austria they would have been severely whipt for it, and imprisoned among the prostitutes: our government is clement. We are deeply indebted to your President for his succor and support. But we can not dissemble——

GENERAL GEMEAU (*aside*). Odd enough that!

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. —we can not dissemble from ourselves that we greatly owe his interference to a pressure from without.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Eminence! be pleased to explain.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. The President was anxious to conciliate the *Powers that be.* He was the head of his nation, and naturally leaned to the heads of other nations, irrespective alike of Roman and of Frenchman. If instead of sending eighteen thousand men to chastise a rebellious city, which his wisdom has ensnared, he had sent only half the number to encourage and protect it, all Europe, long before the present hour, had been cursed with constitutions. Heaven had showered down no more miracles, no saintly eyes compassionately rolling from the painted canvas, but had abandoned the sinful world to its own devices. America will soon be left alone to the popular will: Europe is well-nigh freed from it.

GENERAL GEMEAU. A spoke is shattered in the wheel of the Revolution: we must substitute another and stronger: we must swear again, and keep our oaths better.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. In the opinion of many (God forbid that I should entertain it) the climate of the French heart is too hot and intemperate for anything to keep sweet and sound in it. According to them, your honour is quite satisfied by bloodshed; to be proved a liar is no disgrace; to be called one is inexpiable.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Pardon me, Eminence, pardon me: the offender's blood expiates it. The pain of being caught in a lie, take my word for it, is bad enough; it shows such clumsiness and stupidity; but to be called a liar in consequence of it—bah! and without a moral power of shot or sabre to rebut the charge—bah! a Mediterranean of blood is insufficient to stanch the wound.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Christianity teaches us——

GENERAL GEMEAU. Don't tell me what Christianity teaches us. Christianity holds the book in her hand, but can neither thrust it nor conjure it into men's heads. Christianity says that her first officers shall not call themselves *lords :* yet even those who pretend to purity and reformation take the title. Christianity commands them to forbear from lucre : yet I read in the English journals that several English bishops, judges in their own cause, adjudicators of their own claims, are convicted of seizing what they had voluntarily renounced in behalf of their poorer brethren. Robbers of the industrious and necessitous, prevaricators and swindlers, as they are proved to be in Parliament, there is nobody at hand to knock the marrow-bone out of their jaws, and to drive them back to kennel. The High-priest of Jerusalem scoffed at Christ, but he would have scorned to filch a farthing from under the rags of Lazarus.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. We shall be indebted to these abuses for a large accession to our holy church. What man would pay a dollar to hear a hurdy-gurdy who may hear the finest chorus for a soldo ? Again, let me repeat, sir, the expression of the Supreme Pontiff's benevolence for the services you and your army have rendered to our Holy Faith. At present his Majesty the king of Naples and his Majesty the emperor of Austria are sufficiently able and disposed to aid us against the rebels and infidels of Italy.

GENERAL GEMEAU. It was only that they might have no such duty to perform we entered the papal states. It vexes me to be reminded not only of the reverses we endured under your walls, but also of the equal ignominy of having marched against them. Dishonoured for ever are the names of several generals whose fathers were signalised under the republic and under the emperor. Our soldiers have fallen unprofitably ; but never, sir, be persuaded that they have been garnering the harvest for the benefit of Austrians and Neapolitans.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Your Excellency will recollect that the Austrian and Neapolitan sovrans have territories and allies in Italy : the French have none. These potentates have an unquestionable right to secure their own thrones in this country ; the French have no throne and no allies to defend in it, no people which calls or which in future will ever call to them for aid.

GENERAL GEMEAU (*aside*). Pardie ! priest as he is, he speaks the truth. A pretty game hath our President been playing ! The chair

is an unlucky one; yet there are those behind who are ready enough to cut for it.

SECOND CONVERSATION

(*Examiner*, Aug. 30th, 1851; *Last Fruit*, 1853; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. I am charmed to find your Excellency in so much better health than I expected.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Many thanks to your Eminence. I have taken no medicine since my arrival in Rome, and I brought my cook with me from Paris.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. We also have excellent cooks in Rome.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Sometimes they deal too largely with the chemist and druggist. Even the wine at the altar, and administered by prelates, has been found sometimes to disagree with the stomach. Stories therefore have been buzzed into the ears of the studious and inquisitive, and have been related by grave historians, of secret doors discovered, which opened from the church into the laboratory, and of strong prescriptions under the hand and seal——

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. False, sir, false altogether. No pope——

GENERAL GEMEAU. Did I name any?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Permit me to express my confidence that your Excellency means nothing more than what your words in their simplest and most obvious form convey.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Nothing more, nothing more whatever.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. With equal simplicity and with equal truth, I will now interpret what the Holiness of our Lord in his benignity hath deigned to impart. Apprehensive that some malady, and hoping that nothing worse than a slight indisposition, had detained your Excellency, at this unhealthy season of the year, within the walls of Rome——

GENERAL GEMEAU. Eminence! you may at your own good time return and inform the Holiness of our Lord that his Beatitude ought to lie no longer under any such apprehension. Assure him that, whatever he had reason to believe, you found me perfectly hale and hearty: that my apartments are well ventilated, my cellar well filled with French wines, which agree with me much better than the Italian might do, and that, out of reverence to Holy Church, I present to

my chaplain his cup of coffee in the evening, and of chocolate in the morning, before I drink a drop. Indeed it is thought dangerous to remain in Rome during the heats of July and August: but there is nothing which I would not endure in the service of his Holiness.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Neighboring potentates are quite willing to relieve your Excellency from so incommodious and dangerous a service.

GENERAL GEMEAU. It would be unpolite and unfriendly to impose on a neighbor any incommodity or danger which we ourselves decline.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. His Holiness is very anxious to calm animosities and obviate collisions.

GENERAL GEMEAU. The sword best calms animosities, best obviates collisions.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Your Excellency means assuredly the sword of the spirit.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Eminence! the spirit of theologians and religionists is shown clearly, though unconsciously, by their customary phraseology. You borrow our swords, practically and efficiently, when your own daggers are too short; but, metaphorically and virtually, every word you utter is drawn from our military vocabulary. *Shield*, *buckler*, *standard*, *conflict*, *blood*, *spurning*, *rebuffing*, *repulsing*, *overthrowing*, *trampling down under foot*, *rising victorious*, all these expressions and more such, echo from church to church, and mingle somewhat inharmoniously, methinks, with prayers and exhortations. Good Christians have a greater variety of them, and utter them with greater intensity, than the wildest Cherokee or Australian.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. We are calm and considerate while we employ them.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Considerate too and calm is the Thug of India while he murders or excites to murder; he also is religious and devout.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Sir, I did not expect this language from a general who, if I mistake not, hath served in Africa.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Perhaps your Eminence may have mistaken; but, whether or no, every French officer is bound in honor to maintain the character of every other. We are consistent: what one is all are; what one says all say; what one does all do.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. I am too well aware of the fact for any dispute or disceptation on any part of it. But, General, to avoid

the possibility of irritating or displeasing you, with my natural frankness and well-known sincerity I will lay open to you the whole heart of his Holiness. It is wounded profoundly at the dissensions of his sons.

GENERAL GEMEAU. If the question be not indiscreet, how many has he, poor man?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. More than ever, now your glorious President hath taken to his bosom the Society of Jesus.

GENERAL GEMEAU. I thought they never quarrelled. Wolves never do while they hunt in packs; and foxes at all times know how little is to be got by fighting.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Your Excellency has misunderstood me. Austria and Naples look with an evil eye upon your arms in Italy.

GENERAL GEMEAU. Then let them stand farther off and look another way.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Impossible to persuade them.

GENERAL GEMEAU. We Frenchmen have often used such arguments as convinced them perfectly. Austria sacrificed at another Tauris another Iphigenia; Saint Januarius found us so true believers that he sweated blood for us, and Cristo Bianco and Cristo Nero * paraded the streets to our Marseillese hymn.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Happily those days are over.

GENERAL GEMEAU. I am not so sure of that. I would advise the Saint to sweat while he has any blood in his veins. We Frenchmen know how to treat him; but among the Italians there are many who would use him to roast their chesnuts, or would stir their polenta over him.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Alas! too true. But the pious spirit which animates the French soldier will render him ever obedient to the commands of the Holy Father.

GENERAL GEMEAU. The French soldier is possest by another spirit beside the pious one, the spirit of obedience to his commander. The Holiness of our Lord may command in the Vatican, but, Eminence! I command here. The Castle of St. Angelo is nigh enough to the Vatican for me to hear any cry of distress from his Beatitude: the Austrians and Neapolitans are more distant.

* Two idols carried in opposition about the streets of Naples, the devout often beating the head of one against the head of the other.—W. S. L.

Cardinal Antonelli. They may approach.

General Gemeau. Let them, if they dare. At their advance I seize upon certain hostages of the highest rank and office.

Cardinal Antonelli. It would be sacrilege.

General Gemeau. The Pope will be close at hand to absolve me from it. He holds the keys of Heaven and Hell; I hold those of Castel-Sant-Angelo.

Cardinal Antonelli. The Holiness of our Lord might forbid any resistance.

General Gemeau. In such an event, I would deliver him from fresh ignominy, such as what his Holiness bore, casting off his slipper for jack-boots, his triple crown for jockey-cap, and arrayed in the dress livery of the French embassador, fain to take up a position at a pretty good distance from the Cross of Christ, mindless of his promises and of his flock, and shouting aloud to King Bomba for help.

Cardinal Antonelli. He flew to the faithful.

General Gemeau. And, seeing his urgency, they delivered up to him all the faith they had about them.

Cardinal Antonelli. Excellency! Really I distrust my senses; never will I believe that in a French general I have found a scoffer.

General Gemeau. Eminence! I yield; I give up the point; you have beaten me fairly at dissembling. I kept my countenance and my temper as long as I could. I ought only to have laught at the threat of being superseded, by the only king existing who has been (in the field at least) convicted of cowardice, and moreover at the instigation of the only Pope in modern times who has been caught blowing bubbles to the populace, and exerting his agility at a maskerade.

XXVI. ARCHBISHOP OF FLORENCE AND FRANCESCO MADIAI

(*Examiner*, 1853 ; *Last Fruit*, 1853 ; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

ARCHBISHOP. It grieves my heart, O unfortunate man! to find you reduced to this condition.

FRANCESCO MADIAI. Pity it is, my Lord, that so generous a heart should be grieved by anything.

ARCHBISHOP. Spoken like a Christian! There are then some remains of faith and charity left within you?

FRANCESCO MADIAI. Of faith, my Lord, there are only the roots, such as have often penetrated ere now the prison-floor. Charity too is among those plants which, altho' they thrive best under the genial warmth of heaven, do not wither and weaken and die down deprived of air and sunshine. I might never have thought seriously of praying for my enemies, had it not been the will of a merciful and all-wise God to cast me into the midst of them.

ARCHBISHOP. From these, whom you rashly call enemies, you possess the power of delivering yourself. Confess your crime.

FRANCESCO MADIAI. I know the accusation, not the crime.

ARCHBISHOP. Disobedience to the doctrines of the Church.

FRANCESCO MADIAI. I am so ignorant, my Lord, as never to have known a tenth or twentieth part of its doctrines. But by God's grace I know and understand the few and simple ones which His blessed Son taught us.

ARCHBISHOP. Ignorant as you acknowledge yourself to be, do you presume that you are able to interpret them?

FRANCESCO MADIAI. No, my Lord. He has done that Himself, and intelligibly to all mankind.

ARCHBISHOP. By whose authority did you read and expound the Bible?

FRANCESCO MADIAI. By His.

ARCHBISHOP. By His? To thee?

Francesco Madiai. What He commanded the Apostles to do, and what they did, surely is no impiety.

Archbishop. It may be.

Francesco Madiai. Our Lord commanded His Apostles to go forth and preach the Gospel to all nations.

Archbishop. Are you an Apostle, vain foolish man?

Francesco Madiai. Alas! my Lord! how far, how very far, from the least of them! But surely I may follow where they lead; and I am more likely to follow them in the right road if I listen to no directions from others far behind.

Archbishop. Go on, go on, self-willed creature! doomed to perdition.

Francesco Madiai. I have ventured to repeat the ordinances of Christ and the Apostles; no more. I have nothing to add, nothing to interpret.

Archbishop. I shall look into the matter; I doubt whether He ever gave them such an ordinance—I mean in such a sense—for I remember a passage which may lead astray the unwary. Anything more?

Francesco Madiai. My Lord, there is also another.

Archbishop. What is that?

Francesco Madiai. "Seek truth, and ensue it."

Archbishop. There is only one who can tell us, of a surety, what truth is, namely our Holy Father.

Francesco Madiai. Yes, my Lord, of this I am convinced.

Archbishop. Avow it then openly and you are free at once.

Francesco Madiai. Openly, most openly, do I, and have I, and ever will I avow it. Permit me, my Lord Archbishop, to repeat the blessed words which have fallen from your lordship. "*There is only one who can tell us of a certainty what truth is*": "our Holy Father," our Father which is in Heaven.

Archbishop. Scoffer! heretic! infidel! No, I am not angry; not in the least: but I am hurt, wounded, wounded deeply. It becomes not me to hold a longer conference with one so obstinate and obdurate. A lower order in the priesthood has this duty to perform.

Francesco Madiai. My Lord, you have conferred, I must acknowledge, an unmerited distinction upon one so humble and so abject as I am. Well am I aware that men of a lower order are the

most proper men to instruct me. They have taken that trouble, with *me* and thousands more.

ARCHBISHOP. Indeed! indeed! so many? His Imperial Highness, well-informed, as we thought, of what passes in every house, from the cellar to the bedchamber, had no intelligence or notion of this. Denounce the culpable, and merit his pardon, his protection, his favor. Do not beat your breast, but clear it. Give me at once the names of these teachers, these listeners; I will intercede in their behalf.

FRANCESCO MADIAI. The name of the first and highest was written on the cross in Calvary; poor fishermen were others on the sea of Galilee. I could not enumerate the listeners; but the foremost rest, some venerated, some forgotten, in the catacombs of Rome.

ARCHBISHOP. Francesco Madiai! there are yet remaining in you certain faint traces of the Church in her state of tribulation, of the blessed saints and martyrs in the catacombs. But, coming near home, Madiai, you have a wife, aged and infirm; would not you help her?

FRANCESCO MADIAI. God will; I am forbidden.

ARCHBISHOP. It is more profitable to strive than to sigh. I pity your distress; let me carry to her an order for her liberation.

FRANCESCO MADIAI. Your Lordship can.

ARCHBISHOP. Not without your signature.

FRANCESCO MADIAI. The cock may crow ten times, ten mornings, ten years, before I deny my Christ. O wife of my early love, persevere, persevere.

ARCHBISHOP. This to me?

FRANCESCO MADIAI. No, my Lord! but to a martyr; from one unworthy of that glory; in the presence of Him who was merciful and found no mercy, my crucified Redeemer.

ARCHBISHOP. After such perverseness, I declare to you, with all the frankness of my character, there is no prospect of your liberation.

FRANCESCO MADIAI. Adieu, adieu, O Rosa! Light and enlivener of my earlier days, solace and support of my declining! We must now love God alone, from God alone hope succor. We are chastened but to heal our infirmities; we are separated but to meet inseparably. To the constant and resigned there is always an Angel that opens the prison-door: we wrong him when we call him Death.

XXVII. POPE PIO NONO[1] AND CARDINAL ANTONELLI

(*Last Fruit*, 1853 ; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

PIO NONO. Cardinal Antonelli ! Cardinal Antonelli ! I begin to fear we shall be convicted of lying by the unbeliever.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Holiness ! we have lied : but it was for the glory of God and of his Blessed Mother, and for the exaltation of the Church. Need I recapitulate to your Beatitude the number of learned casuists who have inculcated the duty of so doing ? Need I bring before you the princes of the present day who have broken their promises and oaths to their subjects ? If we were bound to them, *we* should be the subjects, and not *they*.

PIO NONO. Nevertheless, I have had certain qualms of conscience from time to time : insomuch as to have humiliated myself before my confessor.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. And what said he ?

PIO NONO. I am ashamed to repeat what he said : he almost said it approached to sin. But, as in duty bound, he absolved me ; on condition of eating a tench for supper, an isinglass jelly, and two apricot tarts, preceded by a basin of almond soup, and followed by a demi-flask of Orvieto. I begged hard against the tench, and pleaded for a mullet.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Indignity ! was the beast so stupid as to be unaware that your Holiness, who can absolve fifty nations at the erection of a finger, could absolve yourself ?

PIO NONO. But it is easier and more commodious to procure another to scratch our back and shoulder when they itch.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. True, most true. But the business which has brought me this evening into the presence of your Beatitude is somewhat worse than itching. The French Emperor is peremptory that your Beatitude should crown him.

[1] Pius IX., Mastai-Ferretti, the Mastai for whom, in relation to Napoleon III., Swinburne pleaded :

'But let the worm Napoleon crawl untrod,
Nor grant Mastai the gallows of his God."

PIO NONO. I promised it.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Indefinitely; with evasions. And has not the French Emperor done somewhat more than evade his promises? Has he not broken them over and over again?

PIO NONO. I must not play tight and loose with him: I must not turn suddenly from hot to cold.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. The armorer, who makes a strong sword-blade, turns it first in fire, then plunges it in water.

PIO NONO. He might do me harm.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. The Austrians are always at hand to prevent it.

PIO NONO. I am advised that twenty thousand more French, with a hundred thousand stand of arms for the malcontents, could sweep Italy clear of the Austrians in six weeks, from Livorno to Mantua. Louis Napoleon is wiser and warier than his uncle. Europe has never seen a prince more capable of ruling, more resolved to be obeyed.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. He has given great offence to Austria by the Declaration he made preparatory to his marriage.

PIO NONO. Doubtless: but what can Austria do against him? Her fleet in the Adriatic could not preserve Dalmatia to her. Hungary would lie open: Piedmont and Switzerland would rise simultaneously, and revenge the wrongs and insults they daily are receiving. The Austrian empire would dissolve ere autumn.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Russia would step forward again.

PIO NONO. So much the worse for Austria. The Russians would bring Famine with the sword. A Russian army of eighty thousand men, I am credibly informed by a sound strategist, would perish from inanition. Two hundred thousand Hungarians, one hundred thousand Italians, and (say only) three hundred thousand French, in addition to an Austrian army, of perhaps a hundred thousand, after the desertion of Hungarians, Italians, and Bohemians, would find but scanty provisions for three months. All the rich country of Lombardy and Austria would be overrun by the enemy; and Prussia would take Bohemia and Moravia under her protection.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. So long as your Holiness defers the coronation, Louis Napoleon will be moderate.

PIO NONO. I am aware of it. Between ourselves, there is nothing I so much admire in him as his choice of a consort. His uncle was

ruined by the Austrian alliance. History, close at hand, in vain admonished him. The unfortunate Maria Antoinette, the most amiable of her family and the best, was hated by the French, not only for her extravagance, but for her country.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI. Louis Napoleon's misalliance tends little to conciliate them.

PIO NONO. Gently, my good Cardinal! The house of Guzman is as ancient and noble as the house of Hapsburg. I have half a mind to start directly and to pronounce my benediction on the crown in Notre-Dame.

SECOND CONVERSATION

(*Examiner*, 1854; not reprinted in *Wks.*, 1876.)

ANTONELLI. Devil take that dove! he always flies away the moment I enter.

PIO NONO. Antonelli! Antonelli! this exclamation, to a certain point is not unlike an oath! Nay, nay; up, man, up!

ANTONELLI. Not before I receive absolution from your Holiness.

PIO NONO. Well then, take it, and now up on your legs again. Red stockings, and calves uppermost, are unfit to lie horizontally in that way.

ANTONELLI. To see that dove so indocile and unmannerly was enough to make a saint forget himself, even the blessed Peter

PIO NONO. My worthy predecessor, it is reported, was at certain times propense to the choleric. We are all frail creatures.

ANTONELLI. Excepting your Beatitude, being not only the successor of Peter, to whom none bowed down in worship, but also to Christ, to whom all did.

PIO NONO. We know this well enough: let it pass. I am vext that the scurvy dove was not better taught: by this time he ought to have learnt his lesson. Should he have descended on my head, or only have fluttered over it awhile?

ANTONELLI. Immaterial which; but certainly one of them is necessary.

PIO NONO. The form of a dove is all we want; the dove himself is supervacaneous.

ANTONELLI. Per Bacco! he seems to speak in parables.

PIO NONO. Now could not one or other of those clever artists, who arrange the lamps on the cupola, contrive, with the preliminary aid of a milliner, to furnish a dove of more tractable material? Flesh and blood are unruly, even in doves.

ANTONELLI. I am afraid we must come to that at last: for, your Holiness wearing no hair upon the crown, there is no place for a pea or a lentil, which would do the business. I never heard of a dove that was not ready at feeding-time.

PIO NONO. What a dovecote have I then in the Holy College! and what prodigious flights through the country circumjacent!

ANTONELLI. If I may be permitted to understand the allusion and the smile of your Holiness, I would crave the liberty of remarking that the most pious and devout would hesitate to mortify the flesh in these jubilant days, when your Beatitude is about to enlarge and consolidate the halo of glory which encircles the brow of God's mother.

PIO NONO. As matters stand we must deliberate what is to be done.

ANTONELLI. It appears to me that at last, the worst come to the worst, we must suspend an artificial dove at some height over the canopy. If the thing should be suspected, we have only to aver that it is symbolical. In another age there will be schisms on this subject, and the real dove will carry the day.

PIO NONO. Schisms, schisms—on what have there not been?

ANTONELLI. Faith is kept alive by the conflict of spiritual and material. Some turn their eyes towards symbol, others towards reality. For instance the Real Presence.

PIO NONO. Prythee stop there; do not touch the Real Presence—do not take Christ's body out of men's mouths. The laity has always been on the alert to make an irruption into that larder: it has given us some trouble to keep the cup for ourselves. But the mystery now to be elucidated is equally awful—the Miraculous Conception. The profane dare to ask whether one Miraculous Conception is not enough; namely the Blessed Virgin of her miraculous child. They presume to demand of us whether there is any authority in Holy Scripture for Saint Elizabeth's. These are thorny questions which require a dextrous hand, with a tough skin on finger and thumb.

ANTONELLI. We must extricate the knot; otherwise the heretical

Greek Church will get the start of us; and presently we may lose our hold on the Holy Places.

PIO NONO. A bad job that would be. Indeed I begin to fear that my son in Christ, the Emperor of the French, grows lukewarm.

ANTONELLI. The worst of it is, he threatens to withdraw our defenders from us.

PIO NONO. Austrians will occupy the vacancy.

ANTONELLI. The French are poor, but honest; the Austrians are poorer and rapacious. The French officer pays and is polite: the Austrian takes without payment and without politeness. The French are often fierce, the Austrians are always brutal.

PIO NONO. You did not formerly think of the French so favourably.

ANTONELLI. Formerly I knew them less. Of the Austrians I always thought and always spoke the same.

PIO NONO. Antonelli, I have always trusted in your perspicacity, but believe me, it is a property we must conceal as carefully as if it was stolen. The more we see the less we must let others see. Certainly the French, generous and improvident, do spend a great deal of money in our city.

ANTONELLI. There are murmurs against them from opposite quarters: from the intractable republicans and the long-suffering ecclesiastics. Officers, bands of martial music, epaulets, medals for valour in the field of battle, draw to them the thoughtless girls, readier to approach the barracks than the confessionals. The pious groan profoundly at this backsliding, while the rebellious and the atheistical ask tauntingly whether the fair penitents are the likelier to bring for baptism little heads with moustaches or bald ones *more patrum*.

PIO NONO. My heart bleeds——

ANTONELLI (*aside*). Too adipose a covering for that.

PIO NONO. What were you suggesting?

ANTONELLI. A reply to your Holiness, interrupted by unutterable grief.

PIO NONO. Grief for what? Faith! I forgot my injunction. Was it about the prisoners? I won't have many strangled: mind that. For twenty at Naples I would not punish five capitally. Disobedient sons shall find in me a merciful and clement father. Divine justice demands—— But we were about to arrange the

formulary of the Conception. It should be august. After due invocation of our tutelary saints for nine days in twelve churches, Torlonia must be called in to aid us.

ANTONELLI. He holds back now that he has lost the farming of the tobacco; we must apply to Rothschild.

PIO NONO. Secretly then. Rothschild is a Jew. The Virgin may be indignant, and may confound our counsels.

ANTONELLI. It appears to me, Holy Father, that our Blessed Lady will be much amused at seeing an infidel Jew the main supporter of the most miraculous claim her advocates ever brought into court. As for that cursed dove pecking his breast on the perch yonder, I would, with permission, have him caught when he is roosting, and given to a chorister for supper.

XXVIII. GARIBALDI AND BOSCO[1]

(*Athenæum*, 1860.)

Bosco. General, you are occupied ; and there is nobody in this assemblage who can inform me at what hour you may be seen in private on business of importance.

Garibaldi. Come with me into the next room. Not a soul will see or hear us through the door and tapestry. We can each of us keep a secret ; I know yours already : be assured it lies safe within this red shirt.

Bosco. Mine ought to be redder, and will be.

Garibaldi. We have too much business in hand for us to play at puzzles. We may both fall ; but our blood ought to fall on a fitter place than over this floor. You have vowed to take away my life : you will not do it. I am no predestinarian, but I tell you again, of a surety, you will not do it. Come, come : there was no necessity to throw down the dagger so fiercely against the wall. Let this right hand replace it.

Bosco. O heavenly God ! I am unworthy ! dare I take it ? dare I kiss it ? dare I look at it ?

Garibaldi. We have all been unworthy to make an appeal to God, or almost a supplication. But His love descends on those who love their country.

Bosco. I fancied I could serve mine by delivering it from an enemy The moment a reward was offered to me for this office, I turned away with scorn and indignation. At that instant I resolved to forewarn you of your danger. The stiletto that lies yonder changed its destination. It was latterly to protect me against any who might have treated me as a spy.

Garibaldi. Never should you consider me as an enemy of your country. They are its enemies who resolve on keeping it agitated and divided. Such hath ever been the policy of a too powerful

[1] The reference is to the period of the battle of Milazo, July 1860.

neighbour, from generation to generation under every form of Government.

Liberty is so supremely beautiful that she ought never to be jealous. She should rejoice at seeing her progeny strong, healthy, flourishing, and resembling her in attitude and features. She should take the stouter by the hand, and press the weaklier in her bosom.

Bosco. We fear the populace in Naples.

Garibaldi. In a State well regulated there is no populace, there is a people. We must not hear it called the *masses:* we must not hear of *monster* meetings. The people are neither monsters nor clods, but evil government, in most countries, has made them little better. Let us look to our own: we find in it both a body and a spirit such as we find nowhere else. Turn to Bergamo, to Brescia, to Como. You have never seen their soldiers: I trust you will see them ere long, if an order to the contrary does not come from Paris. They would gladly have followed me along the Adriatic from Ancona to Rome. The fourth irruption of the Gauls on that devoted city would then have been the last.

Bosco. May it yet be so! and soon.

Garibaldi. Are the Samnites, the Lucomos, the Apulians, all extinct?

Bosco. No; but Italy must have her kings.

Garibaldi. Say rather her King. The balance of Europe requires that she should have one, and only one. Commerce would then revive without revalues. Twenty-two millions can resist aggression, eleven millions not.

Bosco. Sicily may cower under the wing of Italy until she is strong enough to rise upon her own.

Garibaldi. No Bourbon is to be trusted by her; and there are men even more perfidious, in regard to Italy, than the most detestable of that dastard race.

XXIX. GARIBALDI AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE SICILIAN SENATE

(*Athenæum*, 1860; not reprinted by Forster or Crump.)

PRESIDENT. General,—Deputed as I am by the foremost of my countrymen to address you on this occasion, I can only repeat what Sicilians have felt and will for ever feel, and what you have heard in the many cities you have liberated, the expression of gratitude for the benefits you have conferred on us. In convivial meetings there is usually the reciprocation of adulatory speeches, and especially when the illustrious attend them, each speaker professing himself quite inadequate and unworthy. Nothing of the kind, by my assent, shall occur here. Your victories have spoken on your part, our hearts respond on ours. We have endured for twelve years a most ignominious servitude, imposed by *one* and countenanced by many. The whole Continent weighed us down. Is there any potentate, even now, who desires our independence? Yes, there is; and the most irresistible of any: I see him here before me; and I dare look confidently in his honest face. He bears his insignia at the bottom of his heart. None of his time hath he ever thrown away: he shall throw away no more of it on me.

GARIBALDI. Sicilians! Neither the habitude of my life, nor my feelings on this occasion, will allow me many words. Happy as I am in your approbation, and elated as I must be by your applause, I would rather be praised at a distance both of time and place.

I am about to leave you, my brave Sicilians. If to God in his mercy and wisdom it seems good to preserve my life, let me hope that our next meeting will be on, or before, the holiest and happiest of days, the day whereon all the nations of Europe and America celebrate his nativity who is rightly called the Son of God. Impious men assume his attributes, and sell what he gave freely, advertising it as parcel of their estate. These are the men who proclaim the Prince of Peace, while they put daggers into the hands of their

followers, and raise armies at home and abroad to fight against us. We must contend where we would conciliate. For the present, let us be satisfied with having helped to deliver from thraldom a certain number of our fellow-creatures. Some of them I observe around me. Had I the wings and eyes of an eagle, I could not in a few moments see them all, for they stand in every part of Sicily; on her plains, on her mountains, on her seaboard, on her ships, which indeed are a part, and no ignoble part, of her. Our Sicily (you have given me a right to call her ours) never will forget the mariners who brought back her exiled children, ready at the present hour to succour their brethren in Calabria. Parthenope smiles upon them, and beckons to them. The Neapolitans have not always been effeminate; the Romans never. The most perfidious and restless of mankind, without provocation or pretence of provocation, marched suddenly against Rome, battered her walls, slaughtered her defenders, expelled her magistrates, and overthrew her constitution. I forbear to remark on the Holy Father at this period. He possesses the keys which lock and unlock consciences, surely he may do what he will with his own. If the Roman people recall me, as they will shortly, audibly and unanimously, they may with confidence relie on your energetic aid. Opponents we shall certainly encounter, and not only of one country, or following one train of policy. But without exertion and difficulty nothing worth possessing is to be won. Did the men of Switzerland gain their freedom without them? And what is the country they fought for in comparison with yours? I ask inconsiderately such a question. The native land is to its occupier dear alike, whether precipitous or plain, whether covered with semestral snows or with fruits and flowers, successively all the year. Ardent love of country has lately done in Sicily what it formerly did in Switzerland.

To much exertion, to the overcoming of many difficulties, to the endurance of many privations, I owe the office you have conferred on me. I will not say, as is usually done in similar cases, I am unworthy of it. No; I am worthy, and I will be to the end. To state the contrary would be to impeach your judgment and to belie my conscience. I come a soldier among hereditary soldiers. Barons and Senators! from whom do you inherit your castles and domains? From those brave Normans who conquered France and England, driving before them the more warlike and disciplined Saracen.

Sweep, then, away the crouching Bourbon. Listen to no terms of peace with him; drive him out at the foot's point; the sword's is too honorable for a coward and perjuror, the accomplice of Sbirri, the turnkey of jailers, and the helpmate of executioners. Shame upon those, in whatever station, who insist on compromise. Defy them, altho' they have seconds and you stand without one! Yes, defy; but let the defiance be in valiant deeds. Spare your words. Whoever is prodigal in speech of his good intentions, conceals evil ones. Did you ever hear an honest man talk of his honesty? When a robber puts a pistol to your breast, you know what he is about; but if he invites you to come into the same hostelry and drink with him, it is safer to gallop on. Be wary and circumspect, and the more you hear of chatter, be the more taciturn.

It is not to the interest of Italy to be an invader, it is not her disposition to be an aggressor. Let us render her able to repulse any who would be either. We have taken the first step toward the insurance of her independence. She never enjoyed it before, and it is but latterly that she has had the heart to claim it. Sicily was flourishing more than two thousand years ago; why should she not again be? Even under conquerors and kings, under the Carthaginians, under Hiero and Gelo, she flourished. These were not such creatures as the Bourbons. Syracuse, in their reigns, was more populous than Paris in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the most magnificent and prosperous of French monarchs. Agrigentum and Messana, and several other cities, contained men and wealth enough for formidable armies. The island, throughout, was highly cultivated; her inhabitants were no fewer than seven or eight millions. She exported to Rome alone corn sufficient for the supply of that enormous city. What are your imports and exports now? Little more, if I am rightly informed, than is furnished by a single house in Manchester or Liverpool, through the industry of the one city and the enterprise of the other. More merchant vessels sail into and from Liverpool in the year, than into and from all the ports of Sicily, if you deduct the small craft carrying provisions into Malta, and belonging to that island. The vigilance of Great Britain is suspected by those who excite suspicion in all quarters by overt acts. England would not grasp Sicily, and could not hold it: others may attempt both, unless you speedily fortify the coast, arming 30,000 volunteers, subsidiary to 20,000 regulars. Eleven years ago every people of

Italy would have been free, if left to establish their own form of government. When Rome fell (and you know by whom she fell) all sank together.

I do not dissemble my vexation at the sleight of hand under the table, the transfer by which I lost my country, and that humble tenement in which I first opened my eyes to those above them. But may Italy be benefited by the barter. She has not forfeited her honor; she has broken no promise; she has deceived no hopes. One lesson she has now learnt, and never will forget; namely, that it is safer to place her trust in the jealousy of her neighbours than in their sympathy. She will be secure so long as she abstains from alliances,—from a preference of one Power to another.

Barons and Senators! you are about to convoke the people of town and country, and to unroll before them what the generality never dreamt of, and never desired,—the undefined plan of universal suffrage. Will you not hereby deposit power in more hands than can use it properly? Will the necessitous and indolent be contented? Will the affluent be secure against the claims of co-partnership? None are so restless as the idle.

It seems to me who am, and always have been, a Republican, that universal suffrage can only be beneficial when the people is both industrious and instructed. The ignorant will either elect their leaders from men somewhat like themselves, or from those who have the means of feasting and inebriating them. The clown will attract clowns, the soldier will attract soldiers. Schools are the best garrisons of a State. Instruct your children and you may defy your enemies. In two hours of the twenty-four much may be learnt. On every saint's day, supposing the number were to exceed ten or twelve, there should be an examination and a prize. Perhaps, some of you here present may think I am discoursing of matters out of my sphere. Let them look towards America and read the answer. In that country, or in Holland, or in Switzerland, or in any district of Germany, they will find sedulous care taken so to train the young shoot in due season. The people of Switzerland bent over the book before they bent over the plough. The Republican form of government suited both equally. Agriculture and commerce thrive best under it, and there were the roots of Republicanism in each of these countries. When I was a Tribune, I would consent to no other system. The memory of past glory

roused the Roman people, and I saw instances of valour and self-devotion such as shone forth but rarely in their earlier days. Then came forth more than one Clelia, more than one Cornelia, and the murdered Gracchi left masculine descendants. Soon shall they recover their long-alienated inheritance, in despite of the two renegades sent from the same quarter, for different purposes. One of them would represent me as an enemy to religion, another as ambitious of a crown. Barons and Senators of Sicily! I have been a Tribune, I am now a Dictator,—I shall never condescend to be a King! Whenever you elect one, let it be from among yourselves. Let the office be hereditary, the power limited. Let it be established as a primary law, that none of the princes, none of the princesses, intermarry with royal families. I offer you this advice before I resign my office, which will be on the day when you have nominated the first constitutional King of Sicily.

END OF ITALIAN CONVERSATIONS